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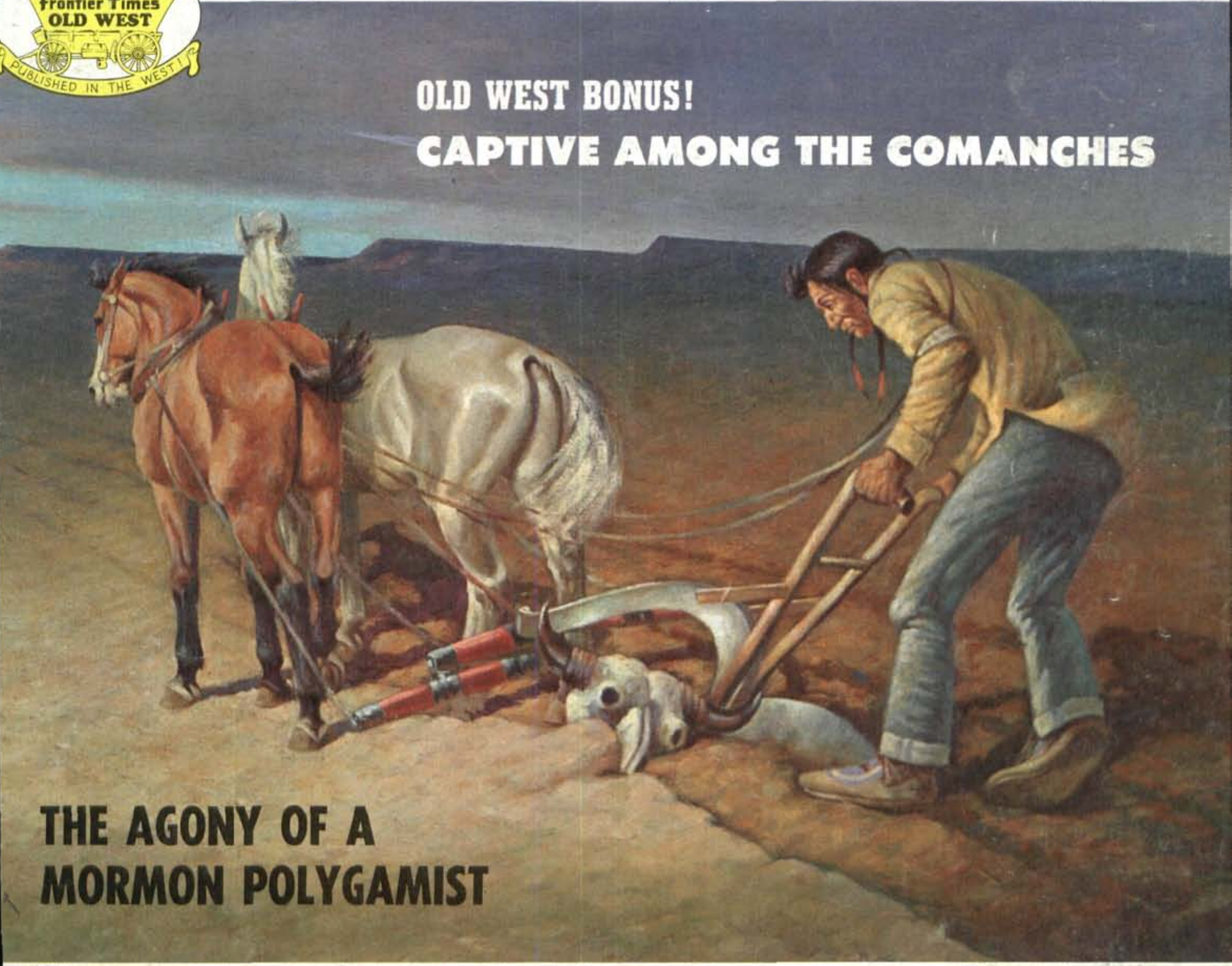

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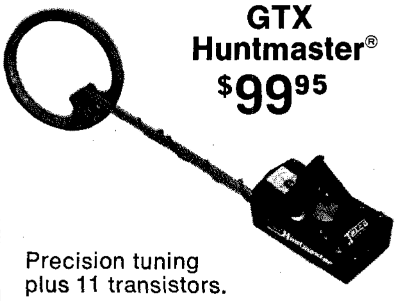

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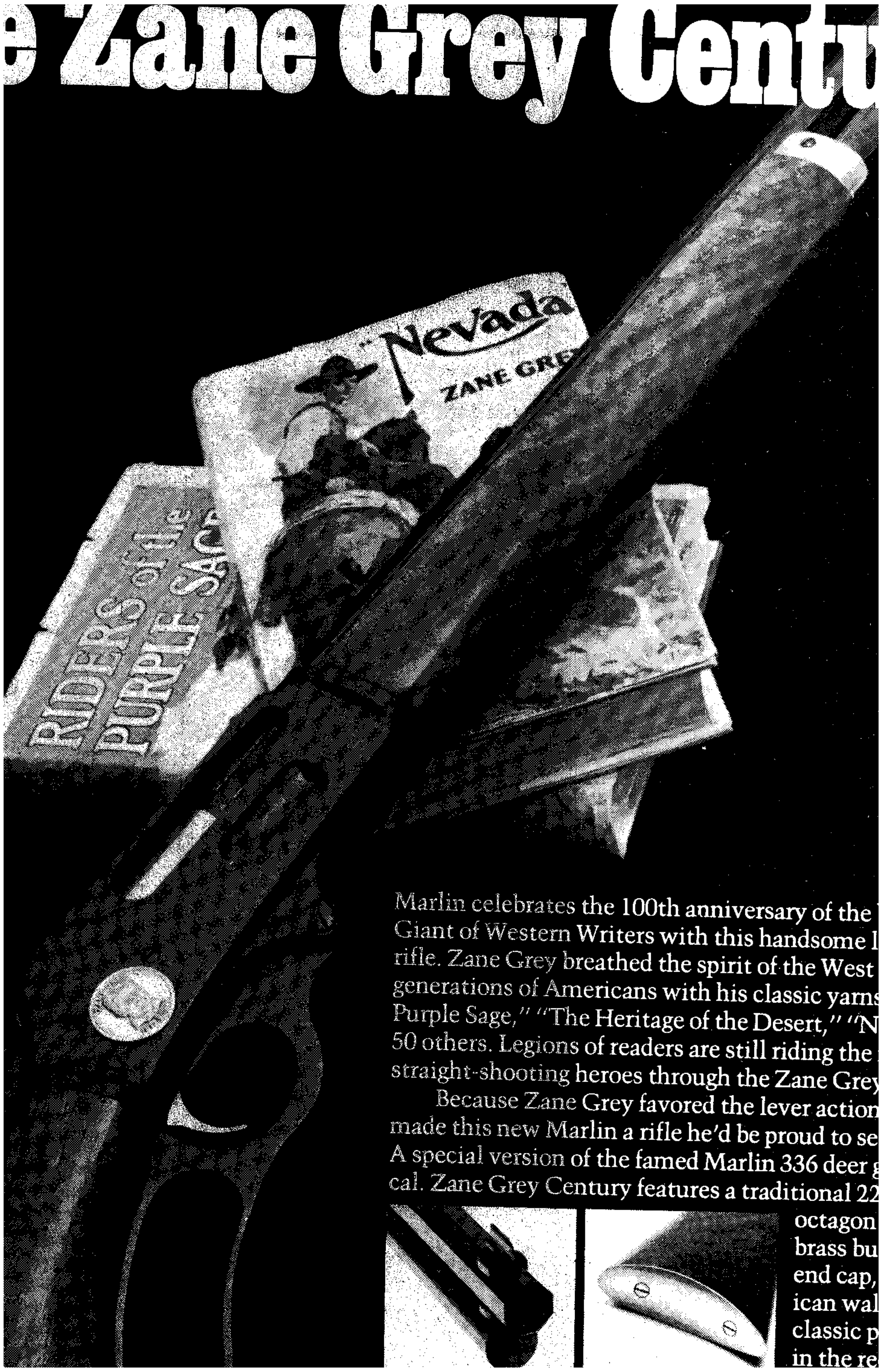

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OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

THE AGONY OF A MORMAN POLYGAMIST

By KERRY ROSS BOREN

Begins on page 6!

SUMMER, 1972 VOL. 8, NO. 4 WHOLE NO. 32

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Alaskan adventure with the Dietz Expedition of 1897!
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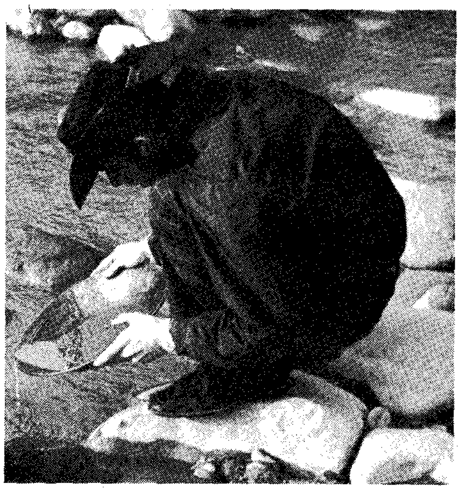

Gold fans! Read where and how to find it!
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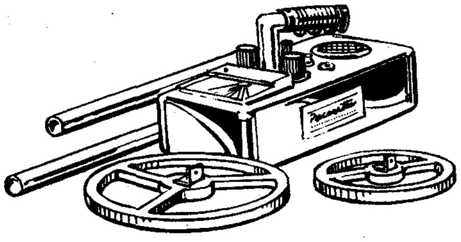

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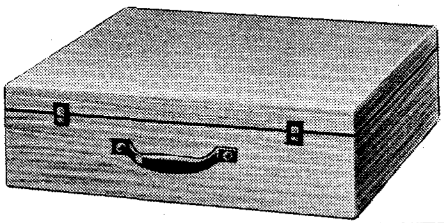

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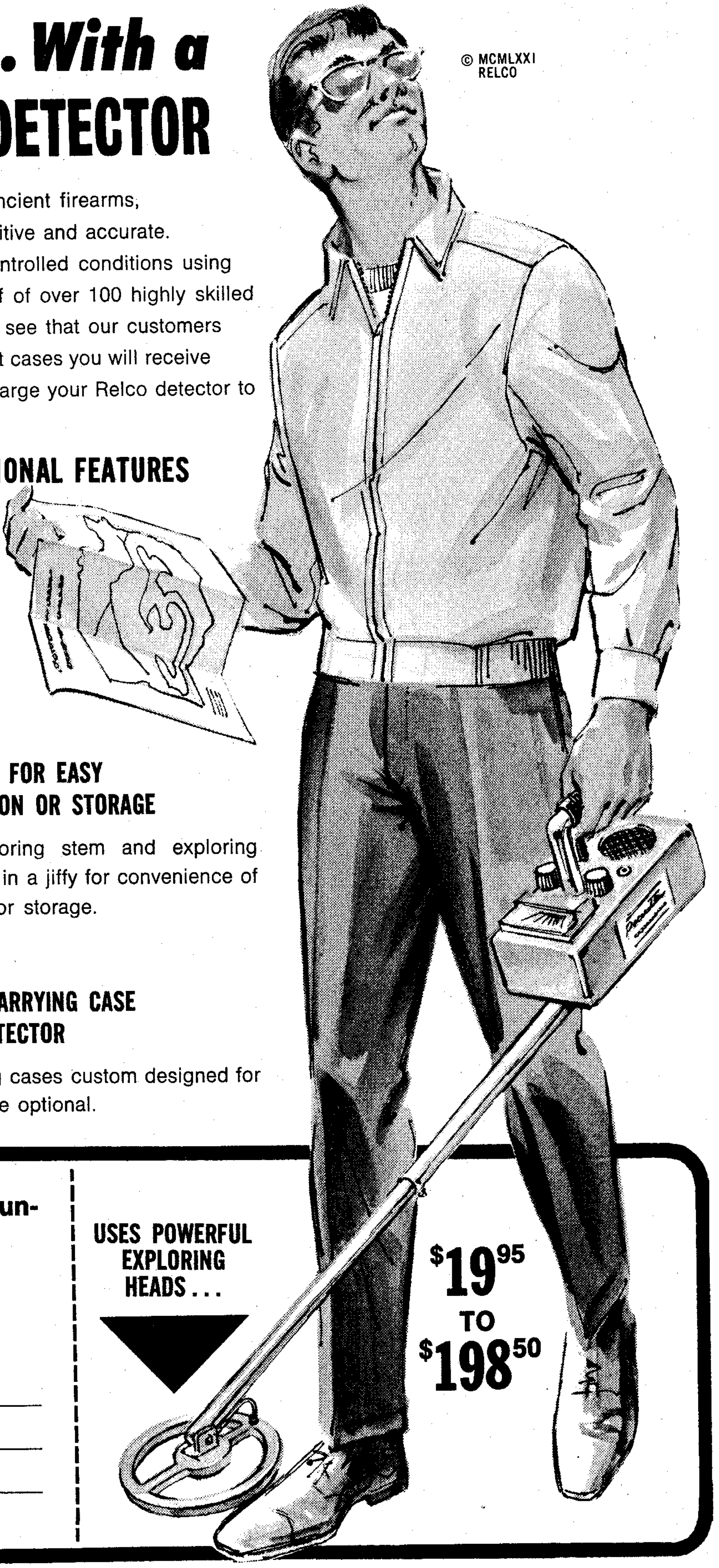

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LETTER RIP!

A Visitor from Belgium

Being an eager reader of Western history and as a result of your magazines to which I have been a subscriber since 1967, I went on a trip to the land of the Indian, together with my wife Rose and my brother Gus. We visited famous old Tombstone during the annual Helldorado days. In Tombstone we had the opportunity of meeting Chief Nino Cochise with whom we had an interesting talk. I knew all about Nino Cochise's life through your Winter 1967 issue of OLD WEST.

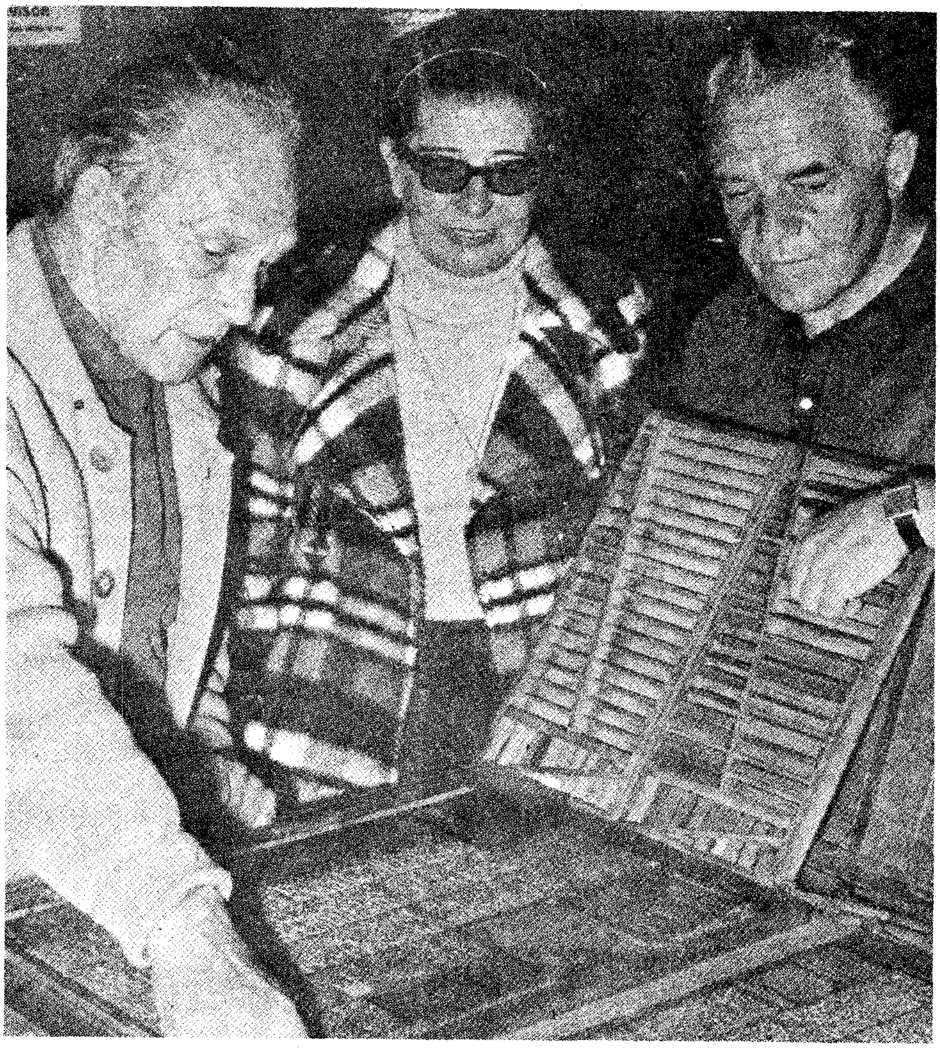
In this respect, may I ask you to send me a complimentary copy of said issue (if still available) as I would like to give this issue to my brother as a lasting souvenir of the man we met. Western United States has been our hobby ever since we were kids. We read about the history of the West, we saw films, read books, traced the story of Doc Holliday, and heard that Tombstone is the only real remaining western town. We walked where the pioneers walked, saw the same hills they saw, the buildings they knew.

To most Belgians, the "Far West" is Texas and what they have learned is through television, but they have no idea of where Tombstone really is. To them, Texas is all that matters.

My brother, who speaks no English but can follow conversations if the talking is not too fast, read the stories of the West with an aid of an atlas, tracing the routes the pioneers took. He is an avid camera-user and has missed nothing of the old town's historic structures and other interesting facets of the one-time wild mining camp.

Here enclosed is a cutting of the Tombstone *Epitaph* where we were invited. Three Belgians flying almost 10,000 miles to visit Tombstone is certainly not a daily event!—Andre Bellemans, Avenue des Croix de Feu, 5, 1020 Brussels, (Laeken) Belgium

Explaining the makeup of the old Epitaph pages to his wife and brother, August, is Andre Bellemans of Brussels, Belgium. They have planned a visit to old Tombstone for 30 years!



Sut Lovingood

The Fall 1971 OLD WEST has an article, "Cowboys & Cattleland" by H. H. Halsell, which mentions a Sut Lovingood, as cook on a roundup in 1886 (page 46). We have tried for years to find a book *Slow Train Through Arkansas* by Sut Lovingood. There are other books by him but we don't know the names. Would like to hear from anyone who could tell us anything more about Sut and where we could get any of his books.—C. H. Lovingood, Jr., 150 West 12th S., Mountain Home, Idaho 83647

The Wild Bunch

I am presently engaged, as I have been for some years, in collecting information about the Wild Bunch. My collection is vast on the subject at the present time, containing hundreds of photos of members of the old gangs, participants, suppliers, and those connected in most any way with their activities. I have a log section from Butch Cassidy's hideout cabin, his "running iron" used in Utah, a bullet, etc.

My purpose in writing to your publications is in the hopes of contacting other persons who may have valuable information on the Wild Bunch. I would like to know anything about them, and will answer all letters. I will also be glad to share what I can with others interested in the same subject. Did Butch die in South America? No. And neither did Sundance.—Kerry Ross Boren, 941 East 4800 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117

Old Great Falls

Your old-time magazines are dandy. I'm getting to be somewhat of an old-timer myself, a native Montanan, born in Great Falls in 1893 when Great Falls was only about six years old.

As you may know, Great Falls is at the confluence of the Sun River (from the west) with the Big Muddy (Missouri River) only at Great Falls, the old Missouri is clear and not contaminated nor muddy. In June, at flood stage, it is high and full of logs and floating trees and brush and then somewhat muddy, but on the average it can be waded at places. For instance, just below the First Avenue North highway bridge is an old wagon ford where teams and wagons used to cross the river before the bridge was built. But, in my nearly seventy-nine years, I can't remember there ever not being a bridge there. The first one was of timbers which I well remember as far back as 1898. I used to wade this river with a gunny sack, picking up clams.

(Continued on page 33)

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There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

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Consider then: Here in the center of this *miraculous climate* and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . **a rise of 300% in 10 years**—and still growing. Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

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Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

GOLF—The Rio Members Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming *itself. It is a beautiful* course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very *reasonable.*

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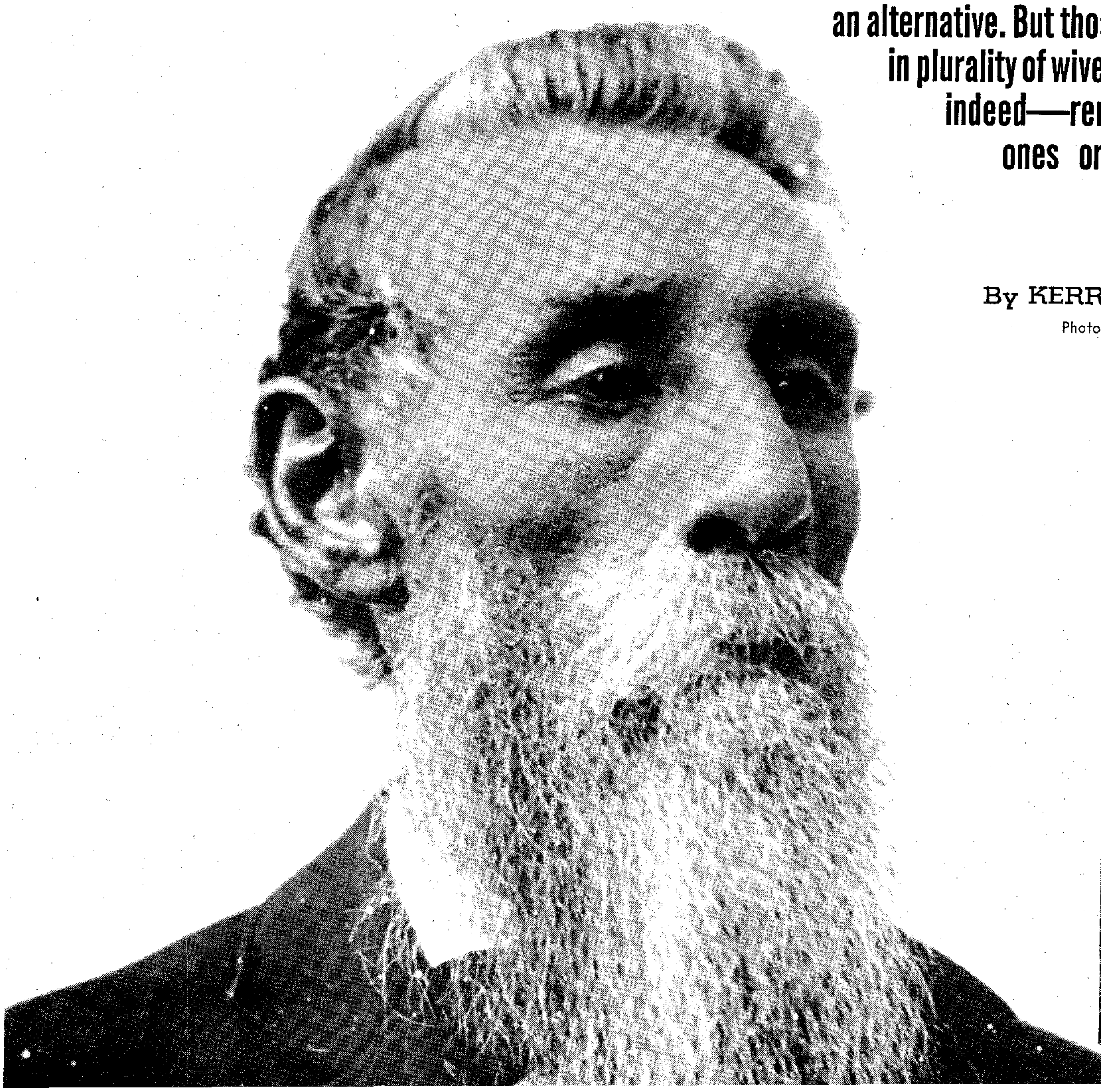
The Agony of a Mor

Thomas Schofield as he appeared shortly before his death in 1898.



A fierce desire lives in all men for a choice—an alternative. But those men who believed in plurality of wives had a bitter choice indeed—renunciation of loved ones or imprisonment for conscience sake

By KERRY ROSS BOREN

Photos Courtesy Author

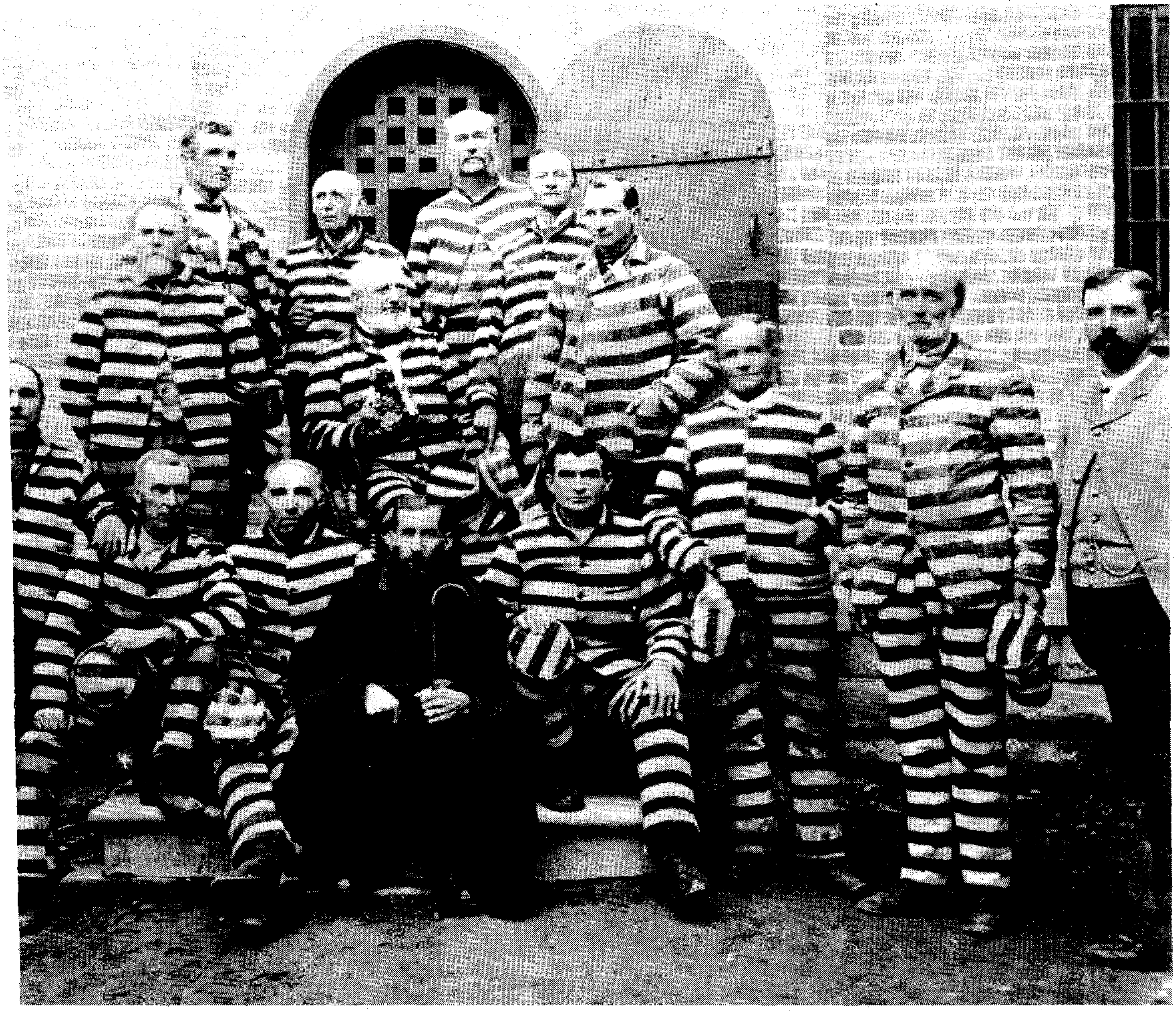
man Polygamist

THE CLANG of an iron bolt striking metal as it locked behind the group of men had a ring of finality about it that could not be mistaken. On the high rock wall which surrounded them, uniformed guards walked in silent vigil, armed with pistols and carbines. The prisoners were prodded and shoved through the door of a long barracks which soon became so crowded that many could not find a place to sit. This was the Utah Territorial Prison of the 1880s, and these were not hardened criminals who were being herded about, but men of reputation in their community, whose only crime had been the failure to discard their wives and children.

Many of the prisoners were past the age of seventy and many were invalids, on crutches or bedridden. They had been convicted under the Edmunds-Tucker Act, a law aimed expressly at the Mormons who practiced Plurality of Wives (Polygamy) as part of their religious beliefs. In the course of a few years more than a thousand such men would enter the gates of the Utah Territorial Prison rather than give up their families, most of them gained before the law ever went into effect.

It is not the purpose of this account to enter into the controversy which surrounds this subject, but to present the story of one of the men who, although persecuted because of his beliefs, kept the faith. That man was my great-grandfather.

Thomas Schofield was born December 30, 1826 in Ashton-Under-Lyne, County Lancashire, England, a son of Jonathan and Hannah Heywood Schofield. His early years revolved around public



Polygamist prisoners at the Utah State Penitentiary during the late 1880s. The man seated center with bouquet is George O'Connor. Man in center front row with cane is Abraham Alonzo Kimball.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

schools in Manchester which he attended with his brother Robert. Jonathan was a printer by profession, a trade which had been handed down for many generations in the Schofield family of Lancashire. As a youth, Thomas studied the printing trade as apprentice to his father. On his mother's side of the family, he was a literal descendant of the Peter Heywood family, that youth who attained his fame in the court-martial of the mutiny on the *Bounty*.

In 1836 Mormon missionaries began to penetrate into England to gain new converts. During this period Mormonism was not readily accepted in England and the missionaries often found themselves in danger of bodily harm. It was their policy to stand upon a well traveled thoroughfare and tell all who would listen the story of Mormonism. They traveled throughout England "without purse or script" and depended entirely upon the hospitality of the people for a bed and food. Often they had neither. Among these missionaries were men later very prominent in Mormonism, including Brigham Young, John Taylor and others.

Jonathan Schofield and his family were among the first converts of the Church in England. His home became a refuge for the missionaries and both he and his wife accompanied them across the countryside. It was not uncommon to see both Jonathan and Hannah standing upon a street corner in pouring rain, telling all who would listen the story of how they had converted to the new faith, and inviting them to their home to hear the Mormon elders preach. While still a lad, not yet in his teens, Thomas became active in the mission branch with his father, and together they traveled throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire, preaching and visiting and organizing new branches. One branch was at Preston where the Parker family lived. The Schofields and Parkers had always been close friends and there is a reason to believe that they may have been related. Somewhat later, Robert Parker would be set apart as Mission President of the Preston Mission at the same time Thomas Schofield was Mission President of the Tottingham Mission. Together they worked to organize the Church in England and spread the gospel of Mormonism.

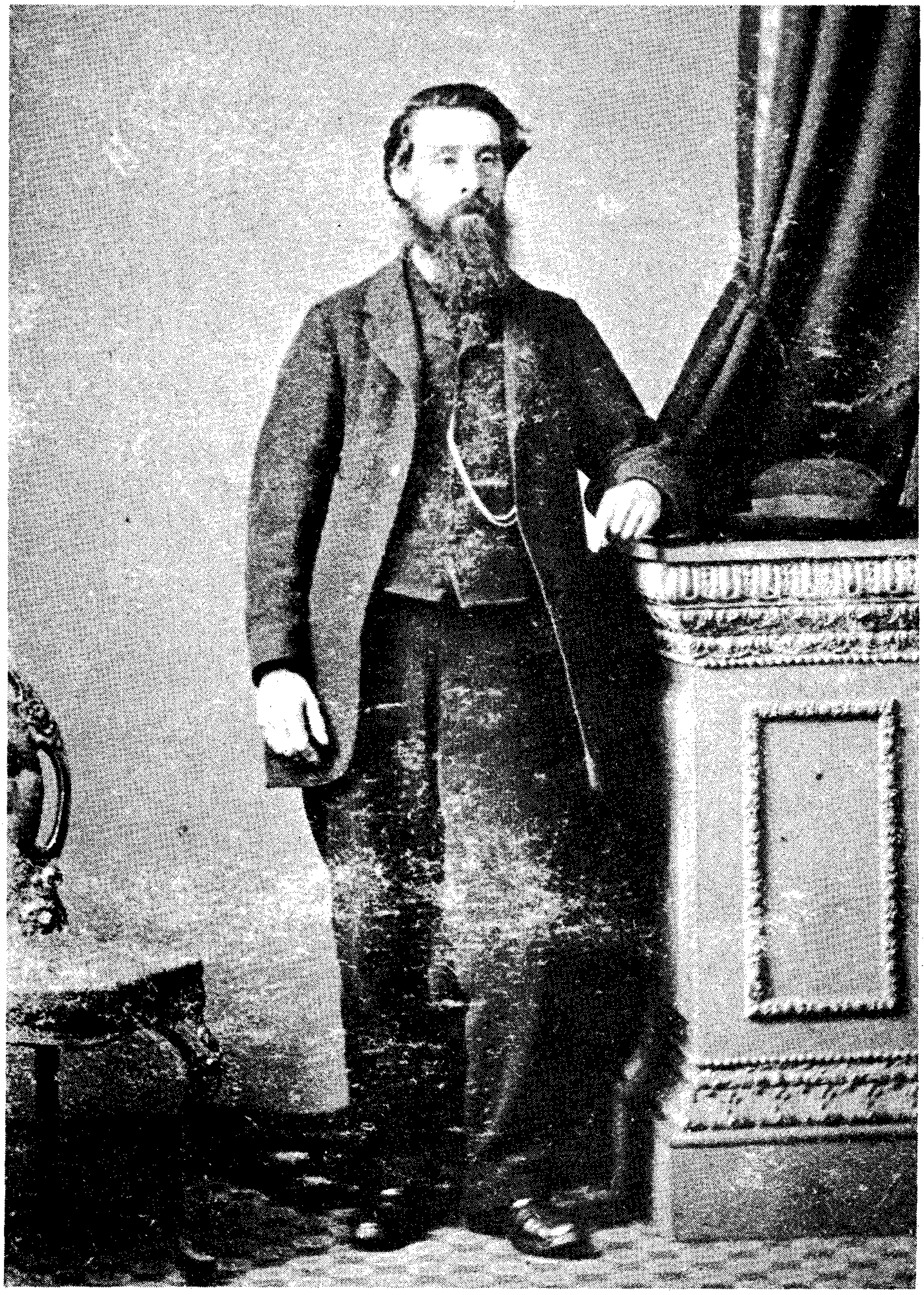
During this same time, Parley P. Pratt organized a newspaper in Manchester called the *Millennial Star*. This paper was an arm of the Church and aided in passing epistles from the Prophet and Council of the Twelve Apostles in America to the Saints in England, while performing the duties of news and other requirements of trade papers. Jonathan Schofield assisted in the printing of the *Millennial Star* for several years.

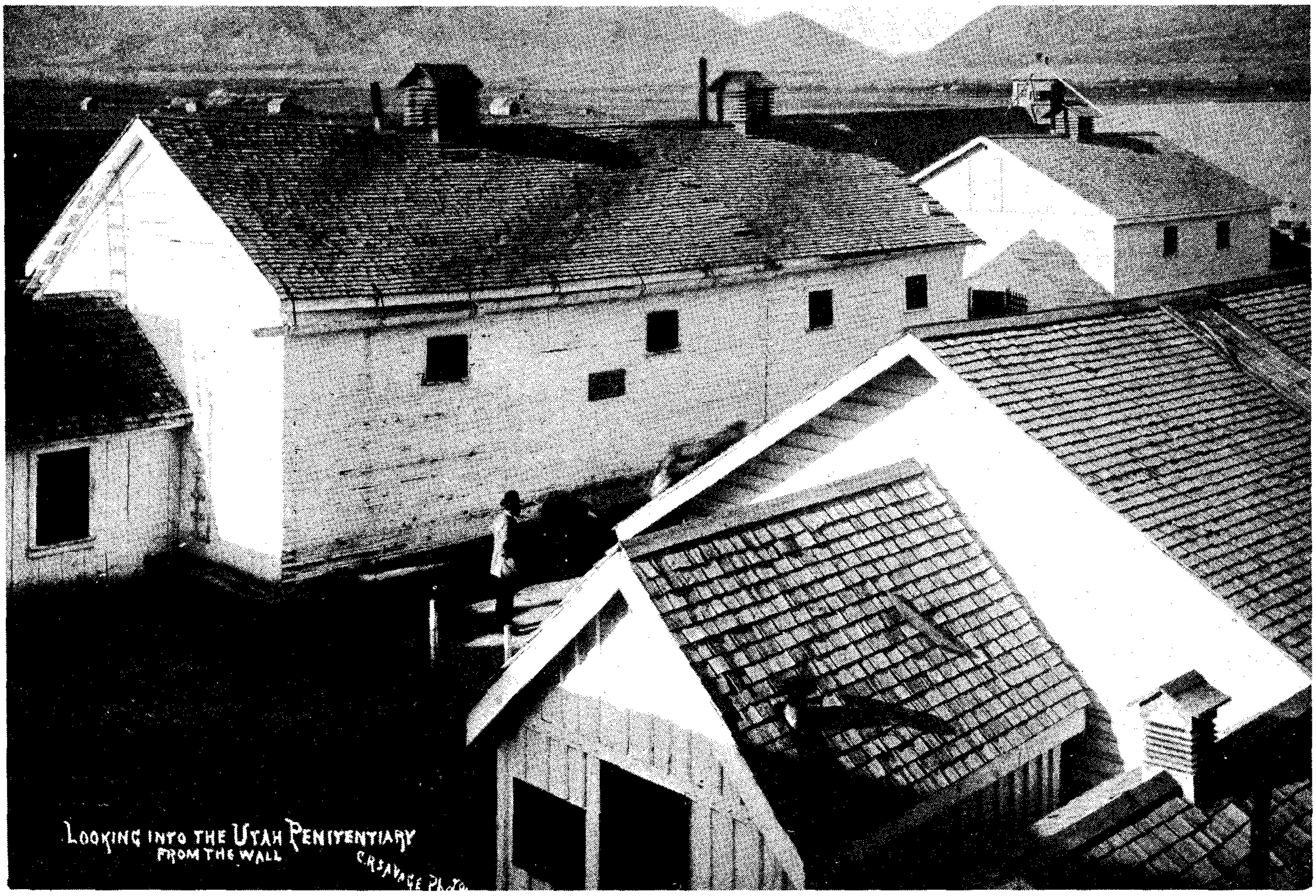
Then, sometime about 1837 or 1838, Jonathan Schofield was called to go to America and assist in the organization of a printing press for the Church at Far West, Missouri. Leaving his family behind, he arrived in Missouri at the time when the Missouri Persecutions raged, and he was driven from that state into Illinois with the body of the Church. He was prominent in the building of the City of Nauvoo from the swamplands along the great Mississippi River, but had been in America only about four years when he died of fever in Nauvoo (1842). His family heard nothing from him or about him from that time forth and his whereabouts and fate were unknown to them. His widow taught school to support her growing family, not knowing that her husband would never return.

THOMAS SCHOFIELD had met and married young Betty Robertshaw. Miss Robertshaw had been an attendant to Queen Victoria and the two were close friends. She had gone to work in a factory as a floor lady, a position which had been gained for her by recommendation of the Queen. Thomas Schofield worked in the factory as a master dye mixer and the two struck up an immediate romantic relationship. Shortly after they were married, Thomas became President of the Tottington Branch of the Church.

Queen Victoria often visited at their home and called at the factory as well. Betty Schofield had a large portrait of the Queen which she hung in their home and later brought to America, and she kept anything which was written about Her Majesty. A story which she often told of the Queen was that while Her Majesty was visiting in the factory one day, a nine-year-old boy walked by them and one of the floor ladies slapped him severely. The Queen inquired of the lady why she had done that, whereupon the floor lady replied, "Why, Mum, 'e was either comin' from mischief or 'e was headin' into it, whereas 'e likely deserved it either way." Queen Victoria repri-

Thomas Schofield as he appeared at the time of his imprisonment for polygamy, around 1886.





Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

"Sugar House" at the Utah State Penitentiary, where Thomas Schofield and others were held.

manded her as only Queen Victoria could, and stated that she had best be certain of her ground in the future.

By 1855 Jonathan Schofield had been absent from his family for some seventeen years. Hannah had held the family together very well, teaching school in Manchester for a living. Although it was believed by all the family that their father must be dead, Thomas determined to make a trip to America to learn of his father's fate for a certainty. His good friend Robert Parker and family had already booked passage aboard the packet *Enoch Train* and Thomas decided to go along. The ship arrived in New York, and passengers bound for Utah arrived at the hub of migration in Iowa early in 1856.

Thomas went immediately to Nauvoo where he sought information concerning his father but the fabled City of the Saints was all but deserted. The magnificent Nauvoo Temple stood in virtual ruins and Mormons no longer lived there. He wandered aimlessly through several cemeteries near the city but he could find no trace of Jonathan. The only other recourse was to make the long journey to Utah and inquire of people who might have known his father.

Thomas joined the migration in time to fall in with the company of Captain Edward Martin, in which company Robert Parker and his family were also traveling.

The Edward Martin Company consisted of handcarts, hastily prepared for such a long journey and beginning so late in the season. At Independence Station the snows set in and every step of the way from that time forth was progressively more difficult. Both Thomas Schofield and Robert Parker were forced to go to the head of the column and break trail. When their strength gave out they were replaced, and the slow and painful progress was resumed. It had long been thought that Robert Parker perished in this migration, as had 145 other unfortunate souls, but research has since revealed that both Robert Parker and Thomas Schofield, somewhere along the route, transferred to another company for a short period before entering the Great Salt Lake Valley, probably in a rescue company. The only serious incident of the trip was when the four-year-old child of Robert Parker, Arthur, was accidentally left behind on the plains. Robert Parker, Thomas Schofield, Robert's eleven-year-old son Maximillian, and several others went back to find the little boy, and he was eventually located and returned to the company. (Maximillian "Maxy" Parker later became the father of Robert Leroy Parker, better known to history as Butch Cassidy.)

THE PARKER FAMILY went directly to Spanish Fork, a small community about sixty miles south of Salt Lake City, and Thomas accompanied them to this point. Learning there that a man living in Centerville, about fifteen miles north of Salt Lake City, might remember his father, Thomas left immediately for that place only to be told that the man had died.

Thomas then sought out Brigham Young at his home in Salt Lake City. The Mormon leader recalled Jonathan Schofield very well, having met him while on a mission to England some years before. He informed Thomas that Jonathan had died of the fever in Nauvoo in 1842, having performed his duties to the Church diligently to the end.

Brigham Young had recently begun experiments in southern Utah in the growing of cotton. He was very interested in the fact that Thomas Schofield was an expert dyer and appraiser of wool and fabrics, and commissioned him on the spot to seek out suitable equipment in England which could be transported to Utah for the manufacturing of cotton and wool into clothing and other articles. It is believed that Thomas, after returning to England sometime in 1857 or 1858, purchased this equipment for the Church and returned to Utah with it in about 1860.

Having thus set up equipment for a woolen mill in Utah, Thomas returned to his family in Lancashire. But by 1868 he had decided to return to America permanently, with his family. He booked passage aboard the small packet *Emerald Isle* which left Liverpool on Saturday June 20, 1868. Passenger lists show that accompanying Thomas was his wife Betty, his mother Hannah, Miss Mona Henrietta Reid who was a ward of the family, and his children Thomas Bernard, Wilford, Lorenzo, Leonard, Elizabeth Ann, and Betsy Ellen. On board the *Emerald Isle* were 876 Saints under the direction of Captain Hans Jensen Hals. The voyage was one of horror and privation. Because of poor water and bad food, thirty-seven persons died aboardship and many more died in hospitals after their arrival at New York on August 11, 1868. (The *Emerald Isle* was lost at sea on its very next passage.)

From New York they traveled west to Fort Benton on the Platte River and from there by boat to Nauvoo where they located the grave of their husband and father, Jonathan. After a brief rest at Nauvoo, they joined the John Scowcroft family in Captain Edward T. Mumford's mule-train bound for Utah. Mr. Scowcroft had accompanied them on the *Emerald Isle* and they had become very close friends.

The trip across the plains was long and tedious. Thomas had had the good fortune to obtain a wagon which added greatly to the comfort of some of the family, but he and the older children walked all of the way. At Echo Canyon they encountered crews laying the tracks of the Union Pacific Railroad; they had preceded the railroad by eight months. Betty Schofield often remarked in later years that she recalled how the dust was hub deep through Echo Canyon, attesting to the many thousands of wagons which had traveled over that route. They arrived in Salt Lake City on September 24, 1868. Two days later they removed to North Centerville, at which place Thomas had stayed while in Utah on his first trip. He took up a farm on what is now Chase Park and tried his hand at farming with little success. He had never farmed before and knew little about it. In addition, grasshoppers took his first crop and a drought took the second. He worked on neighboring farms for several years and barely eked out a living. His only profession had been that of master dye mixer and he knew he would succeed at no other.

Thomas' Church duties were never neglected, however, and while in North Centerville, he served as the first Sunday School Superintendent of the North Centerville Ward and was, at the same time, a leader of the ward choir. He possessed an excellent singing voice as did several of his children. The entire family was musically inclined and in great demand.

In accordance with the teachings of his Church on the Doctrine of Plural Marriage, Thomas Schofield took a second wife on October 4, 1869, Mona Henrietta Reid, the young ward of the family who had accompanied them to Utah. Mona Reid was born February 11, 1848 in Ramsey, Isle of Man, a daughter of John Reid and Mary Ann Sparks. She was fully twenty-two years younger than Thomas, but the two were very close. Mona also became very attached to her husband's first wife, Betty Robertshaw. Betty, twenty-three years older than Mona, was as much of a mother to the young woman as she was a "sister." There was very little rivalry between the two families ever. Betty, as the eldest, was always in charge.

THE TWO FAMILIES lived apart for a short period after the second marriage. Thomas spent equal time with each of his wives and children and treated each as individual families, but brought them together when occasions warranted. Laura Campbell Linn, a grand-daughter, has recalled:

"The John Scowcroft family of Ogden were very good friends of my grandmother. They all crossed the ocean on the *Emerald Isle* together. Grandmother (Betty Robertshaw) lived with her son Wilford (who never married) or rather he lived with her, and he had a vegetable garden from which he made most of his living. In the winter he did odd jobs. One winter he went up to Ogden to work for John Scowcroft and when he came home in the spring to plant his garden, Mr. Scowcroft had sent a big barrel of groceries. All that Grandmother got from the barrel was a pound of tea, as Grandfather thought his second wife needed it more." There was no animosity or jealousy on the part of Betty Robertshaw Schofield, however, for she was a grand lady, in the finest sense of the word. Her courtly bearing from long service-in-waiting for her beloved Queen Victoria carried over into her everyday life. Her grand-daughter writes:

"I remember one time Grandmother and I were going to Church. She had a new black dress to wear. The dress had big leg-o-mutton sleeves and as she stood before the mirror she took hold of the sleeves and said, 'Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I guess pride must abide.' I can see her in her new black bonnet trimmed with feathers, flowers, lace and long black ribbon streamers. She sure looked smart to me. I remember she had pictures of Queen Victoria all over the house. She was quite a reader of poetry. She had a book of John Greenleaf Whittier and a book of Longfellow's poems and she read them over and over again. The Bible and Church works were among the books most read, also the life of Queen Victoria."

After his reverses in attempting to farm, Thomas was determined to seek another profession. After almost six years of hardship and toil, the opportunity arose. On May 15, 1874, Thomas Schofield answered a call by Brigham Young and met with the Church leader at his home in Salt Lake City.

"Thomas, I have prevailed upon you in the past and you have never failed me," said Brigham. "Now I am once again going to prevail upon you. We have begun a factory in the central part of our territory called the Kingston Woolen Mills. The place is in its infancy and its success can only be assured by an expert dye mixer, which you are. I ask you to take up your family and your possessions and go to this place as soon as possible and do what you can to assure its progress."

Everything was in readiness within a few days and with several wagons and a few head of stock, the family set out alone across the dangerous expanse of Utah Territory. The party consisted of Hannah Schofield, Thomas and his first family (Betty and six children) and his second wife Mona and two children. The eldest son of Thomas and Mona, Alfred Calvin, born February 21, 1871 in Centerville, had died when less than a year old.

They arrived at Richfield, site of the woolen mills, during a severe rainstorm, and the Sevier River was boiling red with mud from the nearby hills. Muck was hub deep to the wagons and nearly everything they possessed was soaked by water. Betty prevailed upon her husband to find another place to live, for she wanted no part of Richfield and its mud. "Then we shall have to go on from Richfield to Beaver City," said Thomas, water trickling over the brim of his stiff hat, "and I shall have to travel back and forth, but so be it."

Arriving in Beaver City on June 1, 1874, Thomas discovered that Robert Parker and his family, whom he had expected to be living there, had removed to Circleville, a few miles over the mountains to the east. It was not long before he had located a large house for his family to live in while he began construction of another. Thomas was not entirely unfamiliar with Beaver City for this was not his first visit there. The Beaver Woolen Mills had been organized in 1870 under the direction of Thomas Schofield, John Ashworth and others who had been schooled in England in the art of wool manufacturing. Thomas Schofield, working out of Centerville under the direction of Brigham Young, had directed activities from that point, while John Ashworth had managed the preparations at Beaver. The Beaver Woolen Mills was incorporated with a capital stock of $30,500. John Ashworth set about constructing a mammoth building, three stories high and about 60 x 120 feet in dimension. Thomas Schofield made a hasty trip by train to the New England states and there purchased the necessary machinery and transported it to Salt Lake City by train. He then stripped down his wagons and in June 1870 brought the first of the machinery to Beaver. Thereafter for the next several years he made frequent trips to Beaver.

The mill, when fully assembled and in operation, consisted of nine looms for flannels and finer fabrics, one loom for men's wear, and one blanket loom. There was also a set of three cards, finishing and fulling machines, one spinning jenny of 360 spindles, warpers, dyers, etc. The heads of the various departments were all converts from Lancashire, England, and in addition to Thomas Schofield who headed the dye department, there was John Ashworth and his son William as general managers, William Robinson, John Dean, Heber C. Dean, Henry Tattersall, Enoch Caldwell, Richard Curfew, William Holgate, and several others.

THE THIRD CHILD of Thomas and Mona Schofield was born in Beaver on December 13, 1875; they named him Willard in honor of Willard Richards, the Church leader who was present in Carthage Jail when Prophet Joseph Smith was martyred and who was a close friend of the Schofield family. (Willard Schofield was my grandfather.)

Life in Beaver for the Schofield family during these years was pleasant with but few exceptions. Indian depredations had been common in the early days, especially during the period following the Black Hawk War in 1865. The Indians appeared to be friendly after that time but the settlers could never be sure. Little Orissa Harris Robinson had been stolen by the Indians while her mother was away from the house for water. After this took place at their neighbor's house, the Schofields were always cautious of the numerous Indians who begged for food at their door. They were never turned away but were watched very carefully.

The entire family, as soon as each was old enough, worked in the mills. Betsy Ellen (who is the grandmother of Utah Governor Calvin L. Rampton) worked on the spinning jenny from the time she was thirteen until her marriage to Alexander Campbell in 1884. Willard Schofield, as soon as he was old enough, helped his father freight wool and cotton to the mill from St. George, some miles to the south.

On September 7-11, 1857, one of the most tragic events in western history occurred. Early in September a wagon-train of Missourians under the leadership of Captain Charles Fancher began its trek through Utah on the way to California. Fancher had gone to California in 1855, selected a large tract of land for purchase, and then returned for his family and friends in 1856. They organized themselves into a train consisting of sixty-five persons, twenty-nine of them being children. It was said that Fancher had $4,000 in gold coin with him with which to buy his land in California. The entire train was quite well-to-do.

Thomas Schofield

In July 1857, the Mormons had begun to set up defenses against the impending force of Johnston's Army, sent in by the United States Government to "quell the Mormon uprising." The Mormons would not sell supplies to any of the passing emigrants. The Missourians of Fancher's train, unable to buy needed provisions, began to deride the Mormons as they passed through the country. While in Salt Lake City in August, they made boast about what they, the Missourians, had done to the Mormons once and how they would do it again if necessary. As they rode through the streets, they called their oxen names such as "Brigham" or "Heber" or "Joe Smith" and spat curses loudly for the Mormons to hear. As they traveled through southern Utah, they poisoned the springs with the result that one white and several Indians and many cattle died from the effects of it. In addition, one of the Missourians shot and killed an Indian while bickering over a trade item; this caused deep resentment on the part of the Indians, already allied heavily with the Mormons against Johnston's Army. As a capstone to the entire affair, one of the Missourians claimed to have been in the mob which had murdered Joseph Smith at Carthage, Missouri, and claimed in addition to be packing "the gun which shot the guts out of Old Joe Smith." The feeling of hate which the Missourians had stirred up on their route through Utah ended tragically when the train arrived in Mountain Meadows.

Early on a Tuesday morning, the Indians who had been following the train, waiting for the opportunity for revenge against the death of several of their tribe, attacked the Fancher party. In the fight which ensued, seven of the emigrants were killed and a number of Indians killed or wounded. The Indians were finally routed and the camp went into defensive preparations. John D. Lee, the only man in that part of the country who could control the Indians, was called by messenger to quell the attack before it erupted anew. But before Lee could stop the impending trouble, a group of Mormons had already killed one man, wounded another, and routed a party of three men who were riding to Cedar City from the Fancher train to ask help of the Mormons there against the Indians.

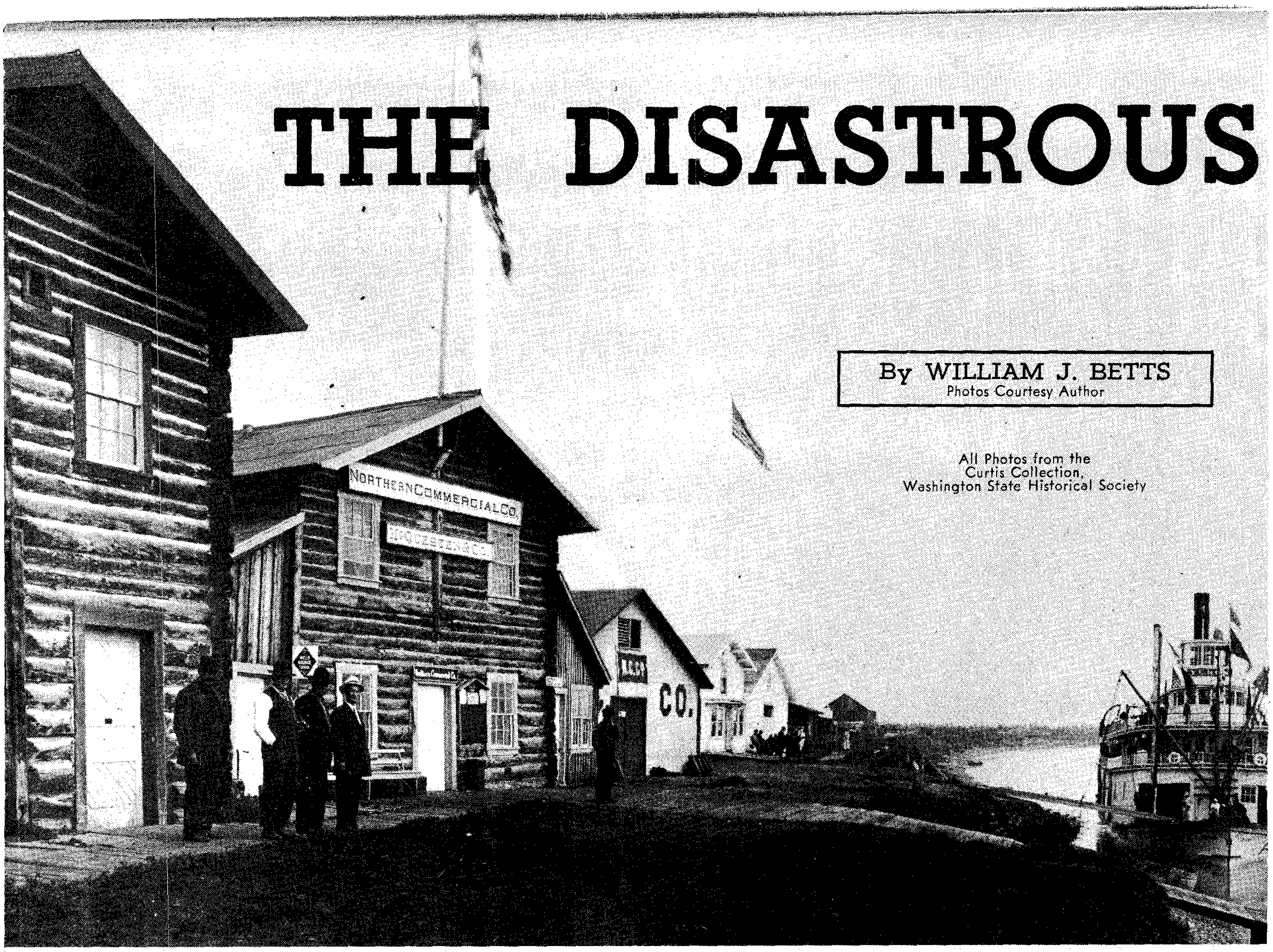
Caught up in the hatred stirred up by the Missourians and carried out by a small force of vengeful Mormons, Lee and others could do nothing but join in the massacre which followed and attempt to save as many from slaughter—especially women and children—as could be saved. Nevertheless, almost all of the Fancher party was massacred except for children. It was a gruesome, merciless mass murder, and one which blots the history of Utah with blood and one which Mormons are anxious to forget.

(Continued on page 40)

THE DISASTROUS

By WILLIAM J. BETTS
Photos Courtesy Author

All Photos from the
Curtis Collection,
Washington State Historical Society



Circle City on the Yukon River, sometime after the turn of the century. At one time a gathering point for the mad rush to the Alaska gold fields, Circle City had been considered as the point of departure for the Dietz Expedition.

"Klondyke Madness" pushed the little party of greenhorns beyond their strength

THE DISCOVERY of gold in 1896, in the Klondyke region of the Northwest Territories of Canada, attracted many strange types—and many strange alliances of types. Men with little or no knowledge of mining often banded together to form some sort of mutual aid society—a mining "company" with bylaws and charter. One such company was conceived by a New Yorker, Arthur A. Dietz. For sheer ignorance of the problems to be faced and the naive beliefs held by its members this company was truly unique.

At the time of the Klondyke discovery, Dietz was the physical director of the New York City Y.M.C.A., and felt that he had all the qualifications for conquering the Arctic. He thought that he could go north, stake a claim, mine it, and return the following year a rich man.

In August of 1896, Dietz advertised in the New York *Herald* for a partner or two to accompany him to Alaska. The response was overwhelming. Hundreds of letters poured in, their writers begging for a chance to accompany him.

Among those wishing to go north with Dietz was his brother-in-law, a doctor from the Bronx. Another was a friend from Bridgeport, Connecticut, a superintendent of a cartridge factory.

Seventeen men were chosen to accompany Dietz. The company would be called the New York and Bridgeport Mining Company. Each man would have an equal share in the golden riches.

They were from every walk of life, these hopefuls of the New York and Bridgeport Mining Company—one mineralogist, two civil engineers, two policemen from New York, one doctor, three toolmakers, one tinsmith, one mail clerk, five clerks, the factory superintendent, and the physical culturist Dietz. Not one was a woodsman. They were ill-equipped physically and intellectually for the ordeal that lay ahead of them.

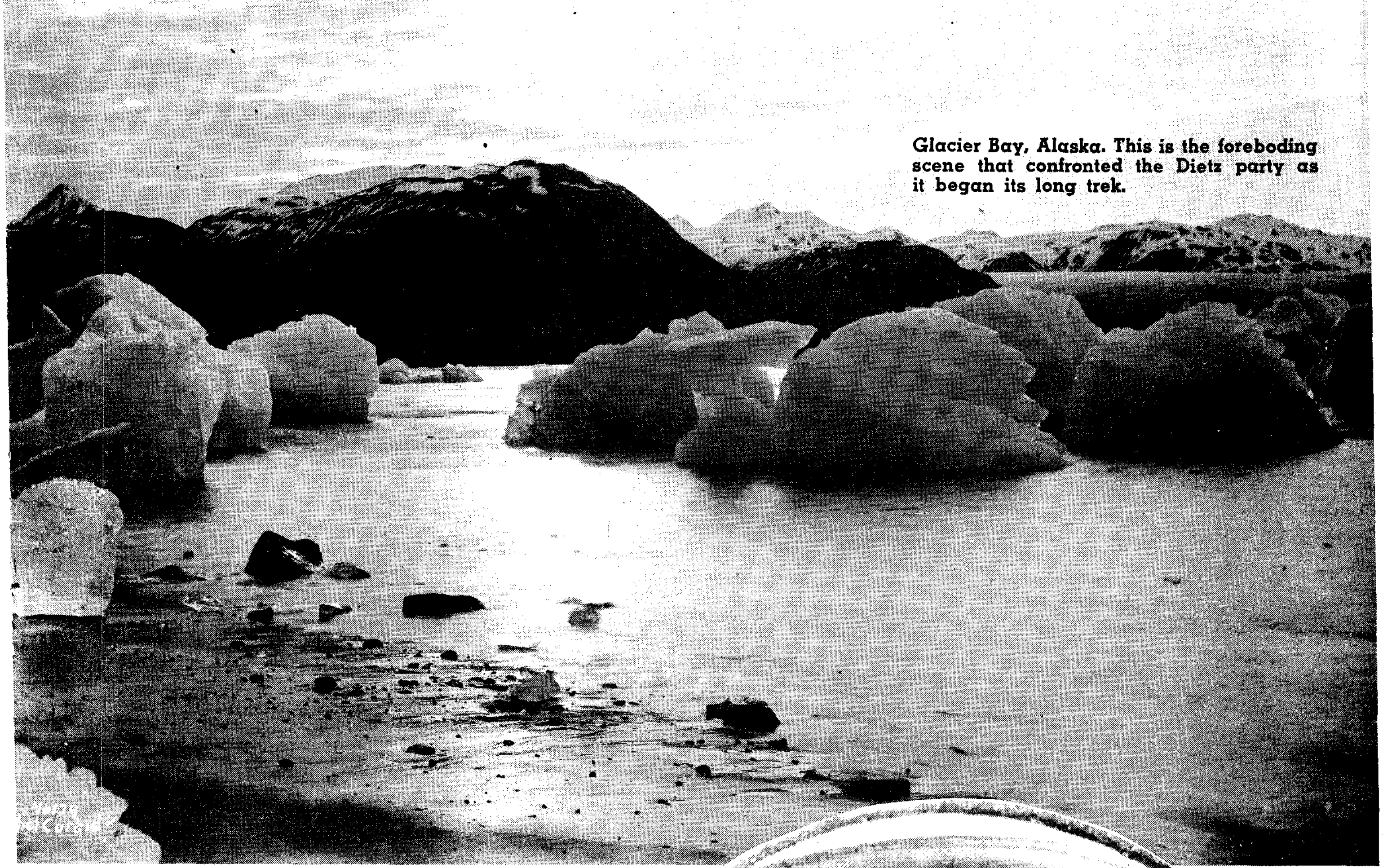
The men of the New York and Bridgeport Mining Company, however, did possess determination and enthusiasm. They talked of their venture constantly and met at homes of the various members to pore over maps and read all the books they could find written by Arctic explorers.

When snows came to the streets of New York they obtained sleds and dogs. With home-made harness the dogs were trained to pull the sleds through the streets. An astounded police officer arrested them, thinking they were a group of escaped lunatics. The judge, however, who secretly yearned to go to the Klondyke, let them off with a light fine for cruelty to animals.

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1897, the company of eighteen determined men, fourteen of whom were married with families, bade goodbye to friends, sweethearts, wives and children, then stepped on a train bound for Seattle, a continent away.

They arrived in Seattle after many delays to find a city gone mad. "At that time the City of Seattle was a maelstrom of raving humanity driven half insane by the desire of gold," Dietz later wrote. "Between 1,800 and 2,000 people from all over the world were there clamoring for transportation to Alaska when there

DIETZ EXPEDITION



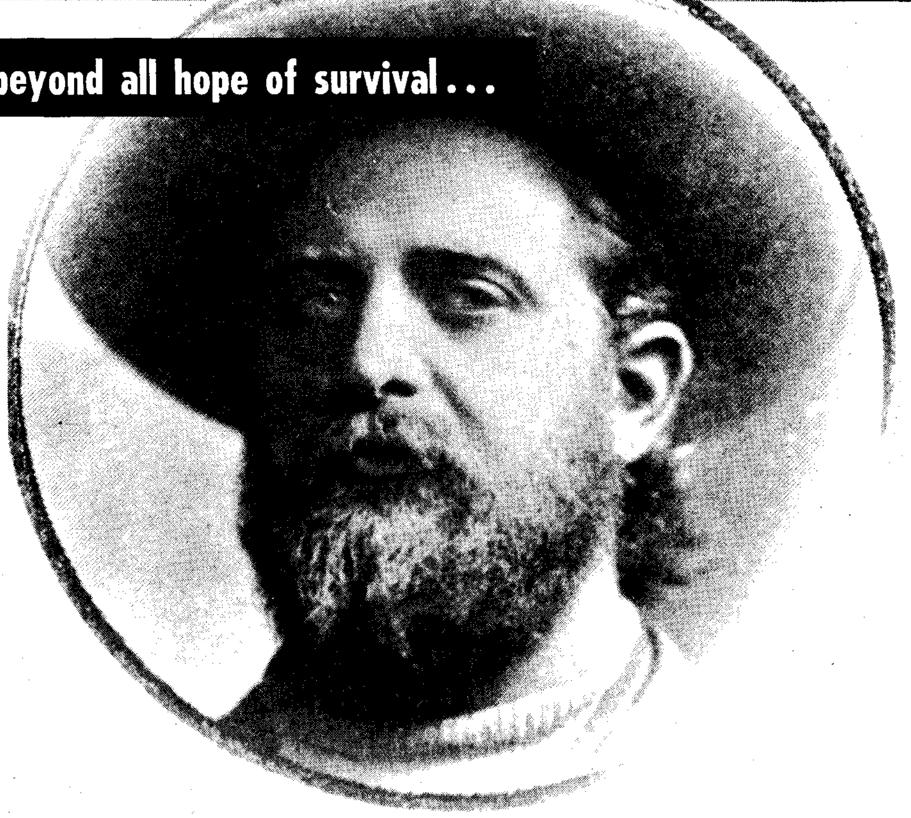
Glacier Bay, Alaska. This is the foreboding scene that confronted the Dietz party as it began its long trek.

eyond their judgment, and finally beyond all hope of survival...

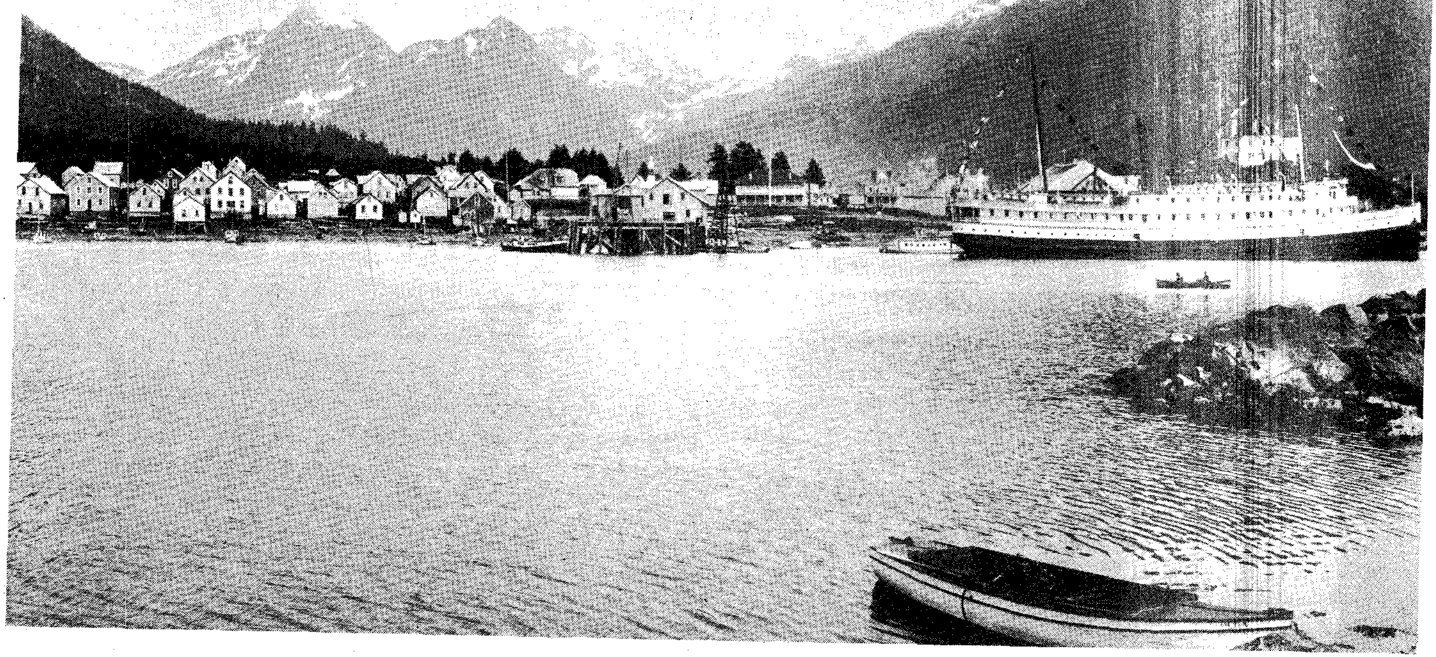
was none. Money was plentiful and fabulous prices were asked for everything. Every scheme, legal and illegal, ever devised by mortals to separate a man from his money was run 'wide open.' Unspeakable dives, houses of ill-fame, existed on every block in the business section, and women under the protection of the police solicited business everywhere."

The eighteen men from New York survived the inequities of this frontier city and managed to find lodging in a converted stable. While waiting for transportation north they bought supplies—everything from quick-silver to dried vegetables, even a generator weighing nearly half a ton. Transportation was something else. The steamers on the Alaska run were booked solid for months in advance.

Dietz and his companions were determined to leave Seattle as soon as possible. When Dan Collins, one of the New York policemen, was told about an old sailing ship tied up in Tacoma that could be chartered for a fair price, the com-



Arthur Dietz shortly after his return to New York.



Above, the village of Sitka, where the survivors of the Dietz Expedition arrived aboard the cutter, *Wolcutt*. They were taken to the hospital there for medical attention. Below, goldrush days on the Seattle waterfront were hectic as money-hungry men clamored aboard steamers heading for the Golden North.

pany decided to take advantage of the golden opportunity.

The *Blakely* was a square-rigger, 140 feet long with a 20-foot beam. She could be put into sailable condition, manned by a crew, and sailed to Alaska for a mere $5,000. This price was a little steep for the eighteen stalwarts so Dietz hurried about and secured other men wishing to go to Alaska, not a difficult task when there were so many waiting for just such a chance. One hundred men were signed up. Some of them were friends Dietz had made on the train trip west; the others were from Denison, Texas.

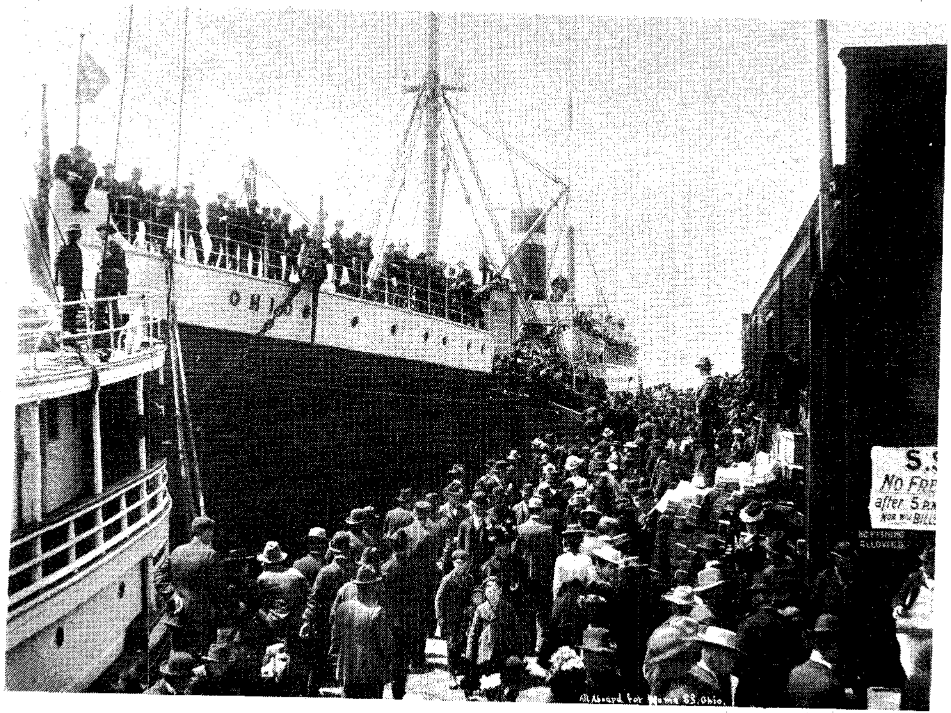
The *Blakely* was towed to Seattle and readied for the voyage. Supplies were loaded aboard. Then the skipper, Captain McAfee, First Mate Jung, three sailors, a cook and his assistant came aboard. Each passenger was allowed a half-ton of freight including his baggage. Their dogs—almost as many as there were men—were crated and placed on board the old hulk.

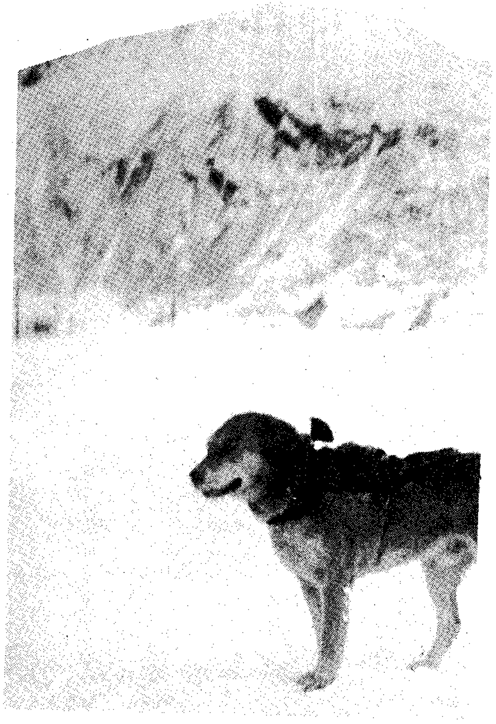
The *Blakely* sailed from Seattle on February 24, 1897. As soon as the old square-rigger reached the open seas she hit foul weather. The landlubber gold seekers, almost to a man, suffered long sieges of seasickness. Living conditions aboard the *Blakely* were deplorable. The stench was overwhelming; the food was awful.

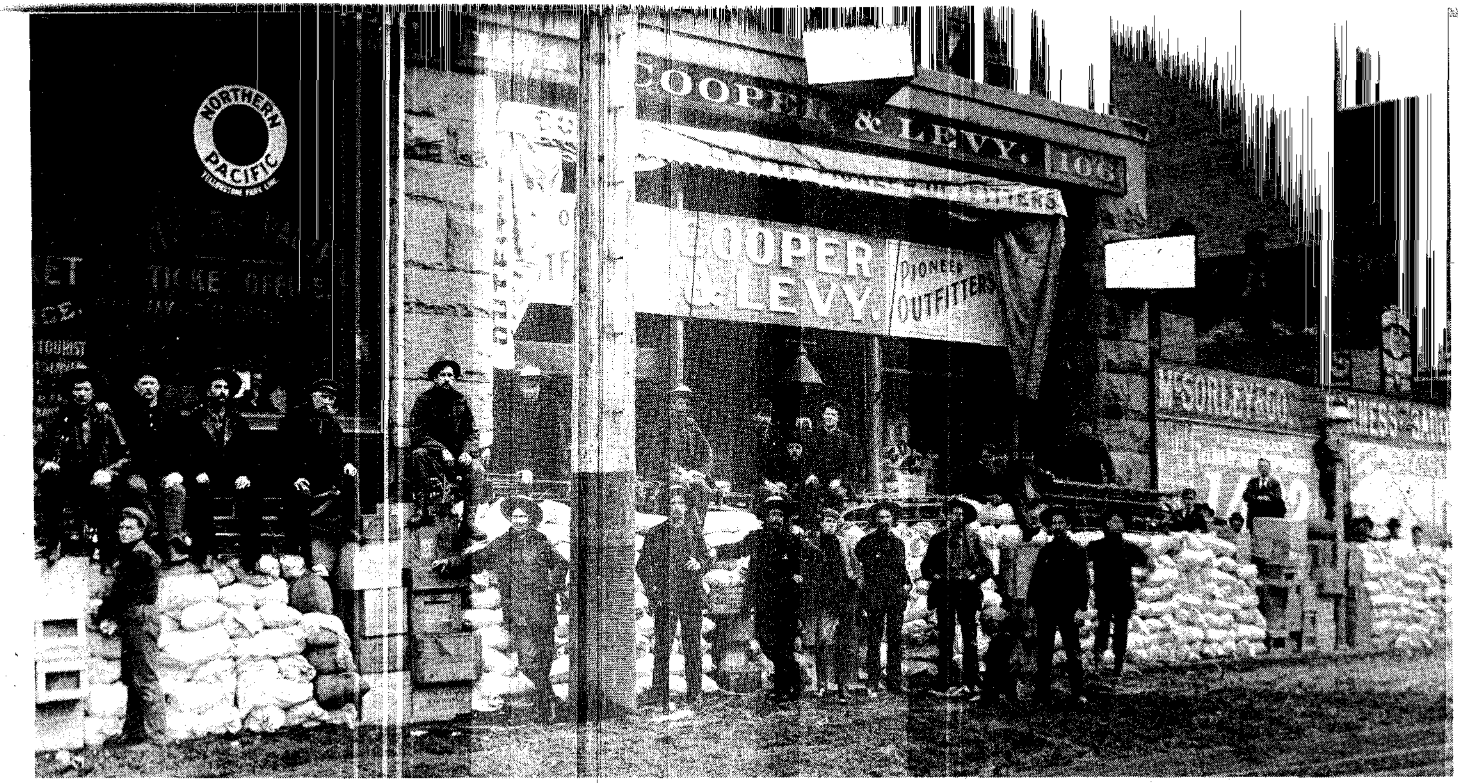
Twice the old vessel nearly succumbed to the storms that battered her rotten planking. All but two of the lifeboats were washed overboard. The dogs in their cages, stowed on the open deck, fared no better, half of them meeting the same fate as the lifeboats.

THEN on March 23, almost a month from her sailing time, the *Blakely* entered the harbor of Yakatat. Captain McAfee sailed within a hundred yards of shore and dropped anchor.

The remaining two lifeboats were lowered and Dietz, accompanied by thirteen of the company, pulled for shore. They had rowed no more than twenty-five yards when ten canoes containing fur-clad natives came out to greet them. In one of the canoes was an American







Goldrush stampeders waiting with their supplies in front of Cooper and Levy, pioneer outfitters for Alaskan adventurers.

missionary. The Chicago-born cleric, Henry Johnson, had not seen a white man's face in over thirteen months. He was bubbling over with questions. What brought them here? Where were they going?

He shook his head when told the nature of their visit. "I have seen no gold in the many years that I've been here, my friends," he told them.

"No, you don't understand," Dietz replied. "We are not looking for gold here, but in the Klondyke region over a thousand miles from here. Haven't you heard of the gold discovery there?"

The missionary shook his head. No, he had not heard of any gold discovery there or anywhere else.

Mr. Johnson must have been wondering why anyone would choose Yakatat as a jumping-off place for the Klondyke. The men from the *Blakely* would have to cross the rugged St. Elias range of mountains. The only feasible route, if it could be called such, was across the Malapina Glacier. This huge glacier, the largest of its type on the North American Continent, enters a finger of Yakatat Bay called, appropriately enough, Disenchantment Bay.

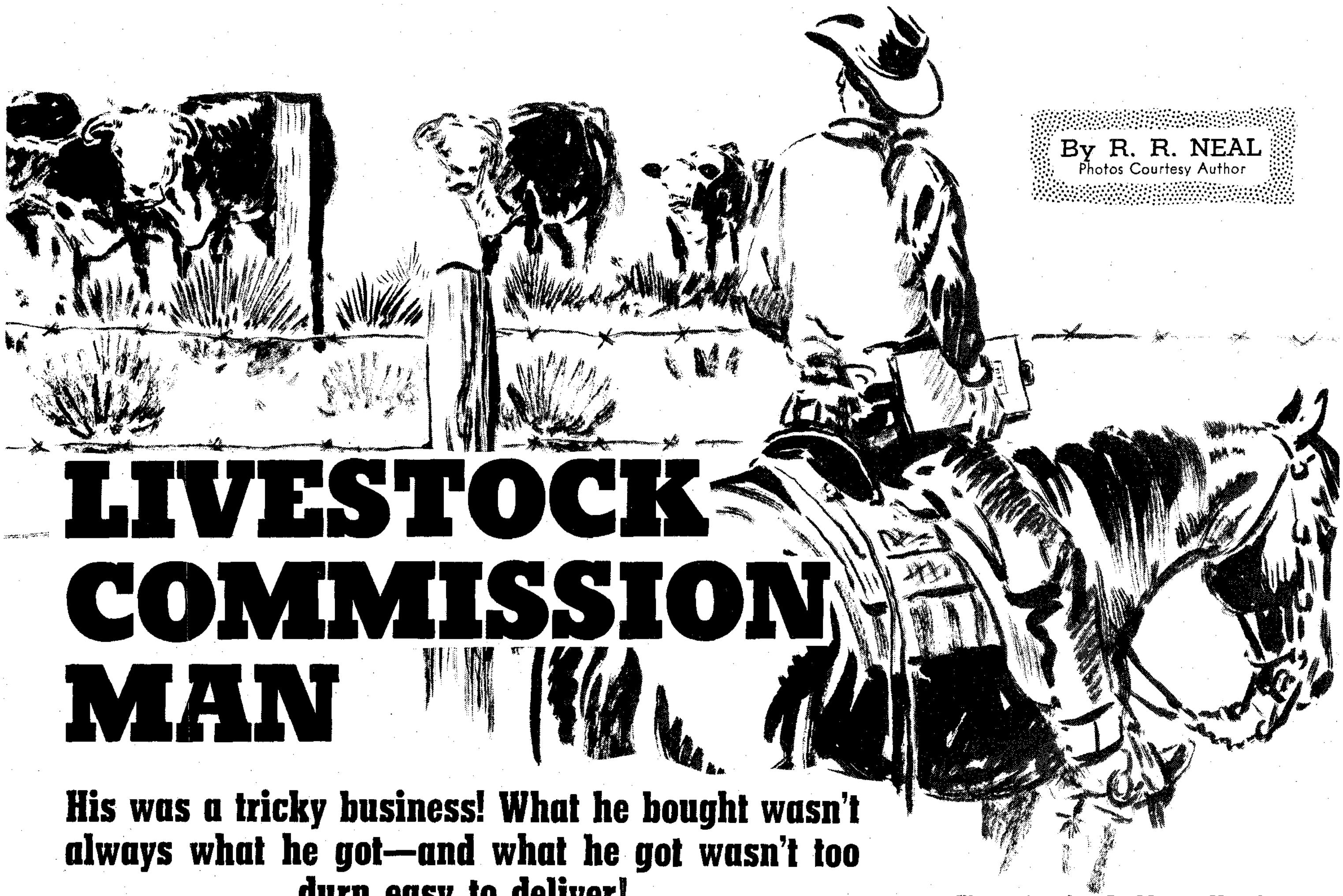
The awesome Malapina Glacier stretches for miles into the St. Elias range. On a map, crossing this 1,500 square miles of deep blue ice looks easy. It is fraught with danger, however, as there are deep crevasses, jagged rocks thrusting through the ice, and in the spring of the year the weather is impossible. At the time of the Dietz expedition the Malapina Glacier had never been explored by white men. Yet this was the route chosen by the members of the New York and Bridgeport Mining Company as well as the other miners on the *Blakely*.

Dietz consulted the natives as to the best route across the glacier. He was told that he and his party could take any of the four arms of the glacier between Mt. Logan and Mt. Hubbard.

On April 12 the men packed their supplies and equipment to the glacier. It was a formidable task as each man had approximately a half-ton of food and sup-

(*Continued on page 48*)

The Dietz party used dog teams such as this to haul men and supplies over the glacier-covered St. Elias Range. This particular team was the winner of the Nome to Valdez race, some 1,400 miles, around 1909.



LIVESTOCK COMMISSION MAN

His was a tricky business! What he bought wasn't always what he got—and what he got wasn't too durn easy to deliver!

By R. R. NEAL

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

BACK in the days following World War I, before the era of the livestock auction and huge cattle trucks, there were men who specialized in dealing in livestock. These experts bought cattle and sheep for the owners of large ranches, and for speculators who wintered the stock on wheat fields and marketed them in the spring and summer. These men were called Livestock Commission Men. They usually had a home office in town but spent most of their time going from ranch to ranch, trying to buy cattle and sheep to fill their orders. It was a pretty rugged occupation, and many fell by the wayside.

Alvin Neal was a commission man and had a lifetime of experience in the livestock business, most of it acquired around Brady, Texas in McCulloch County. Alvin owned part interest in a ranch located on Little Brady Creek. There were two dwellings on the ranch—one known as the upper ranch; the other as the lower ranch. Alvin lived on the lower ranch and Fritz Morris lived at the upper ranch.

Fritz's chief occupation was trapping coyotes for bounty. He wanted to be a cowboy, but the nearest he had come to it was an occasional job herding sheep. Nevertheless he dressed like a cowboy, wearing a large sombrero, chaps, high-topped boots and Mexican-made spurs with large rowels. He was the owner of a mare and buggy, a trained trap dog, and two long-eared Walker Hound pups.

One time one of the neighbors had a coyote trap missing. It was evident that a coyote had gotten in it and dragged it away. Knowing about Fritz's trap dog, this neighbor asked Fritz to bring the dog over and see if he could track down the marauder. Fritz came, with the anticipation of getting a reward if the dog proved successful. It took the entire day for Rover to work the trail out and find the coyote.

Fritz brought his catch and presented it to the neighbor, Mr. Sellman, and was mighty disappointed when he was not offered a reward for his trouble. Instead, Mr. Sellman asked Fritz if he had any more dogs like Rover that he would sell. Fritz perked up at once and replied, "Yes, I have Old Rip and Rowdy, two full-blood Walker dogs that I would sell for ten dollars each." This delighted Mr. Sellman, and he gave Fritz the twenty dollars. Then he directed Fritz to deliver the two dogs to his son, Johnny, on his creek ranch.

This creek ranch was on the same road Fritz lived on, and Johnny came by almost every day, going to town. So Fritz waited until the next day when Johnny came by, then he loaded the pups and took them to the creek ranch and tied them to the front porch of the house. When Johnny came home and saw the pups he called his father on the phone. Fritz was on the same party line, so he raised the receiver and listened to the conversation.

Johnny was angrily telling his father about two scroungy pups tied to his front porch. When he quieted down, Mr. Sellman said, "Why, I don't know anything about any pups. I bought two wolf dogs from Mr. Morris to be delivered down there." Here, Fritz came in on the conversation and said, "Mr. Sellman, those are the dogs you bought. That's Old Rip and Rowdy. I want to thank you for the twenty dollars you paid me for them." Then he hung up the receiver, with the feeling that he had been well paid for his day's work.

Not long after this, Alvin's phone rang and it was Fritz. In a worried voice he told Alvin that a crazy man was coming down that way with a pistol, heading for Long Valley (some fifteen miles cross-country) to kill a man. Fritz had been anxious to get rid of this man, so he'd sent him toward the lower ranch. But he kept calling Alvin every few minutes, asking if the man had arrived. Finally Alvin got tired of this, so the next time Fritz called, Alvin said that he had sent his hired hand, Butch Roberson, up to Dead Man's Crossing on Little Brady Creek to head the man off and kill him. But Butch had only shot him in the leg and the stranger had turned around and was heading back toward Fritz's house.

Fritz became so frightened that he hitched his old mare to the buggy, helped his wife Doll in, and drove to the nearest town to spend the night with friends.

Well, the man Fritz had been afraid of

finally arrived at Alvin's house and told Alvin the name of the fellow he intended to kill. To placate the man, Alvin sided in with him and said he wanted to kill the same fellow, and that after supper they would both go to where their mutual enemy lived. Alvin tried to get the stranger to let him see his gun, but the man said, "No. They always told me that when you are going to kill a man, you shouldn't let anybody see your gun."

When Alvin's wife got supper ready, she invited the man to the table. He replied, "Wait until I get my tie on." Then he put on a tie and went into the dining room. Alvin took advantage of this opportunity to call Sheriff Jim Wall and ask him to meet them at the jail. After supper Alvin put Butch and the stranger in the back seat of the car. The man refused to ride upright in the seat, but instead crouched down in the bottom. They started for the county seat.

The trip was uneventful, and they arrived in Brady after dark. Alvin suggested that it was too late to go to Long Valley that night; it would be much better to get a room at the hotel and they could drive down and kill the man the next day. Alvin also said that he had a friend at the hotel he wanted the stranger to meet.

They went to the jail where Alvin introduced the man to Sheriff Wall as a friend. Of course, the big problem was how to get the man's gun. On the way upstairs the man caught hold of some of the bars and tried to shake them, remarking that this was the best put-together hotel he had ever seen. Once in the cell, Alvin persuaded the man to put his gun under the pillow; then, with some maneuvering, they all sat on the bed with Sheriff Wall sitting next to the gun. The conversation they carried on was mostly about their task of killing the man at Long Valley. Finally the sheriff nudged Alvin to let him know that he had the gun.

Alvin then told the man that he knew a nice lady downstairs who would be glad to come up and keep him company for a while. This was highly agreeable, so Alvin and the sheriff edged their way outside and quickly locked the door. Instantly the man became suspicious and made a lunge for the door. Finding it locked, he reached for his gun. When he found it was gone, he walked over to the north side of the cell and thrust his foot through the bars, breaking the windowpanes.

I have related this story to show you the alertness of Alvin Neal, and his ability to handle any situation that confronted him.

In Alvin's younger days he had had a yen to go farther west. In time, he did lease a spread of eleven sections on the divide in Sutton County, first making his home in Menard, and later in San Angelo.

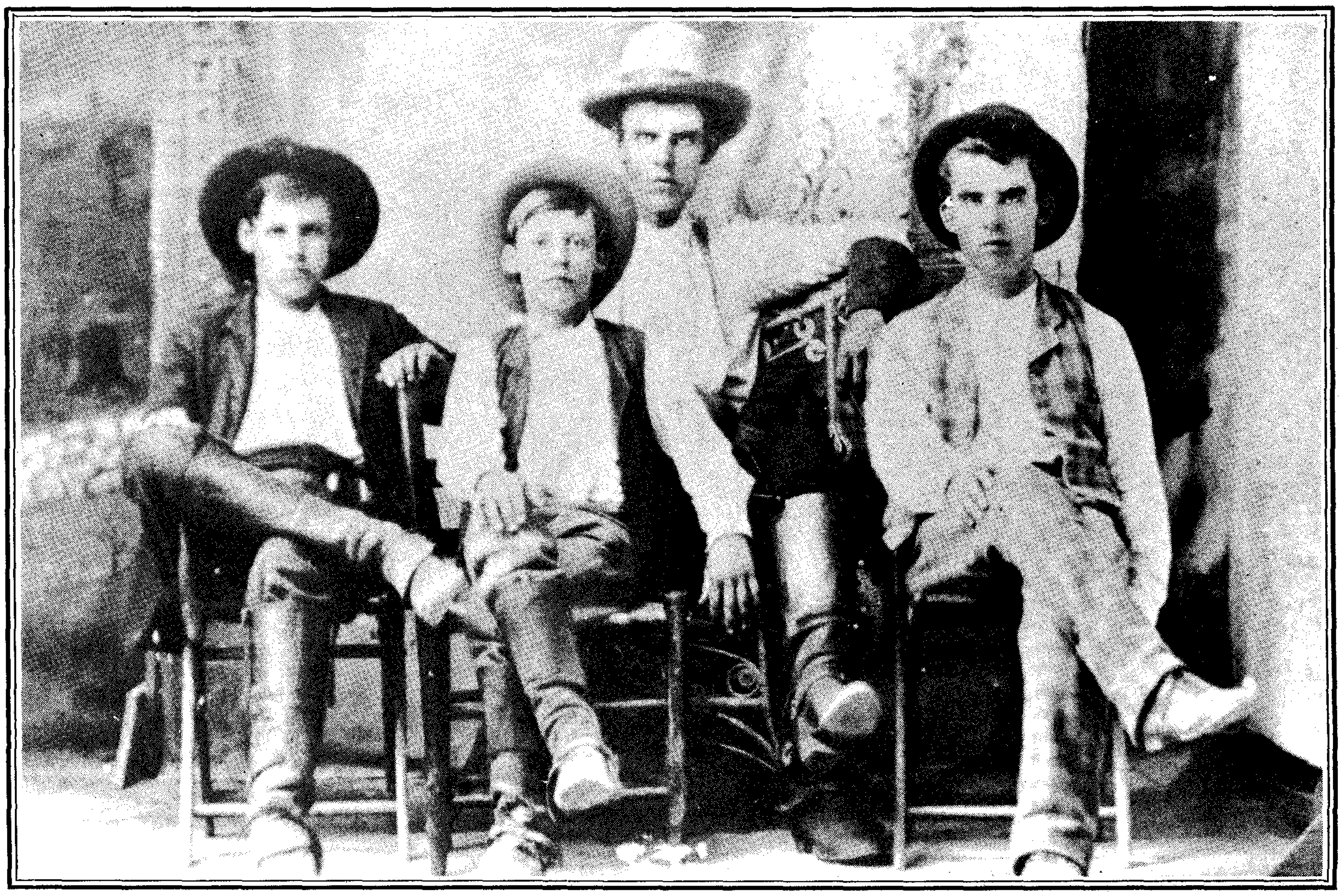
In regard to his experiences as a commission man in West Texas the names I have given the people he dealt with are mostly fictitious, as Alvin seldom ever told me their names. Otherwise, I can assure you the incidents are true.

One of Alvin's first real trades as a commission man was with the McGraw boys. He went to their rather large ranch and made a trade to buy a group of three-year-old steers for fall delivery. When the conditions of the trade were all agreed upon, Alvin returned to his office. There were other commission men there and when Alvin told them of his trade they laughed at him and said he would not see all of the steers again. It seems the McGraw boys had a habit of taking the better steers out of a herd and hiding them in another pasture until delivery was made on the sorriest ones.

This worried Alvin for awhile, and the next afternoon he drove out to the pasture where the steers were located, armed with a sack of salt and a camera. When he reached a watering place, he called the cattle. They smelled the salt and most of them came running. As they stood around, licking salt and drinking water, Alvin got busy with the camera. He would focus it on the better animals, making sure he had a good picture of the brand or any identifying marks such as a white spot or line back. After photographing most of the better steers, Alvin returned to town pretty well satisfied.

When delivery day came, Alvin went to the ranch to receive the cattle. Sure enough, after the tally was made some

Four young cowpokes. At far left is Alvin Neal with pals Arthur, Perry, and Grover.



of the steers were missing. Alvin called attention to this shortage, and gave a vivid description of the missing cattle. One of the McGraw boys exclaimed, "How do you know? You only saw a small sample of the herd."

Alvin quietly took the pictures from his pocket and showed them to the boys. They were astonished, but finally took it as a joke and immediately went into another pasture and brought the balance of the steers to their rightful owner.

When it came time to buy steers another year, Alvin had no trouble buying the McGraw boys' stock. One of them declared that there was no use hiding any of the steers because Alvin would have all of their pictures before sundown.

Fritz Morris had recently migrated west and was making his home in Sonora. Alvin learned about his being there and looked him up. He took Fritz with him when he went on trips, and occasionally used him to help drive small herds of cattle and sheep.

Once Fritz and a Mexican cowboy were moving a small herd of cattle near Christoval, a small resort town near San Angelo, where people came to take mineral baths and other treatment. It was an inland town and without a railroad at that time. (Some enterprising company had started to build a railroad, but only got the dirt work done. For some reason, they were delayed in laying the track.)

On this occasion Alvin had gone to Christoval to buy dinner for his men. When he entered the grocery store a lady spied him, and from his garb guessed that he was associated with livestock. She walked up to Alvin and, in apparent disgust, asked him where she could go to find a real cowboy. She complained that she had been in Texas for over a week and had failed to find a single one. For a moment Alvin was at a loss for words, but then he thought about Fritz. He figured that the large hat and Mexican spurs, along with the rest of his get-up, would do the trick. So Alvin told the lady if she would go with him to the edge of town, he would show her the real McCoy.

The lady was suspicious and asked, "Is he very tough?"

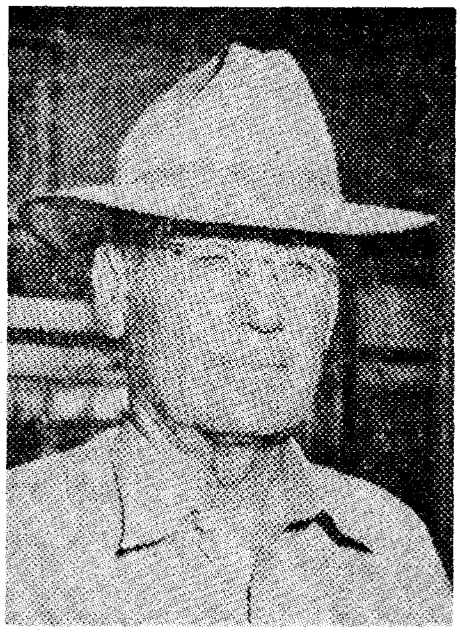
Alvin led her over to the door and said, "See that railroad dump over there? It used to have trains on it, but my cowboy held them up so often the railroad company took up the tracks." With that, the lady's curiosity was aroused and she agreed to go and see for herself. They drove out to where the cattle were.

When Alvin introduced Fritz to the lady, she seemed only slightly impressed with his cowboy regalia. Then there was some conversation about moving the herd, and the lady, who was still a little skeptical, said she was ready to return to town. As they started to leave, Alvin winked at Fritz and asked, "Do you think you will have enough ammunition to move this herd?"

Fritz hesitated for a moment and then replied, "Well, I don't know. I killed a Mexican back down the road—the hardest son-of-a-gun to kill I ever saw. I had to shoot him seven times."

This did the trick. The lady turned a little pale and demanded to be taken to town at once. That night in camp the men had a big laugh over the incident.

THROUGH the spring and summer commission men were usually busy contracting calves to be delivered in the fall. In some places the ranches were hundreds of miles from the railroad. There were few trailer-trucks, and no roads passable for them anyway. The only way to move cattle was to drive them cross-country. Usually it was necessary to go for some distance before reaching the county roads, which were fenced on both sides. It was not unusual for a herd to consist of a thousand head, and it took pretty good cowboys to handle so many freshly-weaned calves in that manner.



Alvin E. Neal

Alvin usually tried to buy his calves within a radius of twenty-five miles on either side of a line from Rock Springs to the railroad terminal at Menard. He would stop over for three or four days at his home ranch while the cowboys gathered all the cattle he had bought from his neighbors.

For the benefit of those who do not know the procedure for moving a large herd cross-country—normally it takes eight or nine cowboys, a cook, and most important, the Boss Man. Each cowboy has his assigned position. Two men ride in the rear of the herd to keep the animals moving. Then there is a man on each side, near the rear of the herd, who rides flank. Two more men ride near the front of the herd, on either side, to keep the cattle from spreading too much, and to aid in turning them whenever it is necessary. This is called riding point. Then there is a very important position of riding lead. Not only does this last rider keep the cattle traveling at the proper speed but he must know the country and turn the cattle at the right time. Then there is the man who rides drag. This rider must bring up the animals who, for some reason, can't keep up with the main herd. This job is not relished by the cowboys and is usually assigned to the one with the least experience or the one who is least efficient. Such a boy was Slim Johnson.

On one occasion the cowboys, including Alvin, had all of the cattle in a holding trap at the home ranch. They were ready to throw them all together and start the remainder of the journey to Menard, some fifty miles away. To get the herd together the usual process was to put one man near the outside fence, and then spread out so that each man was in sight of the man next to him.

A boy named Willard Renfro was riding a horse which had a reputation for running away. When he did this he clamped the bit in his mouth and became very hard to stop. They had gone only a short distance from the corral before this horse became excited and proceeded to run away. In his wild fury he became entangled in a downed cedar tree, lost his footing, and went down. Willard was able to fall free and was not badly hurt; the horse struggled on the ground, but could not rise.

The rider next to Willard came over and quickly determined that the horse had a broken leg. This cowboy yelled to the one next to him and said, "Willard's horse just fell and broke his leg." The message was relayed down the line, but when it got to Slim it was all twisted.

Alvin had already gotten the message correctly when Slim came riding up, very excited, and yelled to him, "Willard just fell and broke his leg!" Knowing that it was the horse who was in trouble, Alvin ordered Slim to "go over there and cut his throat, and come on." Slim rode along a few steps, then reined his horse up and exclaimed, "I don't want to do that. I always kinda liked Old Willard."

ALVIN, on one of his buying trips, had been looking at herds around Sonora all afternoon and decided to quit and drive into town. He was tired and looked forward to a little relaxation. But Mr. Brown, another commission man with whom Alvin shared an office when he was operating in that territory, spoiled his plan. Brown said that Jake Hudson, a rancher near Junction, some fifty-six miles away, had called and was anxious for Alvin to come and look at some cattle he had for sale. Brown explained that Jake was holding the cattle in a small enclosure and that he planned to move them to a large pasture where it would be hard to see them, so it was imperative for Alvin to see the cattle before night. It was a hard trip for a tired man, but it almost had to be done.

In due time Alvin arrived at the Hudson ranch, looked the cattle over, and asked the selling price. Alvin was not much to dicker over prices and, because of the lateness of the day, quickly told the man that he would take them. Hudson hesitated, then walked around and looked at the cattle as though he had never seen them before. Then he looked up at the sky, where a few clouds were floating around, and came over to Alvin.

(Continued on page 64)

OCOSTA BROKE THE SPECULATORS' HEARTS!

You have to admire anything that's 100%—even if it's a 100% fiasco!

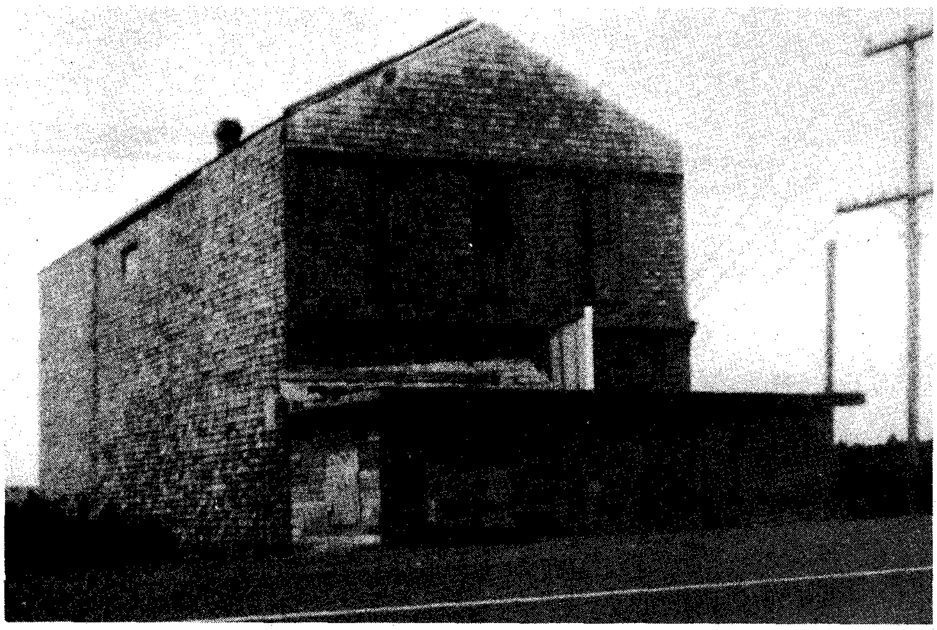
By VIRGINIA H. MAAS

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE State of Washington the ghost of Ocosta-By-The-Sea no longer haunts invisible streets or floats from room to room in empty houses, for there are no streets, there are no empty houses, and there is no longer any town. One original structure remains, and like a dauntless old sea captain going down with his ship this single souvenir of a once exciting era slumps at the side of the road with shuttered eyes and resignation.

The wind scurries past the weather-beaten building (once a meeting hall) and sighs among the marshes before gathering strength to whip the white-capped sea at the point where Captain Robert Gray first landed his ship *Columbia*, and claimed the ground for America on May 7, 1792.

The last civic remnant of one of the great boom towns of the early nineties was laid to rest in 1932 in Superior Court at Montesano, Washington when L. B. Donley, receiver, turned over Ocosta's remaining assets of $74.24 to the county. The few citizens still living there voted to disincorporate—not unanimously, but of the sixty-three ballots cast, only five were opposed to the action which did away with the city council and the office of mayor.



In the old days the Ocosta meeting hall was the scene of many gatherings.

The Ocosta area once boasted choice lots which sold at good prices.

Ocosta's obituary, written by Wesley Smith, examiner for the state division of municipal corporations, reads in part: "With due legal ceremony and fitting obsequies, Mr. Donley has brought to a peaceful and honored close the stormy life and checkered career of the once world-blazoned Ocosta-By-The-Sea, now little more than a memory and a post office." Cows contentedly chew their cuds in pasture lots that once were priced at $10,000.

This ill-fated town of Grays Harbor County lay halfway between the two villages of Markham and Bay City. Ocosta came into being in 1890 after promoters learned that it was the point selected by the Northern Pacific Railroad as a western terminus on the harbor. Lots were widely advertised in many states and were sold to hundreds of investors. Newspapers in Washington described it as "a city that will challenge the great ports and industrial centers of the Atlantic Coast. . . . Three hundred city lots were sold on the day Ocosta threw open her gates to the world."

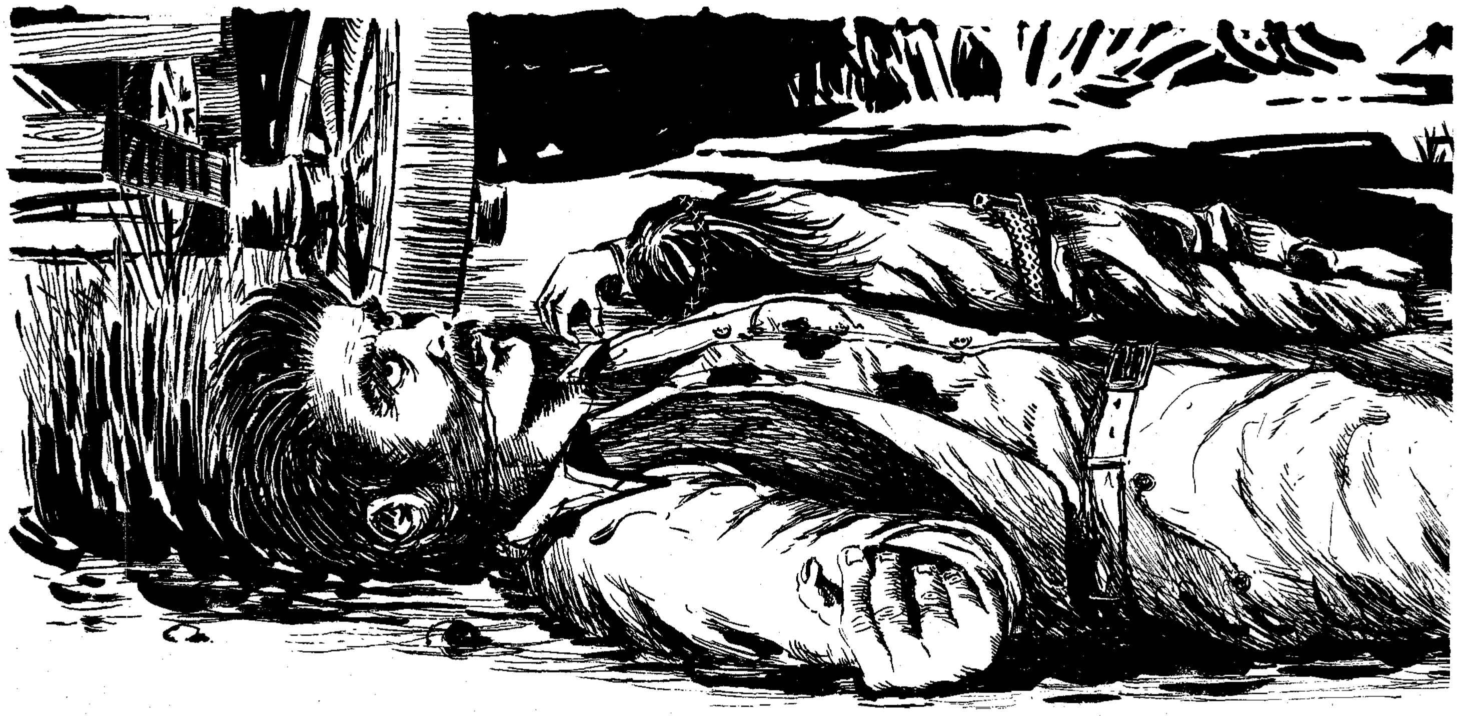
To the casual investor it was a sure bet to become the great ocean terminal the promoters advertised; the wary investor, however, must have observed acres of swampy marsh land, with great expanses of reeds, broad blade grass, and barnacled boulders—visible at low tide. Sufficient curiosity about the rows and rows of young fir and cedar trees that lined the many miles of raised wooden walkways at even intervals would have revealed that the trees were as devoid of roots and permanency as the foundation upon which the town was being built. The saplings, which could not have grown in such swampy ground, had been brought in from another area, then securely spiked to the stringers to create an illusion of wooded beauty.

Churches, lodge halls, schools, hotels and business houses were built in rapid succession, in spite of the methods used to promote the sale of lots. By 1891 visitors saw stores, a bank, sawmills, tub factories, breweries and a dozen other enterprises underway. The 140-foot main street was improved with planking. Ocosta was incorporated in May of that year.

Speculators, land buyers and settlers came by the dozens to get in on the ground floor of the boom. The advertisements were persuasive and enticing. One that ran in the Tacoma *Daily Ledger* in May 1891 said in part: "Ocosta is the selected location for deep-water shipment. Here will be constructed Elevators, Coal Bunkers, Round Houses, Machine shops and all necessary adjuncts for a shipping terminus of the great Northern Pacific Railroad. Ocosta is no boomed

(Continued on page 62)

BUSHWHAC



Who were the villains? In this case of cross and doublecross it was never determined...

"THEY'VE BEEN SHOT! They're dead! The Irishman and the Indian have been murdered! Soldiers found their bodies along a trail in Cajon Pass."

"Who could have killed them? . . . Why were they killed? . . . What's being done to catch the murderers?"

Consternation, questions, talk of the killings spread rapidly through the small village of Los Angeles in late January 1851. Murder was not uncommon in this rough Southern California community, but the faces of teamsters Patrick McSwiggen and a Creek Indian known as Sam were affectionately familiar to its residents. Their deaths must be avenged. An investigation was launched, witnesses gave testimony, and by the end of March, three arrests had been made.

Did the jailing quiet the citizenry? On the contrary, apprehension of the suspects caused greater turmoil than had ever been known in the sixty-two-year history of the Los Angeles pueblo—for two young members of the rich, influential Lugo family and a companion of theirs were charged with the murders!

The spectacular Lugo trial threatened to bring back the hostile feelings of the Mexican-American War. Americans in Los Angeles were sure that eighteen-year-old Chico Lugo, his sixteen-year-old brother Menito, and Mariano Elisalde were guilty of the crime. After all, there was an eye-witness—Ysidro Higuera. Confessing a part in the plot, he said he had seen the boys kill the teamsters.

The Spanish-speaking population of Californians were equally sure that the boys were innocent and that Higuera was *un mentiroso*, a liar. Who was Ysidro Higuera anyway? Hadn't the eminent Jose Maria Lugo insisted that his sons were with him at the time the murders were committed? Who would doubt the word of so fine a man?

According to Higuera, the incident started when a band of Utes, led by Chief Walkara, came to the Lugo Ranch one cold, moonlit night in January and rustled some of the Lugo's best horses. The raiders had obviously come from Utah through the twenty-mile length of Cajon Pass which connects the arid Mojave Desert to the fertile San Bernardino Valley.

A party, including Higuera, the Lugo brothers, and Elisalde, was organized to pursue the Indians and recover the stolen animals. They pushed through the pass and into the Mojave where the well-armed horse thieves were overtaken. One Californian was killed. No horses were retrieved.

Dejected, humiliated, angry, the pursuit party returned as far as the valley together. Then Chico and Menito Lugo, Elisalde and Higuera camped in the pass; Jose Maria Lugo and the rest proceeded to the ranch.

Higuera testified that Chico sent him after his father's party for a lance. When Higuera returned, his companions were talking with two strangers. One was a white man, sitting astride a mule;

KED ON THE TRAIL

By LARRY CHEEK

Illustration by Bill Seymour

the other was an Indian, holding the reins on six mules hitched to a wagon. According to Higuera, the Lugo boys were venting their anger against Chief Walkara and his band on this lone Indian.

Chico first asked if he could see the Indian's rifle. The Indian refused. Did the Indian want to trade the rifle? The answer was a sign Higuera didn't understand; nor, according to him, did he understand why Chico quickly drew his pistol and shot the Indian.

"The others—Menito and Elisalde—shot him, too," Higuera recounted. "Like a falling tree, the Indian dropped in the wagon—dead."

Obviously terrified at seeing his companion shot down, the white man vaulted from his mule and ran behind the wagon in a futile attempt to protect himself.

"But they took him out into the road," Higuera continued, "and shot him. Chico shot first, then the others."

"Chico told me to drag the white man's body off the road. As I was doing this, Menito tied a rope around the Indian's legs, hauled his body out of the wagon, and dragged it to the other side of the road."

Higuera concluded his testimony by saying, "I heard no reason for the killings."

REALIZING the seriousness of the situation, the Lugo family went to Joseph Lancaster Brent for help. Brent, a native of Maryland, had been admitted to practice law in Los Angeles a few months earlier. He accepted the case only after the boys' father, Jose Maria Lugo, and their uncle, Jose Del Carmen Lugo, assured him that they were with the accused at all times on the day the two teamsters were shot to death.

Brent, too, was skeptical of Higuera's testimony. But how could he refute it? Why, if it were not true, had Higuera incriminated himself? Brent knew that Higuera had been sent to jail for stealing a horse just ten days before making his damaging testimony. His jailer, George Robinson, hated the Lugo family. This discovery, instead of solving anything, raised another big question: Why would Higuera testify for his jailer?

Because there was no other direction to turn to, Brent decided to find out why there was hatred between Robinson and the Lugos.

Mrs. Robinson, he learned, was friendly with the Lugos and would often help with their housework. One day when Robinson came to get his wife at the Lugo Ranch, he unexpectedly hit her across the face, leaving an angry welt. For this ungentlemanly conduct, the Lugo men beat Robinson and tied him up, ignoring his repeated threats of revenge.

Brent was sure that Robinson, in his attempts to retaliate, had somehow persuaded Higuera to give false testimony. Robinson undoubtedly had promised to save him from the serious horse-stealing charge if he confessed to a small part in the murder. But Brent had to prove this.

Suddenly, however, Higuera and Robinson were the least of Brent's problems. In April, just three months after the Lugos had been accused of murder, a band of twenty-five men, led by Red Irving, rode into Los Angeles. Outlaws? Many thought so—even said so among themselves. At any rate, proof of their dishonesty was not long in coming.

When Irving heard of the Lugo trial, he went to Antonio Maria Lugo, the grandfather of the jailed youths. "For a price," he told the old man, "I'll bust your grandsons out of jail and take 'em to Mexico." The elder Lugo refused.

Brent was unaware of this, but he was extremely aware of the strong anti-Lugo feeling among the Americans and of the boys' cutthroat cellmates in the overcrowded jail. He had to get his clients out of there or they would never live to stand trial.

Somehow Brent managed to arrange bail at $10,000 for each of the three. All that remained was a court hearing as to whether the court would accept bail. But Irving's gang had no intention of letting the boys get out—on bail or otherwise.

GEORGE EVANS, number two in command to Irving, went to Brent's office. "The Lugos offered us $10,000 to get the boys out of jail," he told the lawyer. "Now, if we don't get that money," he threatened, "they'll have to stay in jail—or get shot when they come out."

Furious, Brent ordered Evans out of of his office. But *had* the Lugos double-crossed him? Were they dealing with the outlaws? Surely they wouldn't; yet they knew as well as he the danger the boys were in.

Brent had to find out the truth. And he didn't think asking was the way. When Jose Maria Lugo came into his office, Brent tersely informed his client he was leaving the case.

"Why?" Lugo asked in astonishment.

"Why?" Brent shouted. "Why? You made a deal with Irving—that's why!"

Lugo, puzzled, objected. He had made no deal he insisted. The ensuing argument in Brent's office was quickly eclipsed by riotous activity building up in the streets.

"What're they gonna do?" someone shouted.

"They're going to the jail!" a startled voice answered.

"Irving's men have surrounded the jail! . . . surrounded the jail! . . . the jail!" Like echoes, the words reverberated through the dusty streets. Evans was attempting to keep his vicious promise to Brent. The outlaws had positioned themselves strategically around the jailhouse. They had no intention of letting the Lugos leave—alive.

Court convened at 2 p.m. that day—but the defendants dared not leave their cells. Brent, now convinced that the Lugos weren't dealing with Irving, was forced to ask for a postponement. His "reason"? We wasn't prepared to furnish bail bonds.

Court was adjourned until 2 p.m. the following day. Sheriff Burill told Brent he couldn't do anything about the bandits unless the Americans backed him up—and the Americans were on Irving's side; so Brent made a reluctant "fight-fire-with-fire" decision.

"This must be done in greatest secrecy," he ordered, as Vincente Elisalde, brother of the jailed Mariano, set about gathering a band of Californians to oppose the bandits. Recruiting started in the afternoon and continued into the night—long after thirty men were placed in the ravines about the jail to watch the bandits. By early morning sixty Californians were hiding in the upper part of town. More were on the way. It would take a miracle to prevent spilling blood in the streets of Los Angeles that day.

The miracle occurred promptly at 8 a.m. Fifty U.S. cavalrymen rode into the dusty streets of the little pueblo. "What a beautiful sight!" Brent rushed joyfully to welcome the blue-coated visitors.

Then he learned that they were making a routine march from San Diego to Los Angeles and would be in camp only a day. All Brent had gained was a short re-

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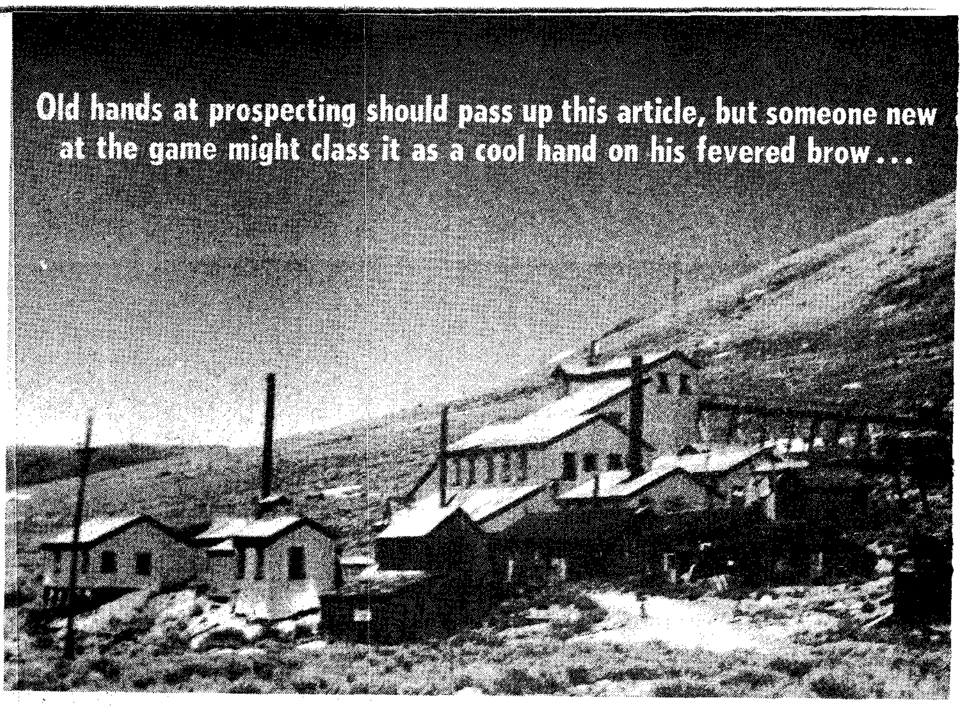


Old hands at prospecting should pass up this article, but someone new at the game might class it as a cool hand on his fevered brow...

GOLD

AND WHERE TO FIND IT

WHILE it's true that "gold is where you find it," knowing where and how to begin looking is not all that easy. The novice might do well to head for areas where gold has been previously found. This will eliminate the extensive study in geology that it usually takes to locate virgin deposits.

Basically there are two types of gold, and finding one might well lead you to the other. The first, and usually the richest, is lode gold. This is gold that is still in the ground, either in veins or pockets. The chances of making large amounts of money are best with lode gold. The second type is placer gold. This refers to nuggets or flakes found in creeks, streams or washes. Surprisingly enough this can still prove very profitable. There are full-time prospectors even today in the Mother Lode regions of California. Each weekend throughout the summer finds hundreds of gold-seekers invading that area.

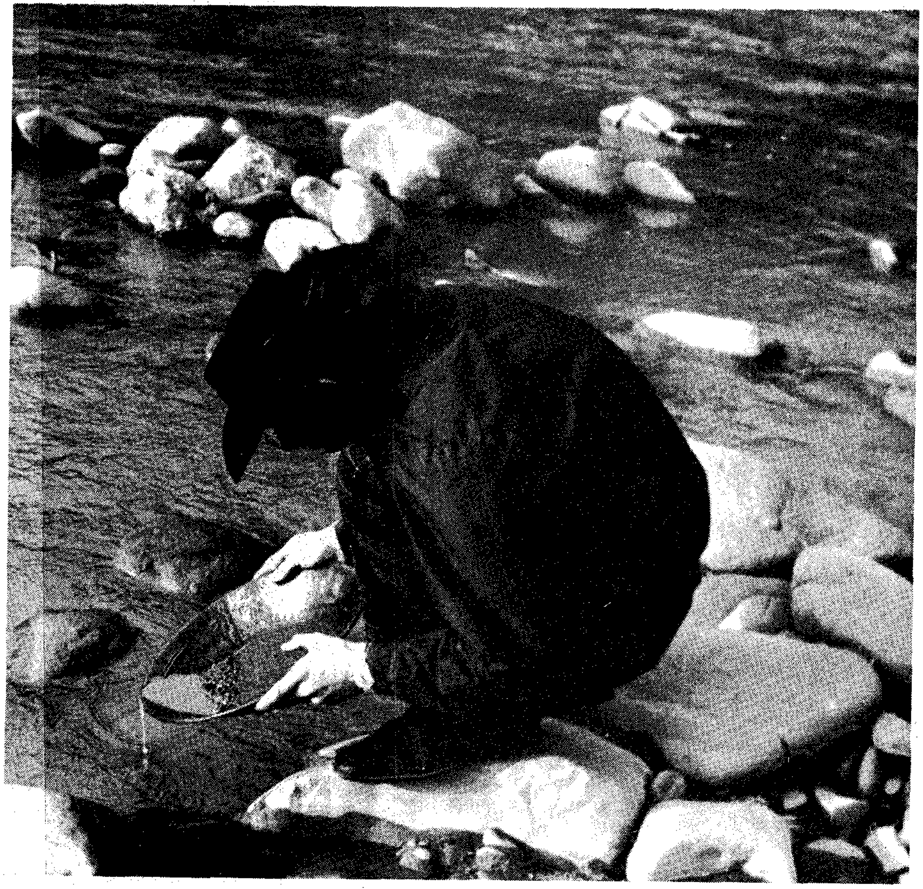
It is best to begin your search in creeks or dry stream beds. Oftentimes gold nuggets will wash down from the hillsides above and lodge in the potholes. If there are trees along the banks, be sure to scoop some of the dirt from around the root system and pan it. Tree roots have been known to hide rich gold deposits for a hundred years or more, so don't overlook the obvious.

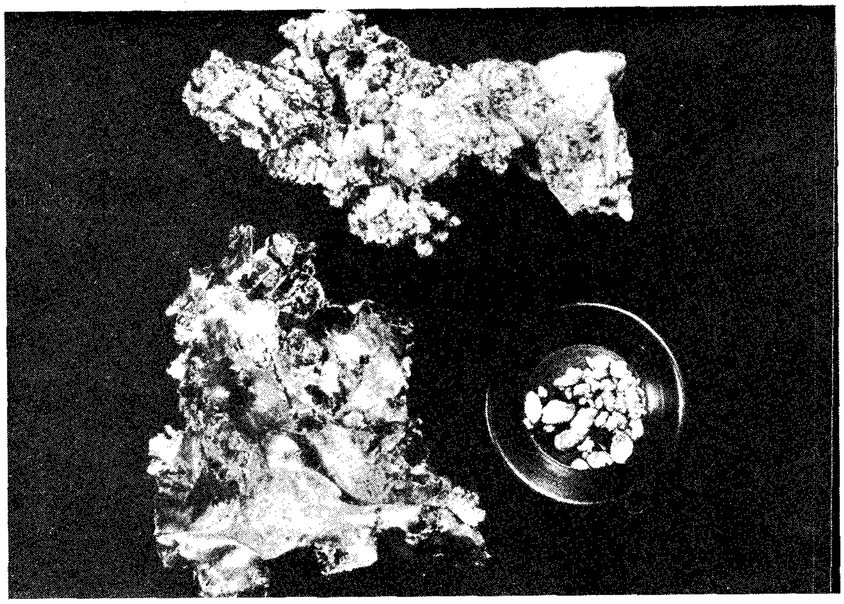
When an experienced prospector locates even a single nugget in a stream, he studies it carefully. *Now* is the time to determine if what he has found really is gold. Don't do as we did on our first time out and simply go about willy-nilly gathering promising samples to be identified later. You'll find that when you get home it's next to impossible to remember which sample came from where. We never did find out where one of our sons picked up a good-sized nugget. It was an expensive lesson.

The trained eye can readily identify the real thing by sight. Gold is the only soft, truly yellow substance occurring in nature with a metallic luster. It can be flattened easily without breaking and can be cut or scratched readily with a knife. It is sometimes confused with pyrite, chalcopyrite, or other sulfide, or with plates of yellowish mica. All of these fall in the category of "fool's gold." Pyrite is too hard to be scratched with a knife and sulphides resembling gold will crush into a powder. Yellow mica yields a white powder when scratched with the point of a knife. When any doubt exists, the suspected substance ordinarily is not gold. Once you've seen it you will never forget how it looks. Its magnificent appearance is responsible for many acute attacks of Gold Fever.

A streak plate is very helpful in removing any doubt. This is nothing more than a piece of tile such as is used in bathrooms and kitchens (but not asphalt tile). Turn the tile over to the flat-white side and run the suspected metal across it. If it is gold, it will leave a yellow streak, but if it is fool's gold, it will leave a black trail.

ONCE the metal is definitely identified as gold, the prospector must examine





Courtesy Wells Fargo History Room, San Francisco

Above, left, Standard Hill, near Mono Lake, California, hides more than 30 miles of mining tunnels. It is estimated that more than $100 million worth of gold was taken from these hills. Above, right, specimen shown is rich gold-bearing quartz. At the bottom is a solid piece of gold taken from a rich lode. The small pan shows nuggets such as might be panned from a stream. At right, weekend prospectors flock to creeks in the Mother Lode. Below, left, author's son, Dennis, shows the correct way to pan gold at the edge of a stream.

By GERRY FLEMING

Photos Courtesy Author

Photos By Bill Fleming

it further. Much can be learned about the original lode by studying a single nugget. Is it worn smooth from tumbling downstream for a long distance? If so, the next move is to begin panning your way upstream toward the source. However, if the nugget has jagged edges, chances are the vein is very near. Many rich deposits have been found by this method of tracking.

Panning gold is nothing more than sloshing water back and forth in a gold pan or small frying pan full of rocks and minerals that have been scooped from the area. The sloshing washes sand and silt from the rock in the pan. Continuous refilling, sloshing, and dumping off causes gold particles, which are heavier than rock, to lodge in the bottom of the pan where they are easily visible and can be picked out.

When you have panned your way to what appears to be the source of the gold, begin looking along the hillsides for float. Float is mineral-bearing rock and usually found downhill or even downstream from lode gold. This float may be crushed and then panned for the gold it contains. The amount and quality of the gold in a specimen gives a strong clue to the size and value of the vein. Of course, the final word as to the worth of your find will rest in the hands of the assay office. An assayer will assay your specimen for a small fee and issue an official report as to the dollar-value per ton. (This refers to the amount of mined material and not tons of gold.) Some large mining operations have their own assayers and will check out small samples free, but don't abuse their generosity.

A metal detector of the balanced-loop design or the transmitter-receiver type can be a tremendous help in locating a vein or pocket of gold. However, I suggest you shop carefully when choosing a detector. Under no circumstances should you buy one that works on a magnetic principle. Since gold is nonmagnetic, such an instrument would be worthless to you. Choose instead something that operates with radio waves, using batteries and transistors. It will more than pay its way.

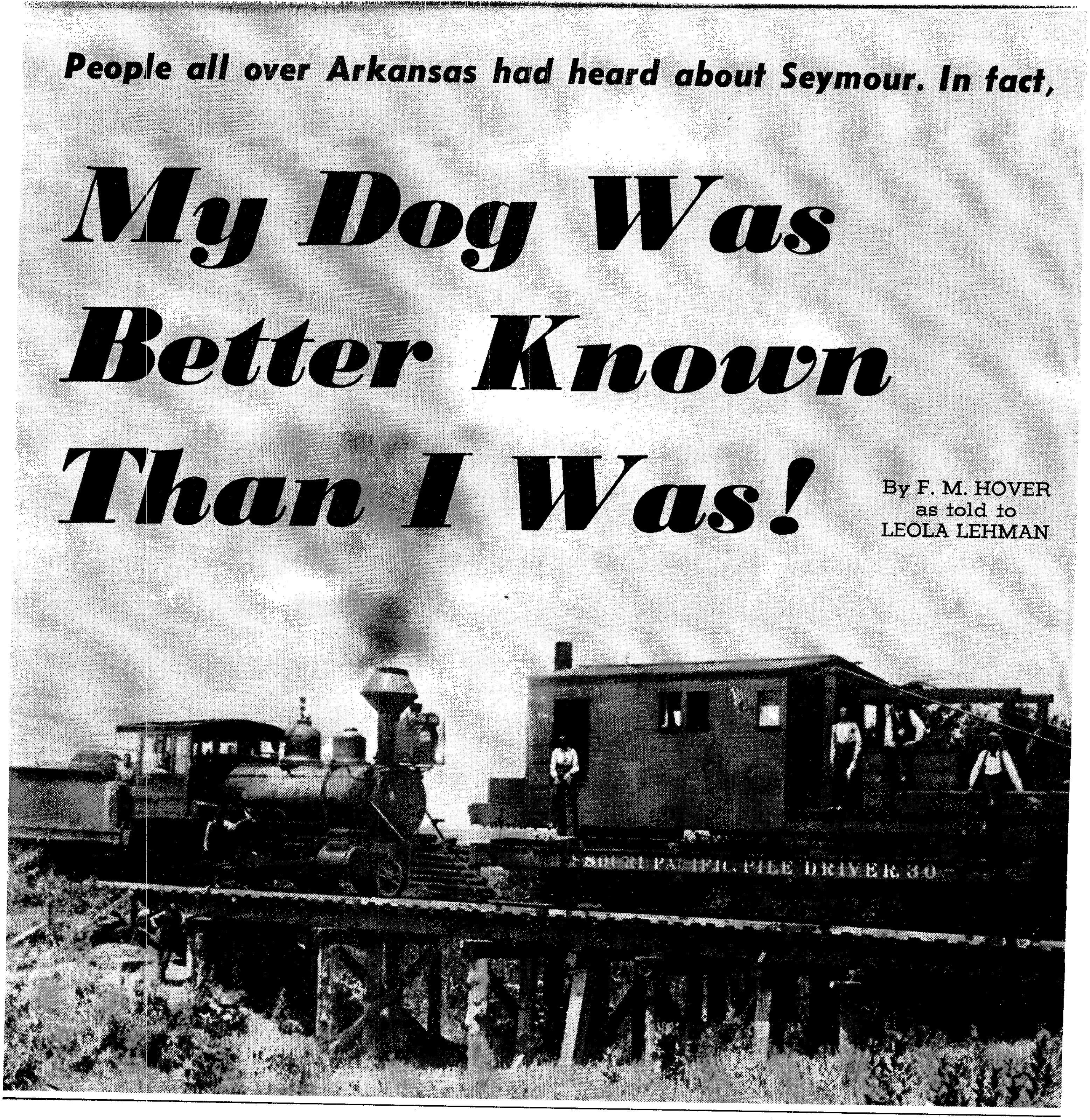
Some sporting goods rental agencies now rent detectors. This would be an especially good idea if you are new to the world of prospecting or treasure hunting. It will give you the advantage of working with both kinds before you decide to invest your money in your own instrument. Most Western magazines have the names of several major manufacturers who will be only too happy to furnish you with free literature on their detectors. For technical information on searching for gold, you can get an excellent free booklet on the subject by writing to the Bureau of Mines, U. S. Department of Interior, Washington, D.C. Ask for circular 7535. Even an experienced prospector can learn from this well-written "Guide to Prospecting for Lode Gold."

Yes, gold is where you find it, and seeking the elusive metal may seem as futile as chasing the rainbow's end. But, it *is* there for those who will inform themselves before they search. So study these tips and you can head for the hills knowing you're ahead of the game—because *you* took the trouble to know.

People all over Arkansas had heard about Seymour. In fact,

My Dog Was Better Known Than I Was!

By F. M. HOVER
as told to
LEOLA LEHMAN



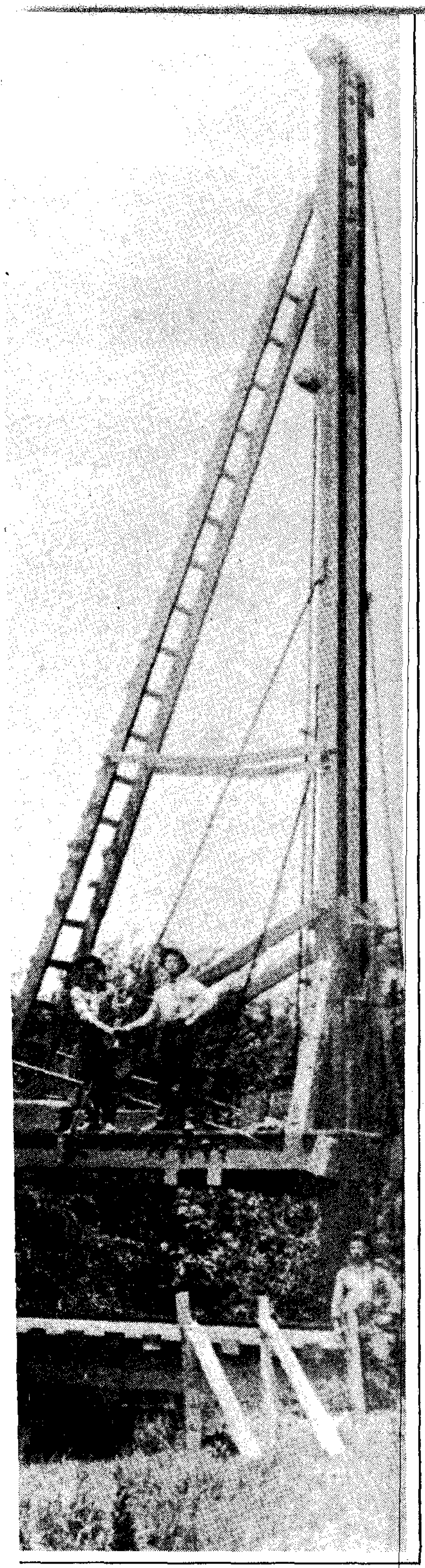
Work crews were busy in Arkansas during the '90s. It was such a crew that cheered the dogs on when Hover and his fellow hunters brought down the coon tree.

THE LAST WINTER I went to Arkansas to hunt and trap, in 1896, my older brother Grover went with me. When hunting season grew near I wrote to him to meet me at Sarcoxie, Missouri. Big horse sales were held there every fall and each of us wanted to buy one. I bought Verge, a chestnut mare. She was half Copper Bottom and half Hambletonian and she was a fine horse. Grover bought a bay. I did not plan to ride Verge when hunting since that was not practical in the mountains. We used the trails and on horseback got a beating from tree limbs. The truth was, I was courting a girl and wanted a horse to ride when I went to see her.

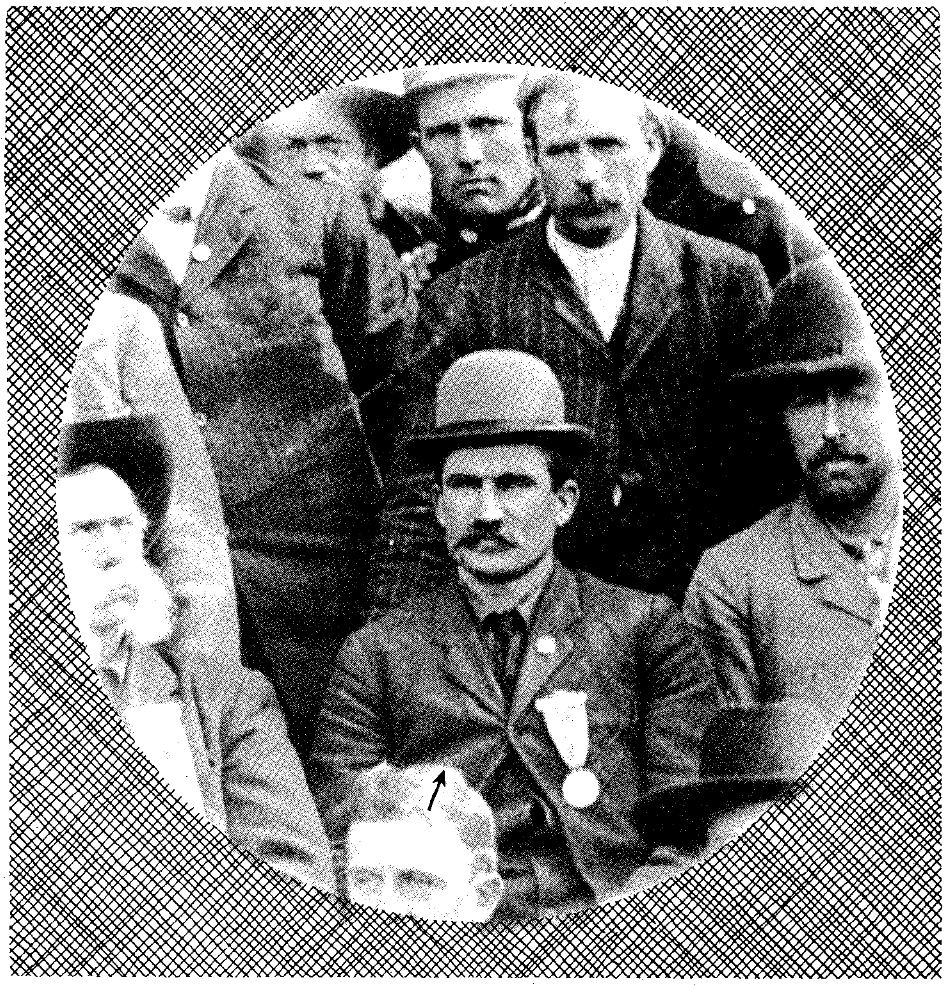
Grover and I rode into the mountains one day and that night we went hunting. We went with my old friend Sam. He had kept my favorite dog for me that summer while I was away because he had a dog he wanted to train to hunt. Pug, Sam called him.

We went down on a spring branch that ran into Pdee Creek. Seymour, my hound, found a trail and it was not long before he treed a coon. There was a little pond of water under the tree. It was about two feet deep in the middle and sloped up to the edges. I climbed the tree and I had to be careful because it was a gum and they have such brittle limbs they snap and you find yourself on the ground before you know it.

I told Grover to put his hand on Seymour's neck so he would let Pug take the coon. Then I jumped the coon and, of course, he went into the water. Pug went



Courtesy Missouri Pacific Lines



Frank M. Hover, shown here after he had married and homesteaded in Oklahoma Territory.

right into the water after that coon. They slashed around a while and then they came out. The coon had a grip on Pug's side. Pug was half-bulldog and plucky. He looked around at that coon fastened to his side and just lay down on him. He lay there with his ears up like he was thinking. He grabbed him by the throat and jammed him down on the ground harder and harder and bit in until the coon was dead. I never did see anything like it. That dog acted like a seasoned hunter.

We went on down the branch and after a while we heard some wild hogs on ahead. I told Grover they were there and that they would come for us in a few minutes and I told him to go up a tree when they did.

"I'll shoot them," Grover said.

He had a Smith and Wesson and was a good shot but he didn't know anything about wild hogs. When they start at a man nothing except a shot that knocks them down will stop them. They don't have any sense, and a shot that wounds means nothing.

"You can't shoot them all and they will cut your legs to ribbons," I told him. "Climb the trees with Sam and me."

About that time the hogs came running at us and we went up the trees—Grover, too. The hogs stood around under the trees and the stench was fierce. Grover shot a few but I told him to stop because they were not fit to eat. After a while they walked away stiff-legged, and then when they were a short distance from us, got out in a hurry. The dogs were gone. They wouldn't tackle a wild hog.

We got down out of the trees and went on back to Sam's place. He had a cabin on a river bottom with a stove, cooking utensils and bedding. It was late, about one o'clock, so I threw the coon up on top of the lean-to and didn't skin it that night. We went on to bed but Seymour had not yet had enough hunting.

JUST as I was going to sleep he gave his treed yell. Pretty soon I heard dogs coming from all directions. They stayed out there all night barking off and on. Next morning before good daylight I routed the other two men out of bed. They growled and grumbled a little but I didn't want Seymour to have to wait too long. We went outside and I yelled. Seymour answered. I put Sam's axe down the back of my coat and Sam carried a saw. We knew that we might have to cut the tree down. When we got there we found a ring of dogs around the tree.

Lightning had cut that tree off about twenty feet up and the coon was in the top of that old rotted stob. We cut the tree and when it came down the dogs took the coon. I held Seymour back because I didn't want him to get an ear ripped in a gang killing.

We went back to the cabin and I skinned and cleaned the coon we had brought in the night before. His fur was white with frost when I pulled him off the roof. After I had cut him in two I

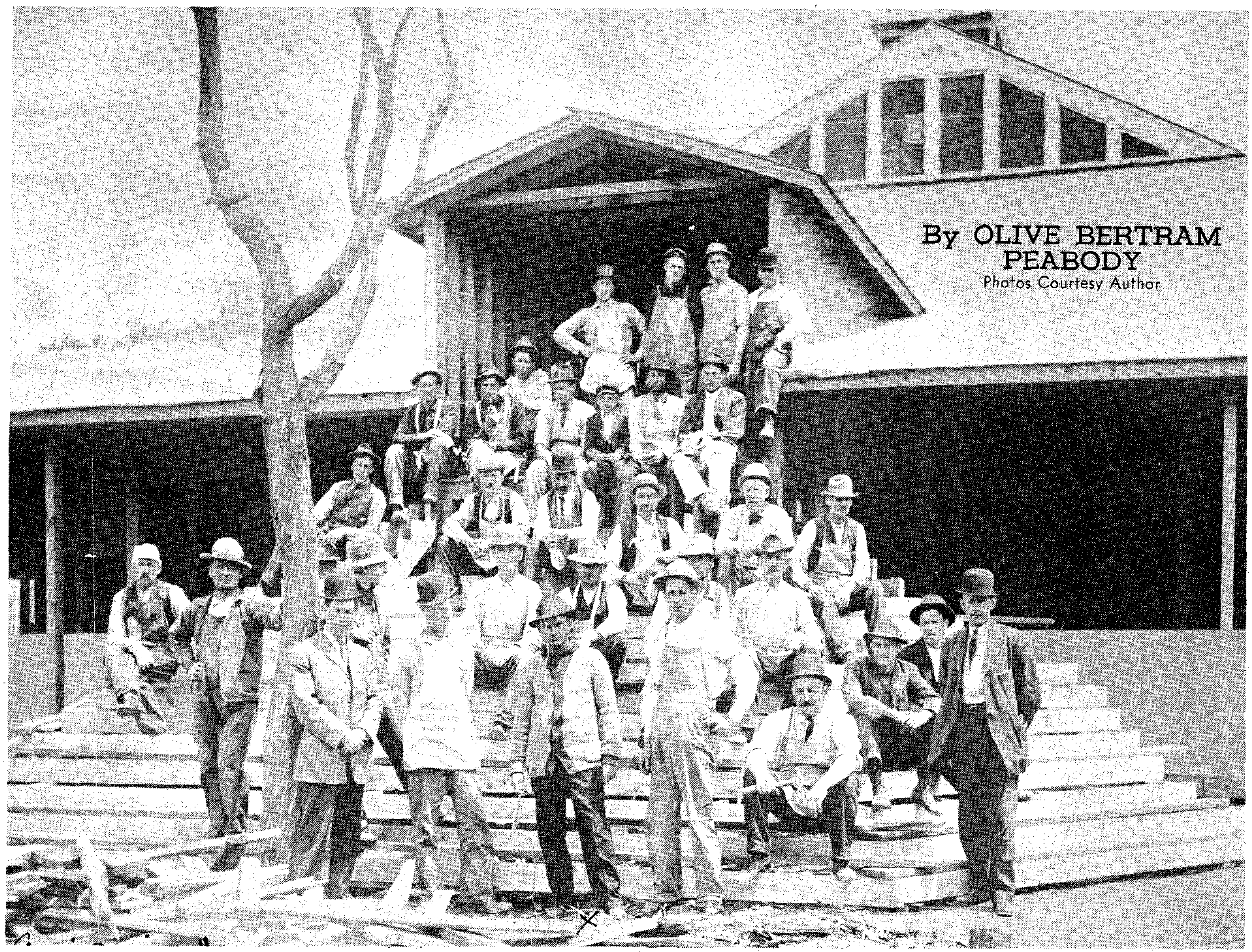
(Continued on page 60)

LA TUILERIES GARDENS

By OLIVE BERTRAM PEABODY

Photos Courtesy Author

There's an oft-used yardstick among people who set out to entertain the public—"Is the nut too big to crack?" Gillpatrick's amusement park was that kind of tough nut...



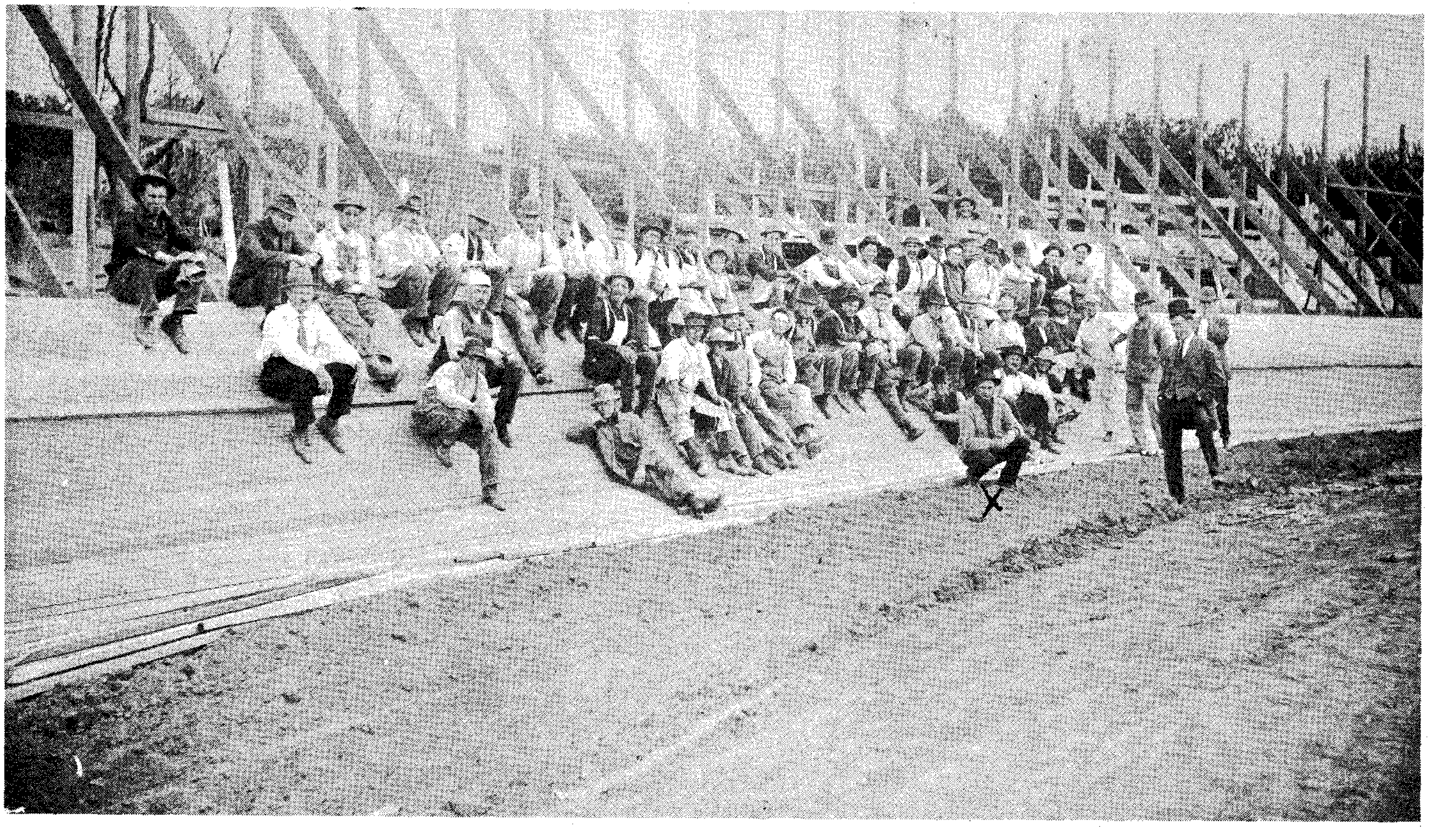
A STORE in the 3300 block of South Broadway in Englewood, Colorado, a suburb of Denver, is housed under the roof that once covered the 100 x 125-foot dance pavilion at La Tuileries Gardens. It was the last addition to the amusement park and was made of structural iron at a cost of $38,000. When the Ambrose Company purchased the building years later, they realized its worth and decided to leave the structural iron intact.

The Tuileries was an elaborate project spread out over forty acres, purchased from Jacob Jones by a company that was incorporated with a capitalization of $150,000 in May 1906. The president was F. F. Maynards; secretary, Gustav Trorlicht; treasurer, C. De Lage; and manager, William Simpson; all of Denver.

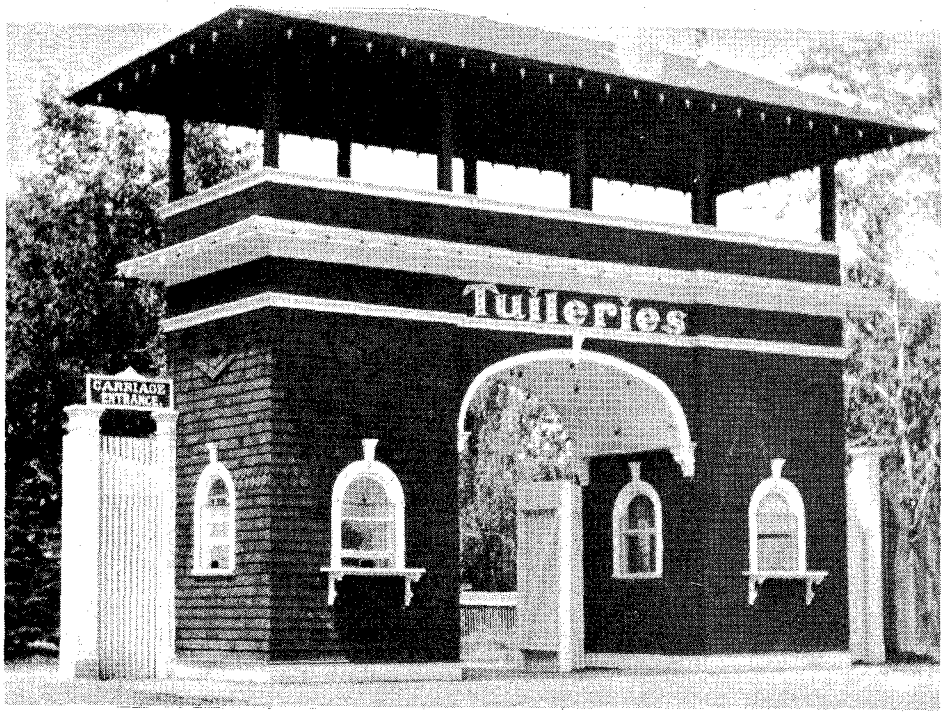
Simpson had been a dancing teacher at Cripple Creek and had some knowledge of running a resort. He planned to pattern the park after the Coney Island in Kansas City, and name it for La Tuileries Gardens in Paris. Fifty thousand dollars was allocated as a start to erect a dance pavilion, an open-air stage for high class vaudeville, and numerous mechanical amusement devices. A band was engaged and daily concerts were scheduled for both afternoon and evening. The grounds were heavily wooded with apple and other trees and a clear, sparkling stream ran through the entire property.

In time Simpson got W. H. Gillpatrick, a successful cattleman from the Cripple Creek district, interested and he invested heavily in the project and eventually became owner and manager although he had had no previous experience of this kind.

After Gillpatrick joined the company he brought equipment from his ranch in the mountains and dredged an area for an artificial lake. The park became an ideal spot for picnics, and arrangements were made with the Denver Tramway



Below, the main gate at the Tuileries. Above, the motorcycle race track while it was being converted into a board track. W. H. Gillpatrick in front (see x).



At left, the Tuileries dance pavilion was in the left portion of this building, while the right side housed the roller skating rink. W. H. Gillpatrick is in front (see x).

Company to run all Broadway cars to the end of the line. A strict rule was made that no intoxicating liquors were to be sold.

The people of Englewood and Denver were delighted with the plans made by the new management because the land had formerly been occupied by Fisk Gardens, better known as Orchard Place Amusement Park, and this had become a haunt for Tom Keady, a well known gambler, and his shell game. The Denver *Times* reported, "It is a black spot of the city; in many respects worse than Market Street. Drinking, gambling, rowdyism and general cussedness goes on there all day Sunday and well into the night." Similar articles appeared in other Denver papers from time to time, so it was understandable that the people welcomed the Tuileries and were ready to support it wholeheartedly.

The dance floor accommodated 1,000 couples, and a roller skating rink surrounded it. The band did double duty for both amusements. The gate entrance fee was ten cents and once inside, except for dancing and roller skating, everything was free. Dance tickets were five cents each or six for a quarter and prizes were offered for the most talented couple both

-A CATTLEMAN'S FOLLY

The lake area. Vera Gillpatrick and Bert Hamlyn are on the trestle for the small-scale train that ran around the park. May Hamlyn is seated at right under the umbrella.

afternoon and evenings. Roller skating was twenty-five cents.

Manager Simpson arranged for Wayne Abbott, the premier aeronaut, to make his 800th balloon ascension and parachute jump as one of the free attractions. An added feature was Edwin Hoddy, aerial gymnast, who performed daring feats in mid-air. Simpson also arranged through an Eastern summer circuit to book outstanding entertainment for the park.

West of the dance palace a saucer track was built, first of dirt and later of boards, and there nerve-tingling motorcycle races were held. A small charge was made for this event also. Every motorcycle manufacturer who had an agency in the area had an entry in the race and selected only the ablest riders to exhibit the merits of their various machines. Here bicycle and foot races and baseball games were held also. One Labor Day a five-mile bike race by Ernie Smith, the fastest distance rider in the West, was paced by a motorcycle, and there was also a motorcycle match between Daredevil Armstrong and Glen Boyd, winner of the Cheyenne races. The seating capacity for such events was 10,000.

ALTHOUGH the park was a popular place it steadily lost money, and one by one Gillpatrick's partners dropped out of the venture until finally he was left running the show alone. When he took over his duties as manager on June 7, 1908, he promised even greater free entertainment, with weekly changes. The free theatre had been enclosed and heated and offered six vaudeville acts. One bill was headed by the Beverly family in songs, dances and comedy skits. Miss Herald, a popular singer of the day, sang the latest hit, "I want a Girl to Love Like You." Miss Lauretta Boyd, a comedienne, was also featured. There were three shows on week ends, one at 3:00, 7:30 and 9:15 p.m.

The free Wild West Show, brought in from Gillpatrick's ranch, did its best to bid for popular favor by providing exciting stunts. One of these was "A Race for a Wife" between two cowboys. The winner would take as his bride a pretty cowgirl belonging to the show. There was also bronc-busting.

Jenny Hill, whose professional name was Madam Throope, did the balloon ascensions with the help of her husband who inflated the mammoth gas-filled affairs and set them off. The daring Jenny would soar almost out of sight before dropping by parachute to the ground or into a lake, when the balloon deflated. At one celebration she made a great slide for life on a wire, holding only by her teeth, from a height of 150 feet and descending into the waters of the lake.

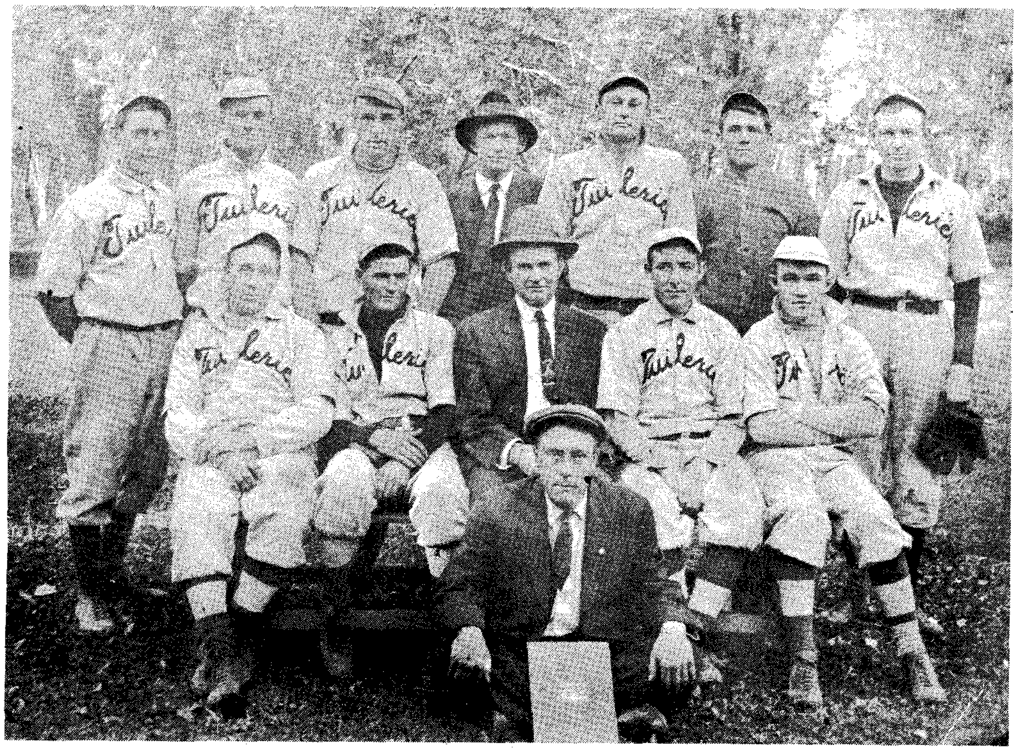
Gillpatrick also instituted free watermelon and pumpkin pie days and a gigantic free corn roast. Thousands of ears of corn were picked from the Tuileries' own cornfield and prepared by an expert cook. Roasting ears were served all day long with pure country butter.

Groups held their annual picnics at the park, and the manager issued a hearty invitation to all union men to enjoy a day of free entertainment at the Tuileries. Saturday was free day for children, and on Thursday nights dance souvenirs and special stunts were provided.

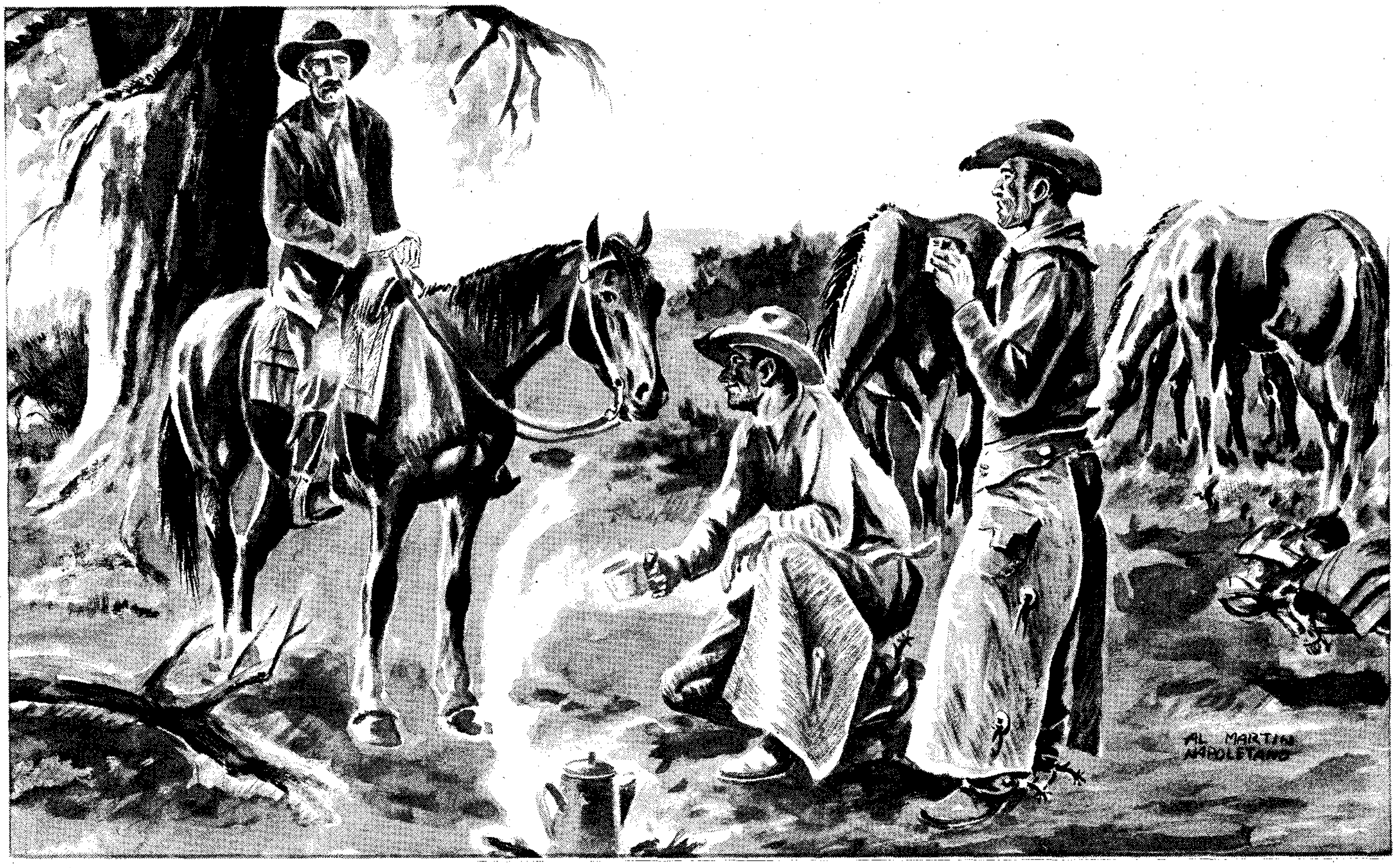
As long as so many things were free, tramway cars had to carry trailers, with each car loaded so full of people that inside there was standing room only and some were crowded out to the steps where they hung on for dear life. Gillpatrick tried hard to carry on and sold everything he had except his ranch to keep the amusement park open. But when he started to charge for things he had given away free, the fickle public patronized other amusement parks in Denver. Finally his generosity broke him and he was forced to close the gates of the Tuileries for good in 1913. The land went back to Jacob Jones. Gillpatrick returned to Cripple Creek to try to start all over again in the cattle business.

In order to get a stake he labored at hauling timber and coal to the Crescent Mines. By 1915, he could see his way clear to take a wife and married Vera Terrill, one of the girls who had been a cashier at the Tuileries. Together they managed to make a financial comeback. Gillpatrick's widow, over eighty years old, still lives in Englewood.

Englewood's first baseball team. Gillpatrick is seated on bench, center.



MIRACLE AT STILLWATER



When a man with nothing meets two men with plenty and they're mutually agreeable to swapping places—well, it just doesn't happen often!

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

TWO MONTHS to the day after we'd left our home in northwest Kentucky, we pulled into Stillwater, Oklahoma Territory. By nightfall Papa and some families had bought tents and set them up, dug trenches around them to run off the water when it rained, and we moved in—for the next year, as it turned out.

A short way out of Stillwater lived a man by the name of Jack Durham. Mr. Durham had made the run of '89 and his homestead was covered with some pretty heavy timber. Papa made a deal with Mr. Durham to cut some of his timber for our firewood that first winter. Soon all of us had firewood enough to run us. Believe it or not, it does not take much fire to keep a tent warm—not nearly as much as it did in some of the early-day shacks in Oklahoma.

Papa and Uncle Jim rented some of Mr. Durham's land for the next year, and that fall they broke out virgin prairie sod. Later we were to have loads and loads of great long ears of yellow corn and all kinds of garden stuff.

By summer all the talk was of "The Run." People began to drift into Stillwater who were strangers, and folks like us couldn't help feeling anxious that there were going to be too many people for the land. Each day Papa and Uncle Jim and Cousin George would take our Kentucky racer Old Prince, Uncle Jim's black mule, and Uncle George's horse and ride out on the prairies away from the little village of Stillwater, and at a given signal they would race for a "claim." Day after day this was repeated. Day after day the horses were grainfed and curried and exercised so they would be ready for the big day.

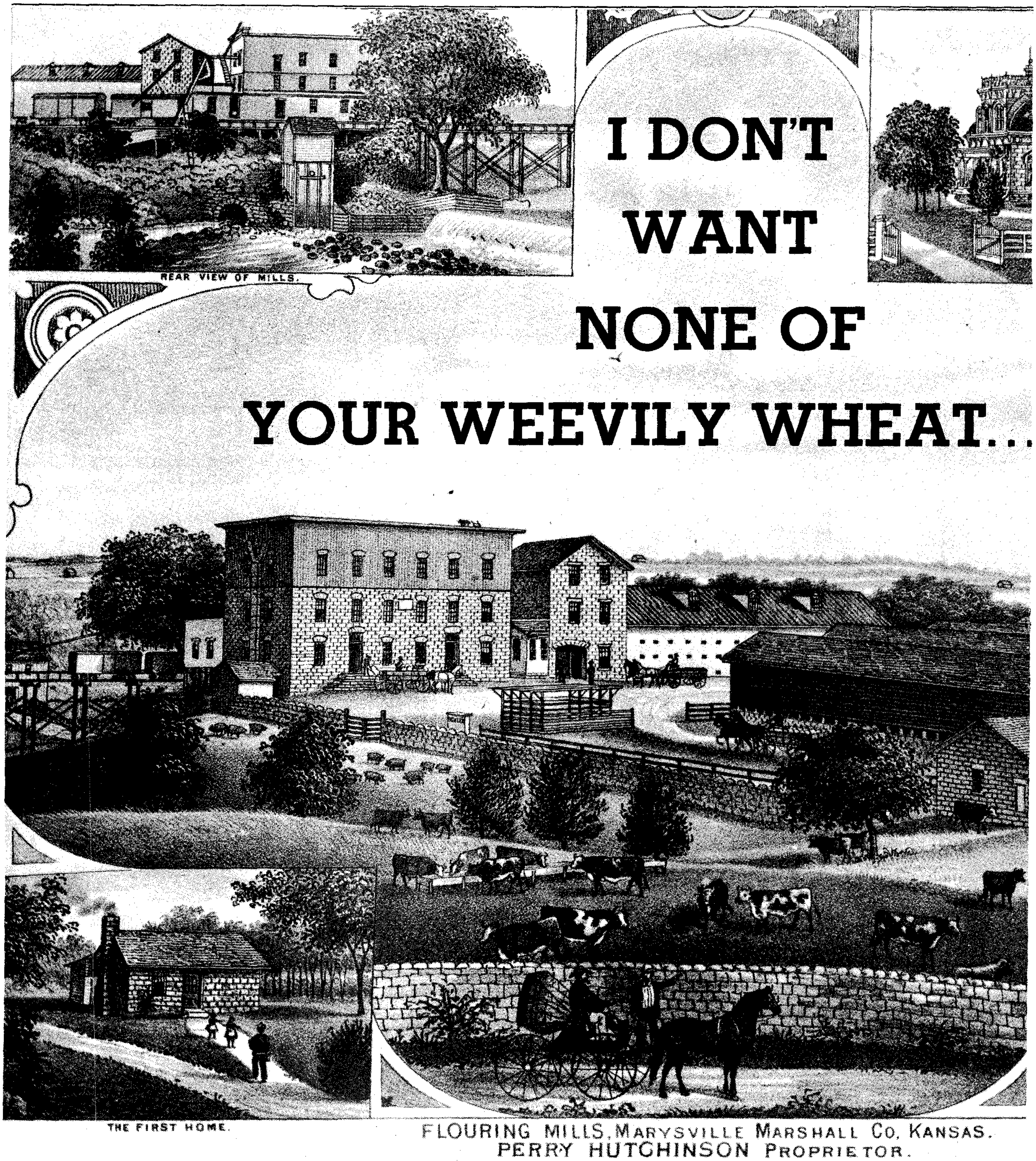
Tension mounted. Men rode out into the hills and prairies and creek bottoms looking for a place they could make a run when the signal came. At last it was time—September 16, 1893! The day dawned bright and clear, perfectly lovely, as though nature wanted to help these impatient people who sought homes on her broad virgin acres.

Three days before the time set, Old Prince came up lame in a foreleg. What a tragedy after all our plans, dreams and work! Well, Papa said he would have to ride the other Kentucky horse, who was also racing stock but not in the same class with our adored Prince.

An hour before high noon, when the soldier was to fire his gun as a signal for the race, 200 men were lined up in front of the tents facing the promised land. All were tense; horses chafed at too tightly held reins and shook their heads with impatience at the greenhead flies that were such a scourge. Their riders had trouble keeping them in check until the firing of the gun. Any horse, even a foot over the line, would at once disqualify the rider for a claim, so each man made sure he kept well back.

(Continued on page 65)

I DON'T WANT NONE OF YOUR WEEVILY WHEAT...


REAR VIEW OF MILLS.
THE FIRST HOME.

FLOURING MILLS, MARYSVILLE MARSHALL CO. KANSAS.
PERRY HUTCHINSON PROPRIETOR.

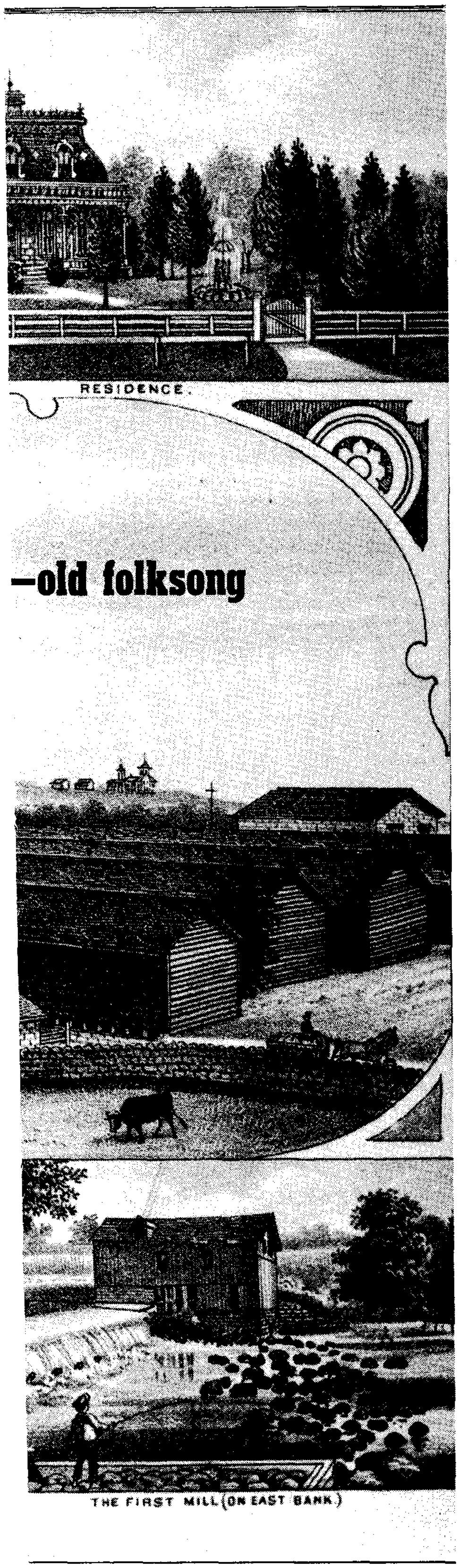
By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

Photos Courtesy Author

Folks on the Big Blue River didn't have to worry about that—they had Perry Hutchinson's best!

WHEN Perry Hutchinson died in December 1914 he was the wealthiest and most important man in his part of Kansas. On his arrival—fifty-five years before—he had husked corn the first winter to feed his family, receiving as pay one bushel for each fifty husked. Perry's home was a log cabin he had

—old folksong


RESIDENCE.
THE FIRST MILL (ON EAST BANK.)

From Evert's **Atlas of Kansas**, 1887

built himself on pre-empted land along Spring Creek [Marshall County, Kansas], since Abraham Lincoln's homestead law was still a few years in the future.

For Perry Hutchinson, Kansas was the end of a long trail which had led from his birthplace in Chautauqua County, New York through Wisconsin and Iowa. In Kansas he would make his stand.

After two years Perry moved his family seven miles southwest to Marysville, site of a ferry across the Big Blue River since 1851. The little settlement at the ferry had been granted a post office and given its name November 11, 1854. Perry operated a hotel there, built two years before by A. G. Berrett. In 1860 the Pony Express had established a way station at Marysville on its route between St. Jo, Missouri, and Sacramento, California. Just west of town, on the Bob Sibley claim, was the only ford for miles up and down the river, and it was used by the Express riders.

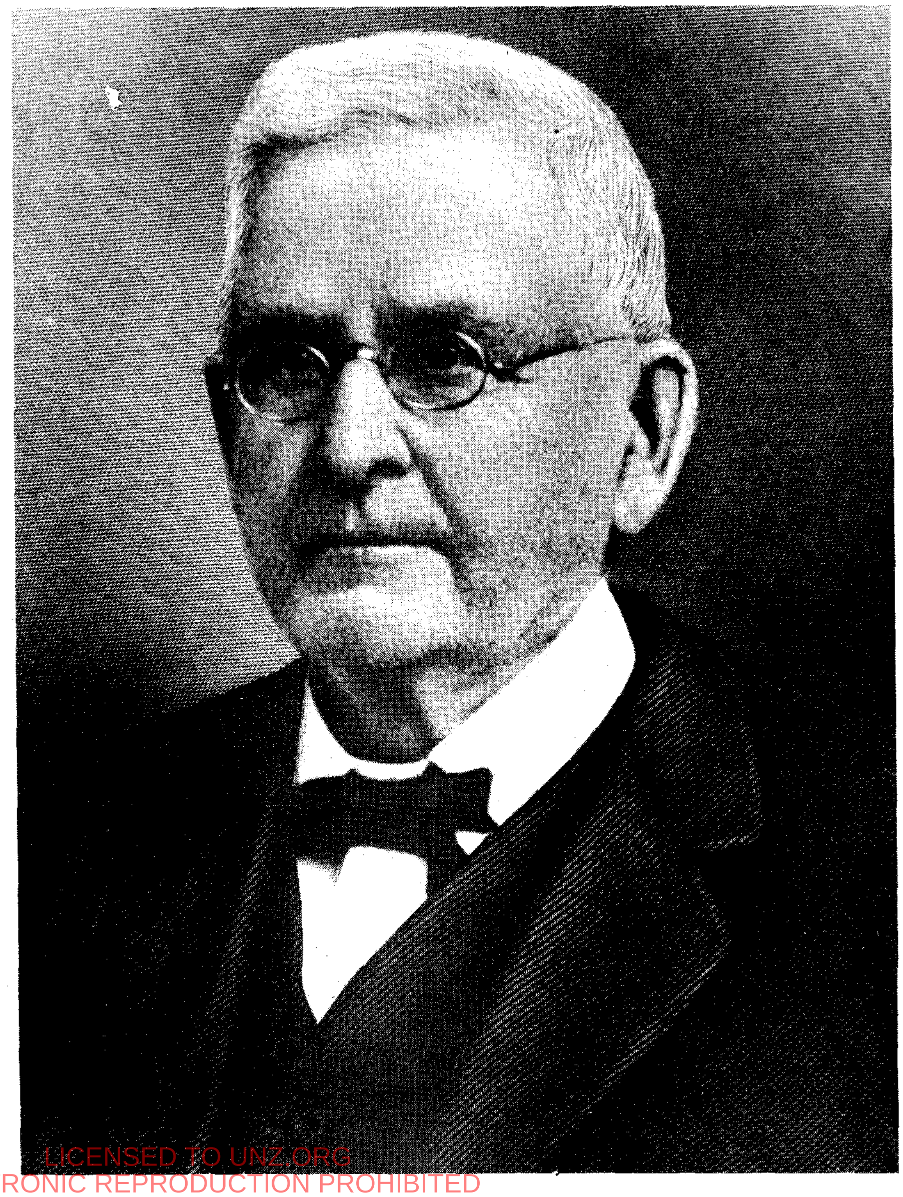
Perry soon acquired title to eighty acres lying on either side of the river, upon which he later built both his mills and a lovely home. But the Civil War was to interrupt him. In 1862 he raised a volunteer company—Company "E", 13th Kansas Infantry—and became its captain. This company was engaged in the battle of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, and the taking of Van Buren and Fort Smith, all in Arkansas. There is a general agreement Perry resigned his commission and returned home before the end of the war.

A news article which appeared in a Marysville paper in 1929 states: "After coming home from the army in 1864, Captain Hutchinson built and began to operate the first combination grist and saw mill on the Blue River, near Marysville. This mill stood on the east side of the Blue, just opposite from the present Excelsior Flour Mill. The mill from the beginning had a big run of business and was a great advantage to the people of a large territory."

Emma E. Forter, in her *History of Marhall County, Kansas*, published in 1917, says Perry secured the power water rights on the Big Blue in 1864. This could have a bearing on the statement that he came home from the army in '64 and started the mill on the east side of the river. Mrs. Forter goes on to say, "In that mill the lumber used by the Holiday Stage Line, between Marysville and Denver, was sawed. On August 15, 1867, Hutchinson built on the west side of the stream the first flour mill to be erected west of the Missouri River, his product quickly finding a market as far as Lawrence, wheat being brought by farmers in the territory within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles."

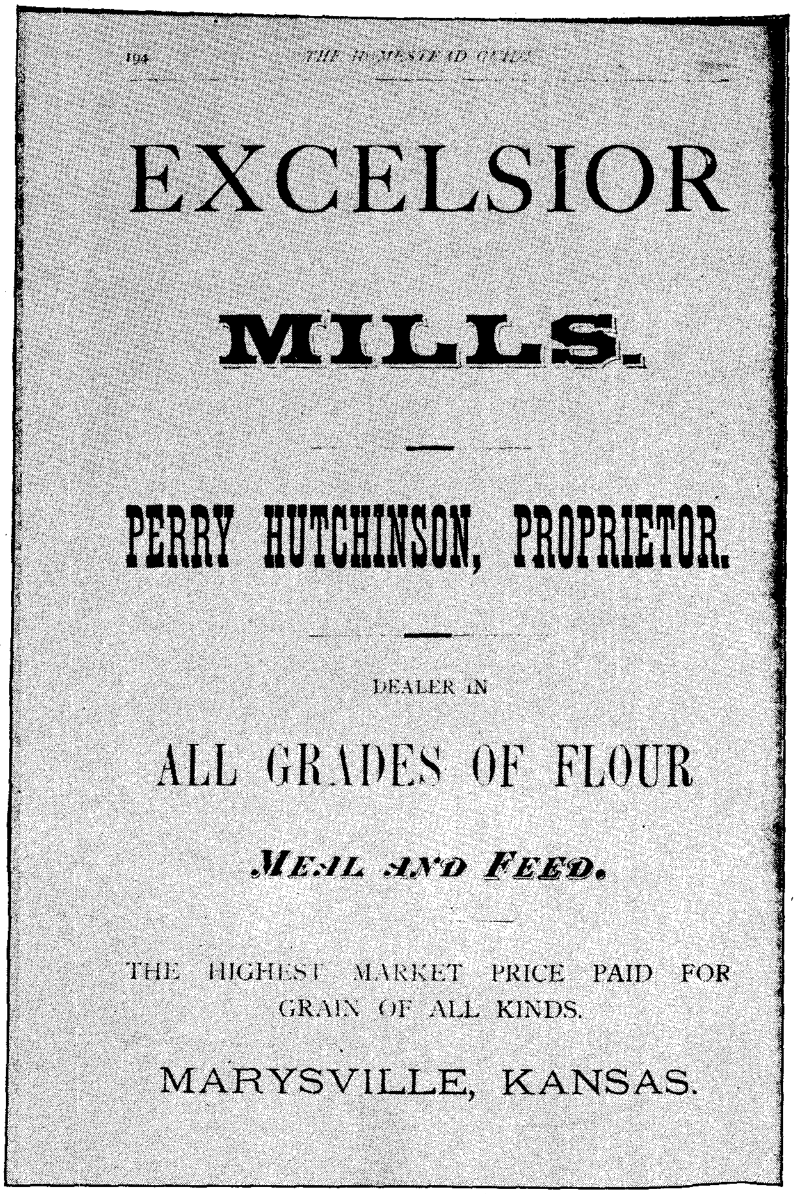
I WAS BORN in Marshall County in January 1888, on a farm five and a half miles southwest of Marysville. I

Perry Hutchinson was known by all as a "square shooter."



lived there until the family moved to the Comanche country in Oklahoma Territory in March of 1920. Dad and Perry were friends on a first-name basis, were both Masons, and both Civil War veterans. Perry Hutchinson's mill was the principal market for the farmers' grain, and his name was known to all. Many stories were in circulation concerning him.

One story that I heard told numerous times, with some variations, had to do with how he became the owner of the millsite and a little log gristmill building on the east side of the river.



194 THE HOMESTEAD GUIDE.

EXCELSIOR

MILLS.

PERRY HUTCHINSON, PROPRIETOR.

DEALER IN

ALL GRADES OF FLOUR

MEAL AND FEED.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN OF ALL KINDS.

MARYSVILLE, KANSAS.

Perry was hired, along with his team and wagon, to take three buffalo hide hunters west to the buffalo range. (This was before he organized the volunteers and was much earlier than the hide-hunting splurge which followed the Civil War.) Perry's job was to keep camp, stake out the hides to dry in the sun, and perform other camp chores.

The hunt was a success and they had almost a load of hides when they received alarming news. Another hunter rode to where the group was skinning out the morning kill, and told them there was an Indian uprising. If I ever knew what tribe or tribes were involved, I have forgotten. Two of the hunters left with the man who warned them, but one had the decency to ride to camp and give Perry the news before taking flight.

He told Perry they were not going to try to save the hides, and urged him to save himself. But if he wanted to try and save the hides, he was welcome to them and what supplies were left, for his wages. Then this buffalo hunter rode away also.

Perry chose to try to save the hides. He loaded up the wagon and started east toward Marysville. He was driving oxen, according to one story. But driving oxen or horses, they would have to be grazed enough each day to have strength to travel the following day. It had to be a slow trip. It must have seemed especially slow to Perry, with hostile Indians in the offing. I would venture he made ten miles per day at the outside, whether he was driving horses or oxen.

When he reached Marysville he found settlers from near and far gathered on the Bob Sibley claim. This was the agreed-upon rendezvous in case Indians went on the warpath. There is a bend in the river, just below the ford, with deep water above and below. The settlers felt this was the easiest spot to defend, and they would have plenty of water.

I remember hearing Bob Sibley telling my mother how the settlers would gather on his place in case of an Indian scare. Mr. Sibley also told her the first election in Marshall County was held in his log house. It was one large room, with a loft above. He said the voting officials sat up in the loft, and the voters in the room below. After marking their ballots, they shoved them up through a crack to the officials. Leaning back in his chair the old man would laugh heartily and remark, "I was sure surprised how many people voted. Had no idea there were that many folks in the county."

It is said that the man owning the eighty acres later to become Hutchinson property had had his fill of Indian scares. He wanted to return to civilization, but was unable to sell his farm. Probably no one had money to buy it. Perry traded him the team, wagon and load of hides for the eighty acres. Now the former owner had transportation east, for his hides and himself.

THE BIG BLUE is a unique stream when compared to the Platte and many other prairie waterways. Its banks are high, with fertile bottomland on either side of the river, and in the Marshall County area, high limestone bluffs rise on either side of the bottomland. Except at flood stage, the river's water was clear and had a slight bluish tint, hence its name.

It heads well west of Lincoln, Nebraska, and the divide between it and the Platte is narrow. The Blue flows first to the northeast, almost paralleling the Platte for some distance before bearing more to the east. Then turning south it flows to the west of Lincoln. From there its direction is almost due south, to where it empties into the Kansas River at Manhattan. At Blue Rapids, in the south part of Marshall County, it is joined by the Little Blue, a similar stream but draining a lesser watershed.

I haven't been to Manhattan since the Tuttle Creek Dam was closed, but before this dam was built, after which the Big Blue and the Kansas flowed into a common stream bed, it seemed as if each river was reluctant to give up its individuality. The water of the Kansas is reddish and appears to be carrying considerable silt. It stays on the west side of the stream bed. The clear water of the Blue flows down the east side. When looking down from a bridge, you feel you could take a boat, row out, and put your finger down at the exact spot where the waters divide.

Mrs. Forter says Perry first started a saw mill; other writers credit him with first operating a gristmill, then adding the saw mill. Some don't mention the saw mill.

All seem to agree he put in a mill-race and water turbine at the west end of the dam, and built a 125-barrel capacity flour mill in 1867. Farmers on the west

(Continued on page 58)

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 4)

"No! No! You just deliver the verdict!"

In those days the Canadian landless Cree Indians and Metis used to camp on the west side of the river just below the present wagon or highway bridge. They were mostly the remnants of the Canadian Indian "Riel Rebellion" of Manitoba, Saskachewan, and Alberta Indians, fugitives from the Canadian Mounties.

In about 1915, a part of old Fort Assiniboine Military Reservation was set aside as the Rocky Boy Indian Reservation for those Crees, Chippewas, and some Gros Ventres and other tribes. This reservation is about fifteen miles east of Big Sandy in the beautiful Bear's Paw Mountains (now called the Bear Paw Mountains). Old Fort Assiniboine was built in 1879 and had from 100 to 104 buildings, all built of brick made on the job. Maybe twenty-five or thirty buildings are still standing; others have been torn down. It is used now as a branch of the State of Montana's agricultural experiment station. There are several in Montana. One is in the Judith Basin country at Moccasin, Montana.

My dad, Ben Picken, was a bricklayer who came to Great Falls in either 1888 or 1889 from England. He died in Great Falls in 1914. Besides Fort Assiniboine, he also laid brick at Howe, Fort Benton, Saco, Glasgow, Conrad, Lewistown, Shelby and Lethbridge, Alberta and Great Falls. In 1910 I went to work in Great Falls as a plumbers helper and in 1916 I took out my plumbers union card, which I still carry in Great Falls. It's perhaps the oldest union card in Great Falls, being fifty-five years old now.

I lived there until April 1946 before coming down to Big Sandy to farm. (My dad took up a homestead here June 13, 1910 about three and a half miles north of Big Sandy, the year the land was opened to homesteading.) In 1945 we bought an adjoining farm, but in 1963 we sold out and bought a home in town.

I still do some plumbing yet and have my own little shop here. I'm also the plumbing inspector here—the same as the mayor and councilmen—no pay.

When I lived in Great Falls I knew some of the Coburns. Also knew Charlie Russell. I was in his log studio a number of times when I was doing plumbing in his home for Harris Brothers Plumbers, for whom I worked from 1910 to about 1936 or '37.

I gave Charlie Russell a ride in the old plumbing horse-and-wagon a time or two when he was walking downtown. This was before 1914, as the shop I was working in got a Ford Model T pickup in 1914. I have a picture that some fellow took of me on the old plumbing horse and wagon outfit in 1912 or '13.—Ernest W. Picken, Box 462, Big Sandy, Montana 59520

F. M. Peters

Your story "Chasing the Greatest Bandido of All" in the Spring 1971 OLD WEST brought back memories of the moving of troops to Mexico in 1916. I was a conductor in freight service on the Santa Fe Railroad from Wellington, Kansas, to Waynoka, Oklahoma and Amarillo, Texas. I hope some of my old railroad men might see this and write me. I'll mention a few of the things that happened while working there on the Panhandle Division of the Santa Fe.

One was while moving a train of soldiers to Mexico. The engineer stopped to take water at Attica, Kansas. The train broke in three pieces, pulling the drawbar out of one of the coaches and one of the engines, but by turning the coach on the wye and switching the engines we proceeded on. The other accident happened right in the Wellington yards. My rear brakeman was hit and killed right before my eyes by a passenger train. We picked him up just ninety feet from where he was hit. His name was John Porter.

Maybe these events will help some of my old friends remember me. Yes, I helped Pershing and his men chase old Pancho Villa. I am now eighty-two years old but my mind drifted back after reading the story by James E. Klohr—a wonderful bit of a story that we expect to read in your magazines. They are the greatest!—F. M. Peters, 4323 Northeast 90th, Portland, Oregon 97220

Dead Man's Mine

It was with more than the usual interest that I read "Dead Man's Mine" in the Fall 1971 issue of OLD WEST. I have been prospecting on a part-time basis for many years in the general area described in this story. I, too, had heard about McDonald and his mine and in fact a good friend of mine says he herded sheep in that area and had become acquainted with McDonald. McDonald was known to many people in the Walsenburg area and was generally referred to as "Cabrerro" or the goat herder.

Now the most interesting part of the story (at least for me) is that after reading Kildare's account, I think that I have found McDonald's mine. Much in Kildare's story matches what I have found.

If anyone is interested in verifying my assumption that I have found this lost mine, write to me at the following address. I can arrange to take someone to this site, but it would have to be at my convenience since I would have to absent myself from my job.—Joseph A. Duran, 3700 West 10th, Route 3, Pueblo, Colorado 81004

Nino Cochise

I like nonfiction! Was speaking to Nino Cochise at Tombstone, Arizona in June, and he had your magazine displayed in his little place. Said he liked your publications. He spoke of so many interesting things and is so remarkably bright and alert for ninety-seven years old! This man is a real man, a part of the Chiricahua Apaches. Though maimed, he is still giving forth an aura of power, not beaten down as are so many other elderly Indians of his era.—Mrs. Doris M. Summers, 1166 W. Lilley Avenue, Littleton, Colorado 80120

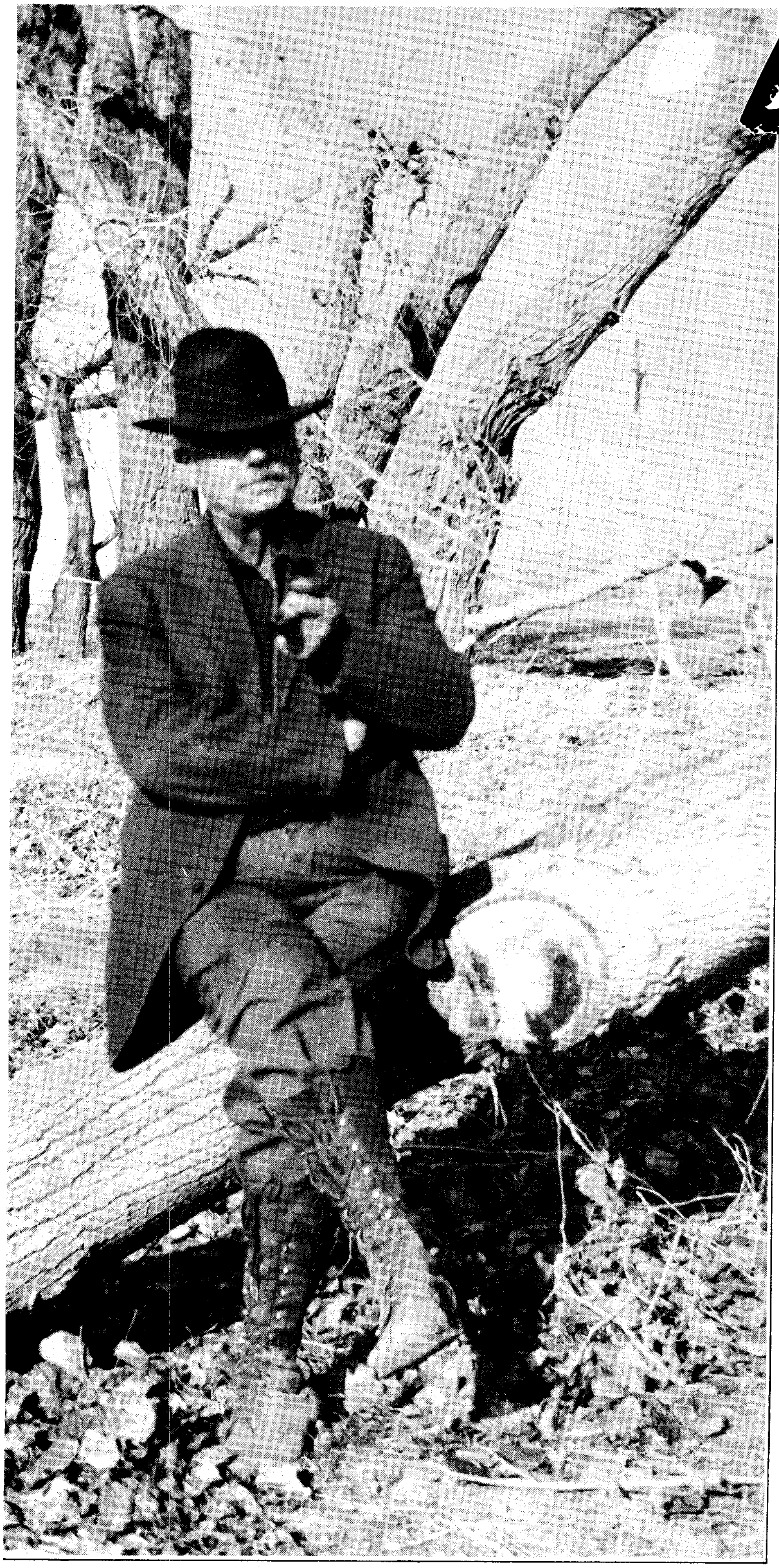
Old-Timer Definition

Just finished reading the Winter 1971 issue of OLD WEST and it, like all your other magazines, seems like the last issue is just a little better than the one that went before.

I sure did get a kick out of "A Cow Puncher on the Pecos," and when it mentioned Frank (Spider) Hargis, I thought, well what next, for I knew him very well and worked with him for his uncle on their lease from John Lee in Concho County in 1920. At that time he was rather up in years but what a character he was and the stories I could tell.

I sometimes think of myself as an old-

(Continued on page 66)



BLOODY

By DAN ROSE

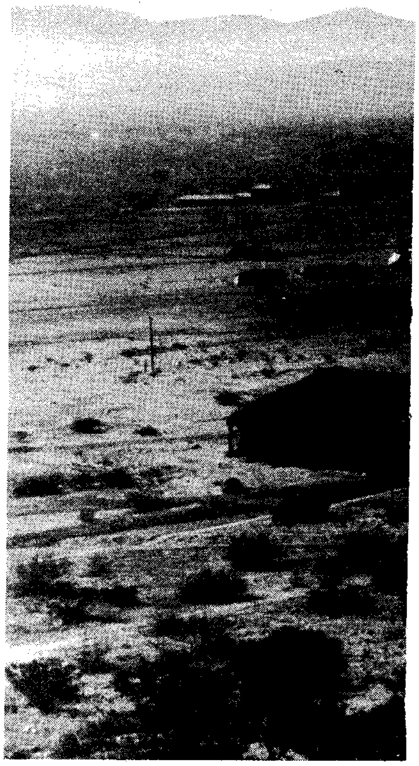
It cost the

AS AN EARLY pioneer of Arizona, I experienced many stirring days; so many, in fact, that they were almost commonplace. But there was one that stands out in my memory above all the others. This was the day that Arizona lost one of her bravest men—the day the Chiricahua Apaches killed Captain Albert Sterling.

On the morning of April 10, 1882, I left Globe with old Bill Bowman and his grandson Charlie. We were heading for Willcox, a railway station 120 miles to the southeast, where Bowman, a small-time freighter with one wagon and six mules, picked up shipments for the local trade. I was sixteen. Our route led eastward to and through the San Carlos Indian Reservation to Fort Thomas, then south to the railroad. Twenty-three miles was as far as we got.

We covered eighteen miles the first day and camped that night at the edge of the reservation. During the evening we had several visitors from there, mostly White Mountain Apaches. Bill, ex-

Dan Rose in 1925.



NIGHT on the GILA

Edited By ANNIE DYER NUNN

Photos Courtesy Author

life of a mighty good officer and scout—Cap'n Sterling

Confederate soldier and Indian fighter, had the time of his life cursing and threatening them.

"Durn ye!" he yelled at one who was starting toward the grub box. "Git out'n thar. No thieving redskin is going to take any grub from *my* camp. Now git!"

The Indians, all friendly, took his invective good-naturedly. They stood around awhile, eyeing us soberly, then went down the creek to their camp. But the grizzled old freighter carried on, "Them pesky varmints! I know 'em! I fit Injuns back in '66—with captain Billy McCleave. They fit too, I'm a-tellin' you; but we cleaned out every sneakin' Wallapai from the Big Sandy to the Colorado—squaws, papooses, and all." Then, noting the horrified stares from Charlie and me, he added, "Well, we didn't kill *all* the little devils. Don't look so scairt, you two, and git to bed!"

THE INDIAN AGENCY, two miles up the road, was on our way. It consisted of an old fort, now used as the scout headquarters, and an adobe store with a corral attached. We stopped at the store for supplies next morning, and in so doing came upon a tense situation. The white men in charge of the reservation, thirteen in all, were gathered there. Their faces were grave, their tones apprehensive. I sensed that something was wrong on the reservation, and chills ran up my spine.

There were some 4,000 Apaches in and around the agency. They had been gathered from all parts of Arizona, except a few Mescalero chiefs and their families who had been transferred to San Carlos from the agency at Warm Springs, New Mexico. There were Wallapais, Mojaves, Yumas, Maricopas, Tontos, Cibecues (White Mountain Apaches), Chiricahuas, and San Carlos. All had been subdued more or less, in the manner described by old Bill, and were peaceable now; that is, all but the Chiricahuas.

For the preceding six years this tribe, under the leadership of Mescalero chiefs who had never ceased to be restive and angry over having been forced to leave their settlement in New Mexico, had seized every opportunity to break out of the reservation. And each time they had left a trail of blood from San Carlos to the Mexico line. Now they were about to go on the warpath again. This was the topic of conversation among the white men as we drove up.

The most important one in the group, as I soon saw, was Captain Albert Sterling, Chief of Scouts. He was about thirty-five, tall and good-looking. I knew him from hearsay—his excellent work at the agency had made him well known.

As Bill entered the store, Sterling stepped up to him. "Are you folks bound for the railroad?" he asked.

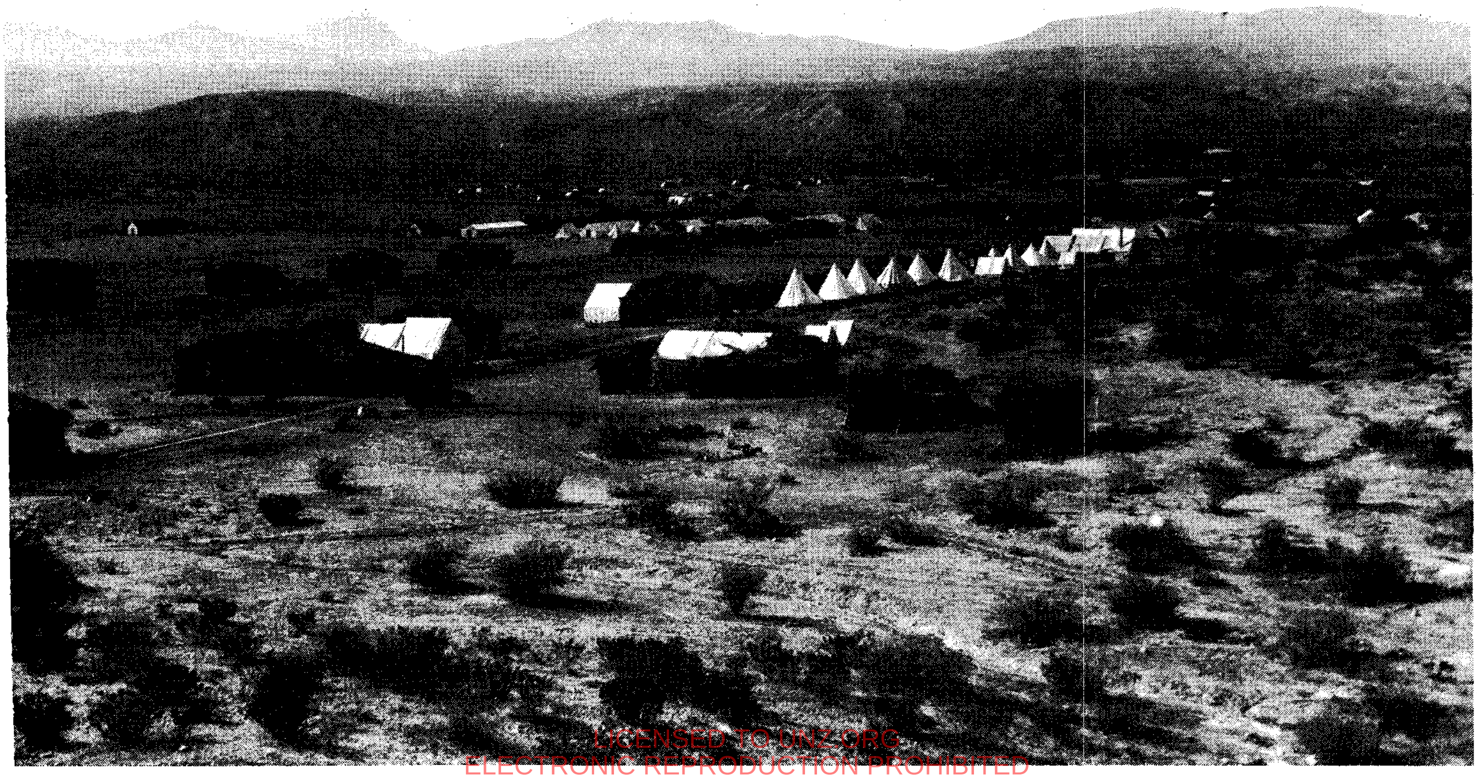
"Yes. What of it?"

"Just this. I've heard that the Chiricahuas, under chiefs Juh and Nahchi, are ready to break out of here. I was at their camp yesterday and they were not any too nice to me. I don't like the looks of things. You had better stay here

(Continued on page 52)

A C. S. Fly photo of the San Carlos Reservation believed taken around 1886.

Smithsonian Institution Photo



CAPTIVE AMONG

By JANE ADELINE WILSON

OLD WEST Special!

I WAS BORN in Alton, Illinois, on the 12th day of June, 1837, and am, therefore in the seventeenth year of my age. My father's name was Wm. Smith; my mother's maiden name was Jane Cox. I had five brothers and four sisters. I think it was in 1846 that we moved to Missouri and settled at a boat landing or ferry called Jamestown, on the North Grand River. My father kept the ferry.

About eight years ago we moved from this place to Texas and settled near Paris, in Lamar County. Here my father and mother died within one day of each other, leaving six orphan children behind them. Three of my brothers had died before the death of my parents. My eldest brother, who was in a ranging company, now came to settle my father's affairs and make provisions for our support. He secured homes for us with different neighbors, but took the youngest sister, our pet, with him to place her with one of our aunts.

One day's journey from the place where he left us, he was attacked by the winter fever, and died in one week. I have three sisters older than myself. Their names are Elizabeth, Cynthia, and Caroline. My brother James and sister Ellen are younger than myself. Ellen was four years old when my parents died. Caroline is a dwarf, and the neighbors thought that the medicine the doctors gave her stopped her growth. She was a dear child, and we all loved her because of her misfortune.

I lived with several neighbors until the first of last February, when I was married to Mr. James Wilson, a young farmer, just beginning life with a little property consisting of horses and cattle. He was but nineteen years of age when we were married. We knew but little of life, for I was not yet sixteen. I fear we were crazy in getting married while we were so young.

We had heard that people became rich very fast in California, so we concluded to move and commence life in that distant country. We gathered together the little property we possessed and joined a party of emigrants consisting of fifty-two men, twelve women and several children. The father and brothers of my husband were among this number. There were in all twenty-two wagons, and the whole company was placed under the command of Mr. Henry Hickman. We started from Hunt County on the 6th of April last, and took the route for El Paso. We arrived at the Guadalupe Mountains about the 1st of June. Here the Mescalero Apaches stole from us nineteen head of cattle; six men started in pursuit, but were driven back by the Indians.

We went thence to El Paso. My husband, not being able to travel well with Mr. Hickman's train, determined to remain at El Paso till the arrival of another party of California emigrants. Five of Mr. H.'s men staid with us. While here, the Mexicans stole nearly all the property we had, and left us unable to proceed on our journey. We could do nothing now except make our way back to Texas.

ABOUT the last of July we started on our return, with the fragments of our property which the thieves had spared. On the first day of August, my husband and his father left us and fell into the hands of the Indians. I saw them no more after this. I was told that they had been murdered. You may perhaps be able to imagine my feelings when I found myself thus bereaved and destitute in a land of strangers. My misfortune seemed more than I could bear, but I knew not that heavier trials were in store for me.

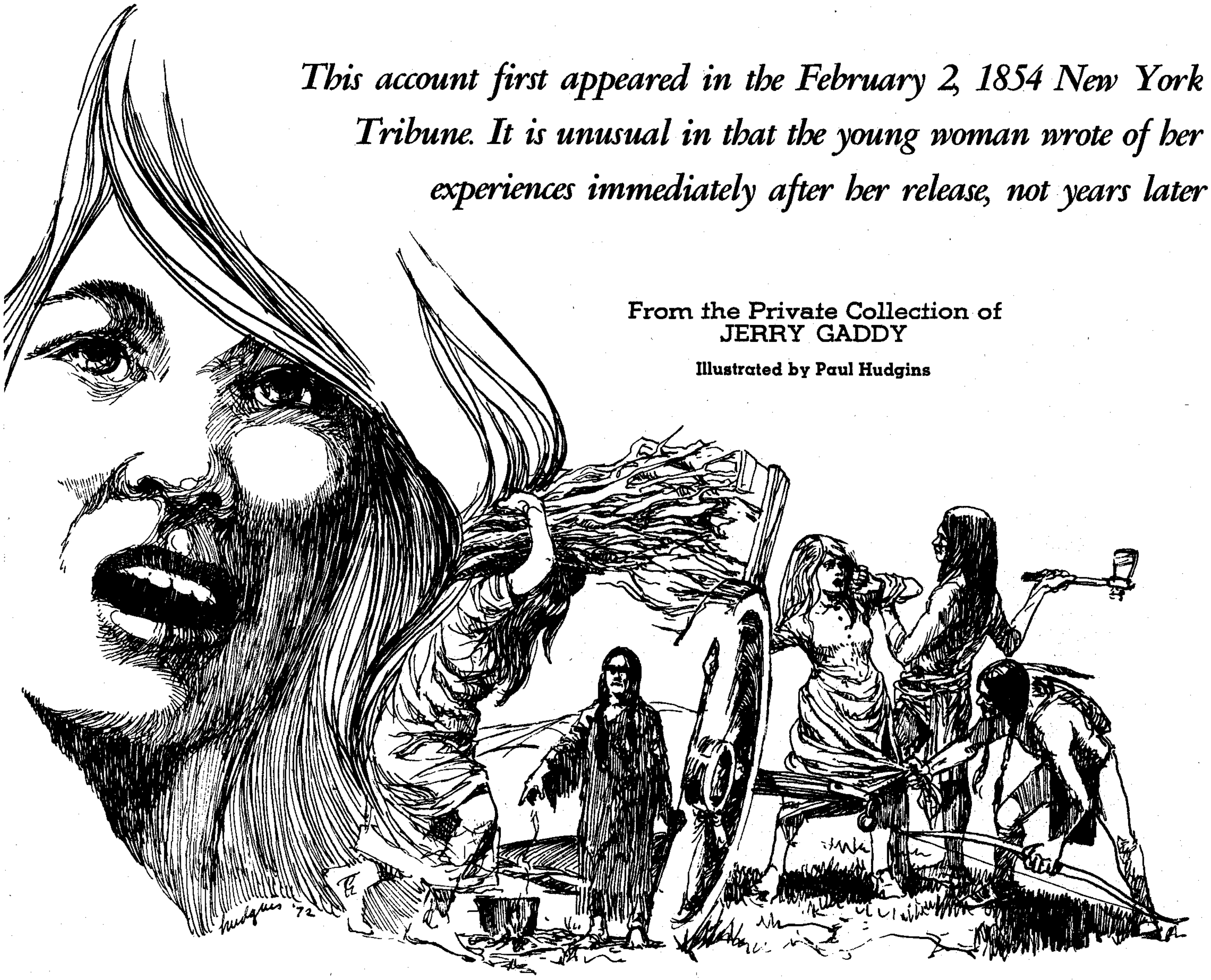
Unable to continue my journey, I returned to El Paso where I remained till September 8, when I started once more for Texas with my three brothers-in-law, in company with a small party consisting of five Americans and one Mexican. Mr. Hart, who owned and commanded this train, having some business in Texas which required his immediate attention, traveled very rapidly and I hoped in a few days more to be in the midst of my friends.

THE COMANCHES

This account first appeared in the February 2, 1854 New York Tribune. It is unusual in that the young woman wrote of her experiences immediately after her release, not years later

From the Private Collection of
JERRY GADDY

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

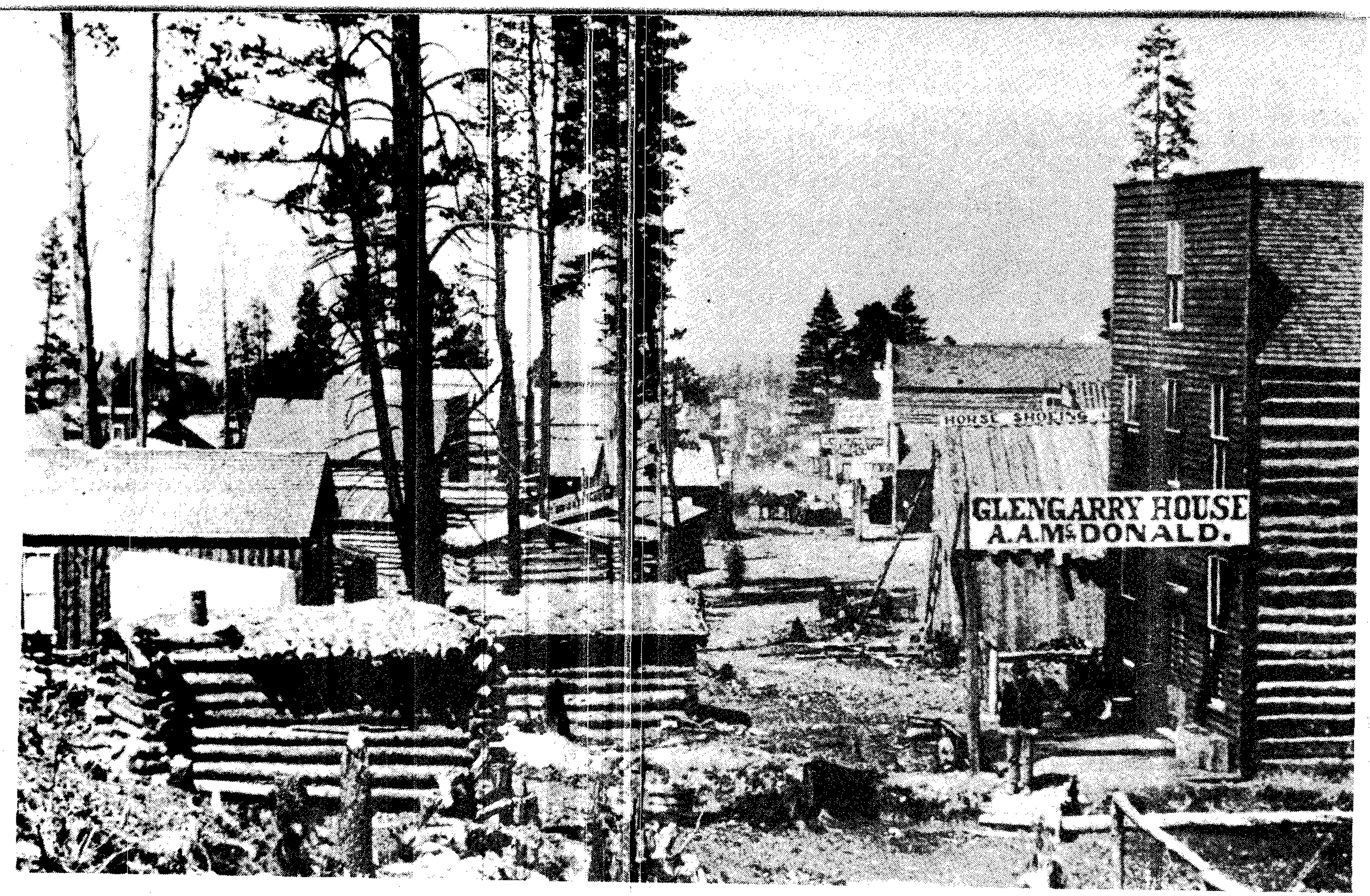


As we had seen only one Indian on the route we flattered ourselves that we would not be molested by any of the tribes which infest this route. When near the borders of Texas, some of our party stole three animals from Mr. Hart and ran off. Mr. Hart, anxious to overtake the thieves, started in pursuit, taking with him my eldest brother-in-law, a lad some fourteen years of age, leaving myself, a Mexican, and two boys to follow as rapidly as we could. We were at this time within three days journey of a military post at Phantom Hill, and were considered out of danger. A discharged soldier, being unable to keep up with us, was some distance behind but I saw nothing of him after this.

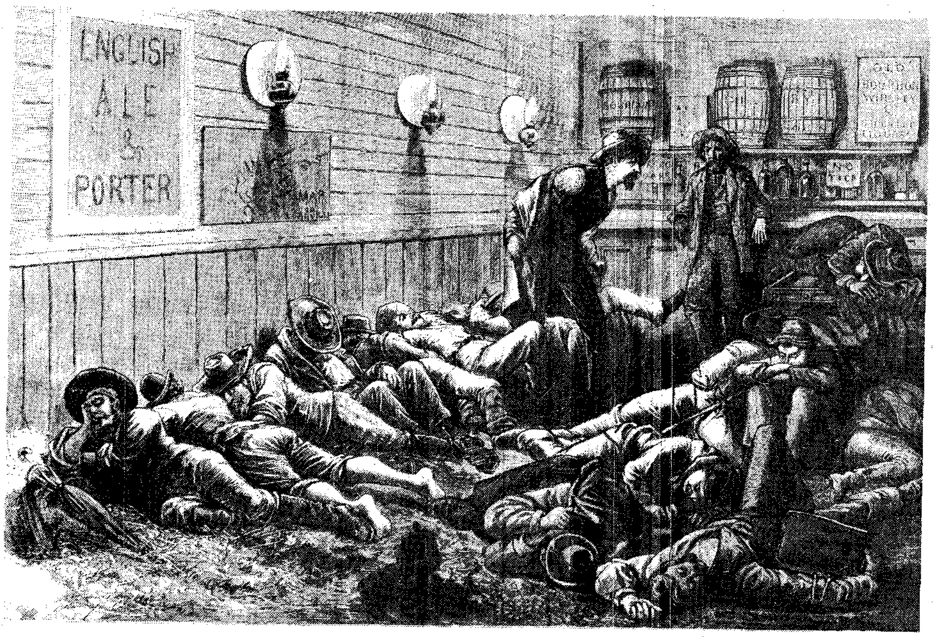
The day after Mr. Hart left us, as we were traveling, about noon we saw two Comanche Indians charging upon us in front, and at the same time two others were seen driving up behind. We were all very much frightened, and the Mexican jumped out of the wagon and went toward the Indians in order, if possible, to gain their friendship.

The mules of our wagon, four in number, becoming frightened by the war-whoop of the savages, turned out of the road and commenced running as fast as they could. One of them fell down before we had gone far, and the others were then obliged to stop. The Indians then came upon us and ordered the Mexican to take the mules out of the harness. While this was going on, I got out of the wagon and looked on in breathless suspense. After the mules were unharnessed, the Mexican was stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind his back, and ordered to sit upon the ground. One of them went behind him and shot him with a gun, while another stabbed him several times with a large butcher knife. His scalp was cut off before he was dead, and put into his own hat; the hat was then worn by one of his murderers. I was stupefied with horror as I gazed on this spectacle, and supposed that my turn would come next. But the Indians having secured the plunder of the wagon, mounted us on the mules and ordered us to go with them. As I left I looked back and saw the poor Mexican weltering in his blood and still breathing.

(Continued on page 56)



Above, an early photo of Leadville, Colorado, taken around 1878. The street shown is East 3rd. Below, an 1897 sketch by E. Jump showing miners and emigrants enjoying a saw-dust sleep in a billiard saloon at two-bits a night. Eight-hour sleeping shifts were common in Leadville during the boom days.



By EDWARD BLAIR
Photos Courtesy Author

All Photos Courtesy
Denver Public Library
Western Collection

There just wasn't enough of Bill to go around. Otherwise he would have given his earnest attention to every sucker who ever stepped off a stage or a train...

THE GREAT OPPORTU

NIST—"CHICKEN BILL"

"A LONG, shiftless-looking, careless-minded, gawky fellow, full of a certain kind of shrewdness, always planning something, dreadfully smart and always behind, he is yet as he always was, a puzzle to me," was how one contemporary described William Lovell in 1880.

Maybe someday we'll know where Bill came from and the story behind his early years, but for now we'll have to be satisfied with the Leadville, Colorado portion of his story.

Bill was engaged in "mining and prospecting" in the Fairplay-Breckenridge area when he heard about the silver boom in the Cloud City of Leadville and made plans to report to the area and claim his share. Either on his first trip, or more likely after looking the camp over, he purchased a goodly number of chickens in South Park for resale in the hungry silver camp. Legend and fact are so intertwined at this point that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. It is known that as Bill neared the top of Mosquito Pass he ran into a violent snowstorm. He holed up and waited. Some say he was forced to eat his chickens to save himself; that a group of teamsters found Bill, near frozen, surrounded by feathers and chicken bones, and from that time on he was "Chicken Bill."

The other version of the story finds Bill surrounded by snow and frozen birds and momentarily stumped, but not for long. He figured the miners would settle for chicken in any form after continual meals of venison, trout, and sow belly. Bill quickly dressed the stiff birds, stuffed them with snow to keep them fresh, and started for Leadville. Bill guessed right. He was able to unload them for a good price.

William "Chicken Bill' Lovell built a cabin on a rise on the west slope of Carbonate Hill and the site was immortalized as Chicken Hill in honor of its first resident. Later that site became a popular residential area for Scandinavians, especially Swedes, who were known, of course, as Chicken Hill Swedes.

After settling in he teamed up with a rough mannered, hardheaded carpenter named George H. Fryer, and the two set to work finding their bonanza. The experts said the mineral belt stopped in Stray Horse Gulch, a narrow ravine just north of Bill's cabin.

Bill and Fryer chose for their exploratory work an area about a mile north of Stray Horse Gulch. Some have suggested they worked the area because everything south was taken. Others, who knew the pair, insisted they were just too bullheaded to accept the experts' opinions. They located a good prospect, named the "New Discovery" by Fryer, but Bill got left out of the wealth which flowed from the claim. Some say he sold his share to Fryer for two or three hundred dollars; others submit that the weather on that blustery April day when the discovery was made convinced Bill that it was a good day to remain by the fire, and hence he missed his call to fame and fortune. Whatever the reason it didn't seem to bother Bill. He promptly located the Chrysolite on what was then called Fryer Hill in honor of Fryer's discovery.

A Leadville street scene in the early 1880s showing a loaded pack string.

Fryer Hill, like its southern neighbor, Carbonate Hill, was laced with silver and lead, not gold. Soon the New Discovery was surrounded with important producers like the Robert E. Lee, Little Chief, and Little Pittsburg, the original source of H. A. W. Tabor's fabulous wealth.

BILL'S Chrysolite was located smack in the middle of this wealth, but from all appearances was a miss. It was at this point that Bill bobbled his second chance for riches. He salted his claim with silver bearing ore, and sought a buyer. He didn't have to look far. Tabor, Leadville's greatest silver king, was in a buying mood, and when he saw the ore Bill proudly displayed he bought him out. The tale is shot full of irony—if one can believe the contention that Bill's counterfeit ore was from Tabor's own Little Pittsburg.

There is no agreement of the amount Tabor paid, but Bill took the check, beat it back to town, cashed it, and headed for parts unknown.

A few hours of work told Tabor what many already suspected. The Chrysolite was salted. Tabor apologists say the Silver King knew it was salted, but the location was good and it filled out his Little Pittsburg holdings. Whatever his reason for buying, the Tabor luck held. He put a force of men to work on Bill's claim who hit paydirt.

According to Jonathan Waddle, a contemporary of Bill Lovell, "Oh yes, he sold the mine. He sold it to Governor Tabor for $1,500. But the joke of it is, if the damned fool had sunk ten feet further he would have struck a mine that would have been worth a million and a half."

Bill missed being one of the silver kings a second time, but there's no evidence of bitterness or regret. When he heard the news and knew the coast was clear he quickly returned to town and resumed prospecting.

It wasn't long before Bill had dug a hole (it could hardly be called a mine) a few miles from town on the north side of Evans Gulch. It was worthless and Bill was miner enough to know it. Happily, two Englishmen who were in the market for a likely prospect chose that time to appear in Leadville. Bill wasted no time in becoming that likely prospect. He contacted a fellow by the name of Judson, who owned a string of pack jacks.

Judson was told to haul a load of ore from Bill's tunnel down Chestnut Street toward a Leadville smelter. Judson was not to go to the smelter, however. He

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

View of Leadville from Chicken Hill in the late 1870s.

apparently asked no questions, was glad to have the job, and—knowing Bill—figured the less he knew the better.

The next morning Bill helped Judson load the jacks, told him to take his time so as not to go down Chestnut until afternoon, then hurried down the gulch to Leadville.

By afternoon Bill had "bumped into" the Englishmen in front of the Grand Hotel. While they were talking, the pack train ambled by. Bill casually invited them to have a look at "the stuff," and even let them have a couple of samples, knowing as soon as he was out of sight they'd hop right over to the nearest assay office.

Bill waved the pack train on with a grand show of nonchalance and disappeared soon after. The Englishmen, strained by their own pretended indifference, then beat it to the assayer. What Bill knew to be true the Englishmen soon learned. The ore was rich in silver and lead.

The next morning they went searching for the "old codger" and as they stepped out of the hotel, there he was. Such luck! Bill was pleased to see them, talked of several things, but failed to mention his mine. The Englishmen "cleverly" worked the conversation around to mining, and eventually to Bill's mine.

"Where is it located?" "Would you give us a bit of a look?" Bill replied with exaggerated indifference. Finally, in what appeared to be a method of ending the uninteresting discussion, Bill grudgingly invited them to come out to his diggings the following morning. They quickly agreed to meet him there.

When they arrived, the site was not what they had pictured, but Bill showed them through the tunnel, what there was of it, and let them take a few samples. Bill smiled knowingly as they hurried off to town. He knew the ore was good—after all, he had swiped it and placed it there himself.

It is said the Englishmen paid $75,000 for this short course in mountain bunco at the hand of the Rocky Mountain's master teacher.

LEADVILLE quieted some, so Bill loaded his gear and went over the mountains to Aspen where he discovered iron ore. Then according to Edmund J. Wells, a man who is said to have known Bill personally, Bill melted the copper off a large tank, molded it into ingots, buried them to improve their color, and then gave them to an associate who sold them as gold to eager guests of the Clarendon Hotel in Leadville. There may still be a few people around the country who cherish Great-grandfather's ingot of Leadville gold, or more properly, Rocky Mountain tank copper.

Bill apparently retired after 1884 and moved to Denver with his wife, who has managed to elude researchers almost entirely. Little is known except that she existed.

On July 6, 1886 William "Chicken Bill" Lovell was buried in the Grand Army of the Republic plot in Riverside cemetery. He died of "paralysis." The man, William Lovell, who was called an "old-timer," referred to as "Old Chicken Bill," and pictured as a wizened, stooped, bearded old codger who grew up with the West, was laid to rest in his thirty-ninth year.

A Mormon Polygamist

(Continued from page 11)

The controversy over whether or not the tragedy was condoned and, indeed, ordered by the Church authorities shall not be entered into here, but it is a fairly well documented fact by this time that the act was perpetrated by only a few, and without the sanction of the majority of the Mormon people or the direction of Brigham Young.

SEVENTEEN YEARS had passed since that tragedy. Then, on November 7, 1874, John D. Lee was arrested for implication in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. This was brought about by the increasing pressure being placed upon the Mormon situation by the Federal Courts, especially those under Judge Cradlebaugh who threatened to bring the Mormons to justice by any means necessary so that they could "no longer rule the territory as if it were their own." Other warrants were issued and other men arrested, but the center of attention was turned towards John D. Lee.

Lee was brought to trial at Beaver on July 23, 1875, after having remained in confinement since the preceding November. Before the first witness was finished with his testimony, it was apparent that nothing would come of the trial. The eight Mormon jurors were for acquittal and the four gentiles for conviction. The jury was hung. Lee was taken to the penitentiary at Salt Lake City to await another trial.

On May 11, 1876, John D. Lee was granted three months to set his affairs in order before his trial at Beaver in September. A list of men was procured by the court as prospective jurors. Among the names was Thomas Schofield. Thomas was acquainted with Lee and found him to be an exceptional character. He was not at all convinced of Lee's guilt, or at least as much of it as seemed to be laid at his doorstep. He decided that, before committing himself to passing judgment, he would talk with Lee and discover for himself the truth of it. Whether Thomas went to Lee's ranch in Lonely Dell or waited for his arrival at Beaver is not known; probably the former. What is known, as passed down through the family of Thomas Schofield, is the content and result of that conversation.

Thomas informed Lee that he had been chosen as a prospective juror, whereupon Lee asked why Thomas wanted to talk to him about it.

"Why not simply do your duty and be done with it?" Lee wanted to know.

"I am not all that certain of your guilt, Brother Lee," Thomas replied.

"Then you are unique among my friends," Lee said ruefully, "for they have all determined to lay the blame of this affair at my feet. I testify to you, Brother Schofield, that I did indeed participate in this foul thing, but as God is my witness, I am not the cause of it. I did my best to prevent it. When it got out of my hands, nothing more could be done than to participate in it, hoping to save the children."

Details of the massacre were obtained from Lee, and the two men spoke at some length about the cause and effect of it upon the Mormon people. Said Lee, "I would not have had the thing happen for the world, but now it has happened and they seem to want me to play the scapegoat; well enough, I am not above it. It is better that I, a single man, should perish for it, than a whole people be destroyed. I have no doubt that I shall be found guilty this time, Brother Schofield. Do you not know that they are even now choosing jurors among my own brothers of the Church, from whom they expect to render a guilty verdict? If you are chosen it shall be for that reason, no other."

Thomas Schofield returned to his family and his community and ever afterward championed the innocence of John D. Lee. Family tradition states that Thomas served on the jury which convicted Lee, or perhaps on the jury which first released him, but no official record has come forth to substantiate or disprove this claim. It is likely that, once Judge Boreman learned that Thomas had spoken with Lee, he was dropped immediately from the list of prospective jurors.

Thomas was one of the leading sponsors of a petition which was circulated in Beaver, asking clemency for Lee, and one of two which were submitted to Governor G. W. Emery. A total of 514 persons signed these petitions and the governor agreed that, due to the advanced age of the defendant since the time of the actual event, if Lee would confess to the crime, naming accomplices, his life would be spared. This Lee refused to do and soon after was executed on the site of the massacre. It was an event which Thomas Schofield, who was present at the execution, ever afterward referred to as the greatest miscarriage of justice that he had ever encountered.

But events were shaping even at that time which would greatly affect the life of Thomas Schofield, and cause him to

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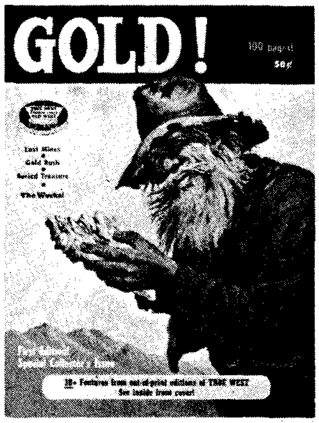
—Joseph Conrad



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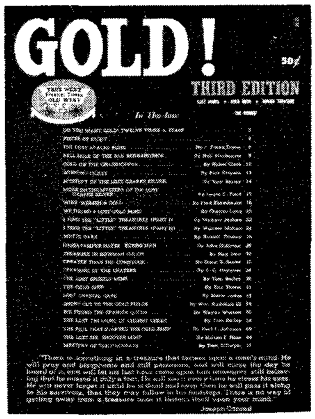

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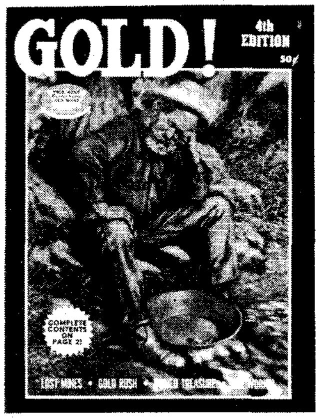
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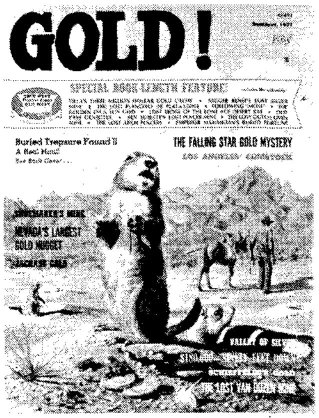

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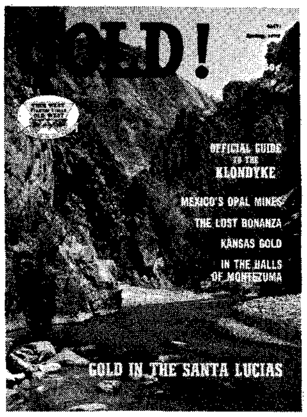

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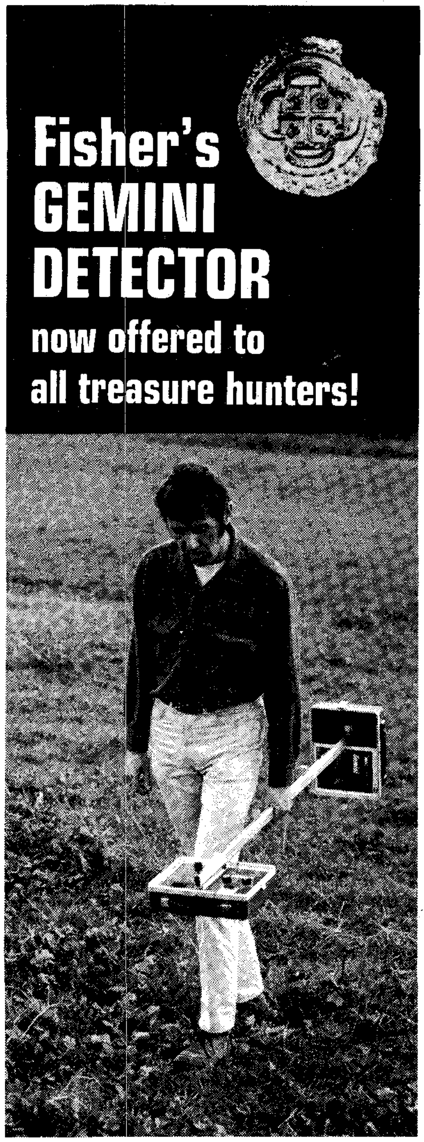

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share in the injustice which he so firmly detested, being meted out to his Mormon brethren.

IN 1882 the Edmunds-Tucker Act was passed by Congress after a short but heated debate. This law was a tool whereby marshals, judges and many others associated with politics, especially where related to Utah, could crush the Mormon "movement." The law is yet the subject of much controversy but it is almost unanimously agreed that the act was aimed expressly at Mormonism.

The Edmunds-Tucker Law carried penalties for two types of offenses. If a man were married to more than one wife with whom he then lived, his offense was designated as "unlawful cohabitation." Conviction on this charge carried a penalty of up to six months in prison, or a fine of $300, or both. If a man already had one wife and then married another, the offense was designated as "polygamy." This carried a penalty of up to five years in prison, or a fine of $500 or both. The law has since been termed the "anti-polygamy law" even though the majority of convictions under the act were for unlawful cohabitation. There was little effort at defense. Lawyers of the accused usually without exception recommended a plea of guilty, for if a man did otherwise his family was dragged into court to testify against him, often with great humiliation.

By 1882, when the law was passed, Thomas Schofield had risen to a position of prominence in his community. He owned two fine stone houses wherein his families lived, much farm property, and a substantial interest in the Beaver Woolen Mills, the Kingston Woolen Mills, the local newspaper, and several other properties. He was influential in Church and community affairs.

In the spring of 1882 Thomas was called, as were his friends and associates, to register themselves and their families with the local courts. Thomas set the example of how the law was going to be accepted when he refused to appear. This explains the notation in the Beaver County Court Minutes of Tuesday, March 21, 1882 which states, "Bill of Constable Sackets, case People vs Schofield, allowed $7.00." When he did not appear, the constable was sent to retrieve him.

Three years passed and nothing much was done about polygamy in southern Utah, although the subject was creating much consternation in the area adjacent to the larger cities such as Great Salt Lake City, Ogden and Provo. Everyone at Beaver knew that it would only be a matter of time until the federal officers got around to them.

On a cool evening in March 1885, a knock came at the door of the Schofield home in Beaver—the home of Thomas and Betty. Answering the knock, Thomas discovered several of his friends, armed and anxious. George Hales, editor of the local newspaper and a leader of the choir, addressed Thomas in behalf of the others.

"Thomas, we have just learned that a deputy marshal and several of his men are on their way to Beaver to arrest us. They have warrants for you, myself, Brother Robinson, Brother Sudwick and even poor old Brother Farrer. We don't know how you stand on it, Thomas, but we don't aim to give up our families and we don't aim to be taken in, either."

"We cannot hope to fight them, Brother Hales," Thomas replied. "But I agree with you that I do not intend to give up my family. The only hope for us lies in doing what some of the other brethren have done—hide out in the mountains until things have been resolved. There is hope that they may yet abolish this ridiculous law."

Richard Sudwick volunteered that he had a brother in Circleville with whom he could stay for a while, perhaps living in his barn for a few weeks or a month. Each of the brethren came to agree that Circleville would be a good place to go, for the arm of the law was not so long in that place. There were several gangs of desperadoes who used the valley for a hideout and were not molested.

Thomas was satisfied with the choice of Circleville for he knew he could find seclusion at the home of the Parker family. Maximillian Parker still lived at that place and the Schofield family had been frequent visitors at the Parker home for many years. Maxy Parker's young son, Robert Leroy Parker, had recently hit the outlaw trail, and the Parker family, though strictly law-abiding in most respects, were wary and alert. They would be happy to provide shelter for an old friend.

THOMAS and his friends were packed and absent from Beaver when the marshal and his men arrived. They proceeded to the home of Mona Schofield, Thomas' second and "unlawful" wife, and commenced to pound upon the door. When Mona answered, they pushed by her and made a thorough search of the premises.

"Where is your husband?" asked Deputy U. S. Marshal Sergant.

"You say that I have no husband," Mona replied in her brusque Manx accent. "Therefore, I do not know of whom you speak!" Deflated, the deputy retreated, but not until he had threatened to capture all of the fugitives and bring them to justice. At every residence he made the same threat and promise—that he would return. The deputy made only one arrest, that being James Farrer, an invalid on crutches who could not flee.

Thomas remained at Circleville with the Parker family for nearly six months, from April until September 1885. Maxy Parker purchased a large ranch twelve miles south of Circleville which had formerly been the old Jim Marshall place, sometime headquarters for a gang of horse thieves and cattle rustlers who hid their stolen stock in the rugged, broken, colorful and nearly inaccessible reaches of what is now Bryce Canyon National Park.

Thomas went to work on the ranch for Maxy Parker, although he knew but little about ranching, and sent most of his wages back to Beaver for the support of his families. While thus engaged, he received word of the death of his two-year-old son, Frederick Reid Schofield, who died on June 10, 1885, and he risked a hasty trip in the secrecy of night to be at the side of his mourning wife, Mona. Not daring to remain, realizing that the marshal would covet an opportunity such as this, he was forced to return, leaving before daylight the following morning. He dared not attend the funeral of his infant son and buried his grief in manual labor at the Parker ranch.

In the fall of that year, Richard Sudwick came riding up at the Parker place where Thomas was helping to cradle grain.

"Thomas," said Sudwick, "the marshal and four or five men are making a drive through Circle Valley. You'd better find another place to hide. They've already arrested several of the brethren and will soon be here. I'm joining my brother and heading for the mountains. You're welcome to come along."

"You go ahead," interceded Maxy Parker. "We'll take care of Thomas." Sudwick put the spurs to his mount and was soon out of sight.

"I can't stay here, Maxy," said Thomas "I've imposed upon your safety and your hospitality too long already. I had better turn myself in."

"There is no need for that," his friend assured him. "My boy is here in the the valley and he will hide you out in a safe place. There will be no need for you to do anything hasty. Just ride it out."

Maxy Parker's "boy" was, of course, eighteen-year old Robert Leroy Parker who was at that time spending his time with the McCarty Gang in the La Sal Mountains. He occasionally used the alias of George Cassidy, but at this time was using the name of George Parker; later it would be simply Butch Cassidy.

Young Parker always claimed that he held up his first train at the age of sixteen, which is probably correct, but he was better known by 1885 as a proficient horse thief and cattle rustler. His association with the McCarty Gang would eventually lead to the organization of his own group—the Wild Bunch—but for now it had given him a knowledge of every back-trail, canyon and hideout within that section of the territory.

"Where are you taking me?" Thomas asked the youthful outlaw.

"To a place called Robber's Roost. There's a cabin there, and a spring. I'll see that you get supplies and you can sit out the winter there if need be."

ROBBER'S ROOST was the most southerly of the three principal stations on the Outlaw Trail. It was situated in the extreme eastern end of Wayne County and was a high plateau on the summit of the San Rafael Swell, bordered on the east by the Green River. The Roost was approachable only by three trails; one from Greenriver, Utah, one from Hanksville, and one from Dandy Crossing. The trail from Hanksville, which was the one taken by Thomas and his youthful guide, was only forty miles long but the most difficult. The Dirty Devil River bisects the desert at this point and can only be crossed in one place through a precipitous gorge by a narrow, twisting trail. The region between Hanksville and Robber's Roost was entirely without vegetation. On the plateau itself, groves of scrub cedar were the only plant life and here, at one of the springs, an outlaw named Blue John had constructed a cabin of the twisted cedar wood. The place was known as Blue John's cabin and Blue John Spring.

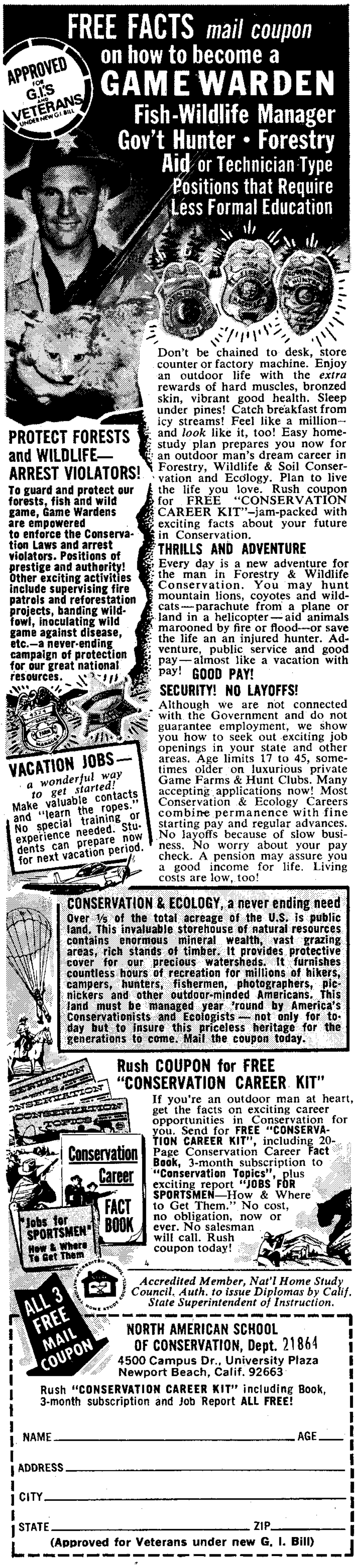
Before leaving Thomas at the Roost, young Parker told him, "You may be visited. Just tell anyone who shows up that you're a friend of mine and they won't bother you. I'll send supplies in with some of them. The law never comes here, but just in case, you had better keep this." He handed Thomas a heavy .44, but Thomas declined to take it; he had never used a gun in his life.

As the congenial young outlaw faded into the distance, Thomas experienced the worst feeling of isolation and loneliness that he had ever known. Later he had a lot of time to ponder his situation, and he was not the first Mormon polygamist to use the cabin as he discovered by familiar names carved into the sandstone cliffs along the trail. Hanksville, a supply station on the Outlaw Trail, was founded by Ebenezer Hanks and his several families just for that reason—to escape persecution for polygamy. Thomas added his name to those carved on the cliff. It gave him a strange feeling of pride.

As predicted by George Parker, Thomas was "visited" several times that fall and winter. He found the majority of the outlaws to be young and friendly. He was glad of their company. His supplies were most frequently brought to him by none other than Charley Rains, whose real name was Charley Lee, one of the numerous sons of John D. Lee. Thomas enjoyed many hours of pleasant conversation with the youth who stated that the principal reason for his becoming an outlaw was the unfair treatment of his father. "Neither the Mormons nor the courts gave him a fair shake," the youth stated. Charley Rains later shot and killed a young Mexican sheepherder and was forced to leave the country to escape the boy's brother and a gang of furious Mexicans.

In the spring of 1886 Thomas felt that he could no longer endure the isolation. At a time when he was near the breaking point, one of his informers brought word from George Hales that pressure was being eased on the southern settlements and, wrote Hales, "I for one am going home." That was all that was necessary for Thomas to make up his mind. He returned to Beaver as soon as he could. He had been away from home for nearly a year and had visited his family only a few times, in the secrecy of night, while living on the Parker ranch.

During his absence, or very shortly after his arrival home, Mona gave birth to a son, Frank Jonathan, born March 26, 1886. Of eight children, Thomas and Mona now had six living, while there were also eight children in the first family of Thomas and Betty, with only six living, a total of sixteen. In his absence,



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both families had subsisted upon whatever Thomas had been able to send them, together with the charity of understanding friends and neighbors. The older children of Thomas and Betty were the mainstay of the families' existence. The eldest son, Lorenzo, was married to Martha Barber and was, in 1886, thirty-three years of age. Thomas Bernard, who was thirty, was married to Clara Emma, a daughter of George Hales. Wilford, who never married, was twenty-seven. His large gardens were perhaps the biggest single contribution to the sustenance of the families.

In Mona's family, Willard was the eldest living son, eleven years old. His two sisters, Mona Louise and Henrietta were older than he, fourteen and twelve, respectively. In addition there was Robert Thomas, aged nine, and the newborn son, Frank Jonathan.

THOMAS had been home for a little more than a month when, in May 1886, the deputy U.S. marshal and his assistants visited Beaver again. It appears that Thomas was not arrested at this time and so perhaps was "conveniently absent." George Hales was arrested, however, and he swore to the judge to whom he was taken that if the court would release him until he could get his affairs in order, he would appear before the next term, ready to plead guilty. This pleased the judge and Hales was temporarily released.

Thomas Schofield returned to his duties at the Beaver Woolen Mills as soon as the deputy had left the area. He knew that he could not avoid the inevitable very long, but he was determined to spend as much time as possible with his family. The following three months were rather uneventful. An unknown correspondent (believed to have been George Hales writing under the name of "Moonshee") kept the readers of the *Deseret Evening News* at Salt Lake City posted on events at Beaver in connection with the activities of the lawmen in the region. Then, in mid-September, Deputy U.S. Marshal Sergant and his agents made another surprise raid on Beaver. Thomas Schofield and William Robinson were arrested at the Beaver Woolen Mills and were indicted on September 18. Time had run out.

But a surprise awaited Deputy Sergant when he arrived at the home of Richard Sudwick early in the morning of that same day. Sudwick was in his yard, doing his chores, when the deputy confronted him. Arresting Sudwick, the deputy then proceeded to the house where he intended to subpoena Sudwick's wife, Maria, as a witness against her husband. Entering without knocking, the deputy came upon the woman who was just then dressing and was not fully clothed. She, being a heavy-set woman and not at all liking the intrusion upon her privacy, attempted to throw the officer out of the house. Not being able to force the woman to come along—and perhaps being just a little afraid of her—Deputy Sergant returned Richard Sudwick to Beaver where he obtained a warrant for the arrest of Maria which was duly served upon her the following day.

The *Deseret Evening News*—a Mormon publication—printed a column entitled "For Conscience' Sake" which was devoted to those faithful Latter-day Saints who were arrested and sentenced for polygamy. Under the date of September 18, 1886, appeared the following: "Beaver, U.T., Sept. 18, 1886. The cohabitation cases are distributed as follows: James Farrer, an invalid, was indicted last May. This indictment was quashed and three additional ones were found against him. Thomas Schofield, indicted eighteen months ago, has been arrested on another indictment. R. Sudwick, arrested recently on three indictments, was again arrested this morning on another, found this term. The trials of the foregoing cohabitation cases, together with that of Geo. Hales, was set for next week. No new victims. MOONSHEE."

Then on September 22 there appeared the following report: "George Hales, having promised the prosecution last May that by having his cases postponed till now, he would give them no trouble, withdrew his former plea of not guilty and pled guilty. James Farrer withdrew his former plea of not guilty to the first indictment and pled guilty. The other two indictments against him were quashed. R. Sudwick pled guilty to two indictments. The other two were quashed. Thomas Schofield's trial resulted in a verdict of not guilty on the first indictment (polygamy). He was found guilty on the second (unlawful cohabitation). . . . Maria Sudwick was arrested yesterday on an indictment found against her for resisting an officer and put under $250 bond. She was arraigned today, the complaint setting forth the great damage done to deputy U.S. Marshal Sergant, and the consequent great hindrance of justice. It appears that the deputy arrested the husband outside the house and then rudely entered the dwelling to secure Maria for a witness, while she was dressing. The indignant lady took the mighty deputy by the shoulders and pushed him out of doors. . . ."

© Ace Reid
2-16

"Sorry, Lem, but I jist ain't too worried about yore hat!"

SENTENCE was passed upon the men on September 25, 1886, in the Second District Court at Beaver, and was reported in the *Deseret Evening News:* "Beaver, Utah Territory, September 25, 1886. At the opening of court to-day the court house was densely packed with spectators. Maria Sudwick's case was postponed for the term. R. Maeser, for libel, was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs. William Robinson was indicted a year ago for polygamy and cohabitation, but the prosecution could not find important witnesses. Robinson pled guilty to cohabitation, and the indictment for polygamy was waived. He was sentenced to four months in the Utah penitentiary and fined $100 and costs. George Hales, Thomas Schofield and James Farrer were each sentenced to four months and $300 and costs. Sudwick (two convictions) sentenced to four months and $300 and costs for each. The judge courteously asked the brethren if they intended to keep the law in the future, but they respectfully declined to make any promises. They will start at 2:30 p.m. for the pen, with Gleason and Cudihee in charge.—MOONSHEE"

The *News* of September 26 mentioned the arrival of the prisoners from Beaver. Meanwhile, within the prison itself, William G. Bickley, a very close friend of Thomas Schofield and George Hales who had been sentenced some months before, wrote the following letter to his family.

"Utah Penitentiary
"Sunday, Sept. 19, 1886

"To my beloved Family.

"I received your expected and ever welcome letter on Friday evening and wrote three or four lines yesterday Morning as I had sent you some mats by Mr. Robert Raybur, but for some reason he did not leave as anticipated. He will probably go tomorrow though as his trial is to take place on Wednesday in Beaver according to the Docket. The mats are all packed and in his care on the outside as he is the butcher and I have no doubt you will receive them by the time you get this letter. I have nine (9). The large one you will see has upon it (Oct. 6 Jennie 1886) and is a birthday present for dear 'ma.' One is marked J also for 'ma.' One for May is marked M one for Aggie A and my sweet little Bessie's is marked B the other four are for the whole family combined. I hope you will like them. Please drop me a line as soon as you get them.

"I am thankful to say I am quite well as are also Bro. Cox & Shepherd. I hope and pray this will find you all in good health and spirits and that you may be preserved from the sickness that is now abroad in the land. I am sorry to learn of the death of Ratie's baby and of the sickness of Polly but, I cannot help but think Ann might have informed me herself under the circumstances, but it is all right, I guess.

"You do not say anything about 'old prince.' How does he stand up to his work this summer? And the little blue mare does she work well? I hope you are not badly off for a team and that Willie

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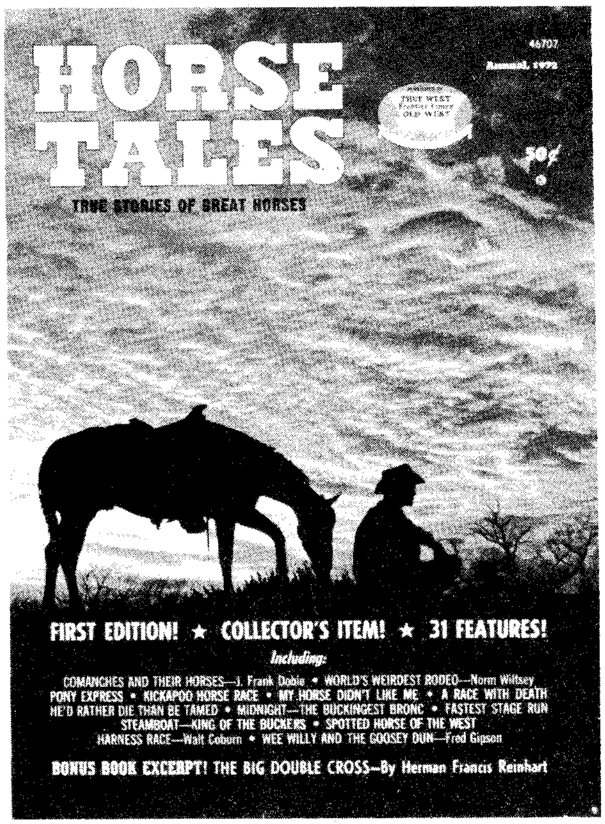

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will soon get his mare up as that would help a great deal.

"I wish I was at liberty to help along with matters as I realize you must be very much pushed with all the care upon your hands, but I trust that Willie is always on hand to help you to the best of his ability and I am sure he can be a great deal of use to you.

"I feel sorry for the brethren who are to be tried this week, especially for Bro. Farrer, poor man. I am afraid he will not be very well off here as he is so sick, but there is a disposition among us to help one another all we can and we will certainly do the best we can for him. I guess Bro. George (Hales) will get along first rate as I have. Tell them all I have nothing but most encouraging words for them. Bro. Schofield will have quite a rest from his daily toil and God will undoubtedly take good care of their families during their absence.

"There will be a very large immigration to this village during the terms of court in the three districts; about thirty set for trial in Salt Lake City alone. One Brother was sent up last week. 72 years making 3 here now over 70. I expect Bro. Homer Duncan will soon join our noble army and he must be 75. We have quite a number over 65, and all thank God in excellent health except one.

"When some of the brethren come, Please send me a pair of good suspenders and a pair of nickel sleeve holders if you have any on hand. Also a pillow case, mine is all in holes.

"I am very glad Frank verified my words about that Rumor (that he was going to give up his family and accept his freedom) and I again repeat my words as to my faith in the Gospel Covenant and Pray to Almighty Father that I may Ever be Kept in the path of honorable integrity.

"That God may bless you all with his holy Spirit and help you to do His will and that happiness comfort and joy may be yours eternally is the desire of my heart, with love to all and Rifser. I remain your affectionate Husband and Father.—W. G. Bickley.

"Thanks for Remittance."

AN INTRODUCTION to prison life as Thomas Schofield must have experienced it, is found in the journal of James Henry Moyle who was sentenced on March 1, 1886, and who was released only a short time before the arrival of the Beaver prisoners. Says Moyle:

"Upon my arrival at the penitentiary I was taken inside the warden's office, searched, and everything taken from me. My name was then registered, with my height, weight, and general description. The bolts were then drawn, the gates opened, and the guard turned me to the eager gaze of all the prisoners, from whom went up a, 'Hurrah! Fresh Fish!' It is the invariable greeting given to all newcomers. I was then met by several of the brethren who heartily shook hands with me and asked the regular question, 'What's your sentence?' to which I replied, 'Three by six,' meaning three hundred dollars and six months. In a short time the guard came and conducted me to my quarters."

Moyle further recorded: "I was measured for a brand new suit of clothes, of nice black and white cloth! My beard, which I have worn for twenty years, was shaved off! . . . a part of my family came to see me . . . little Louisa . . . did not like my looks, poor little thing, and it was a long time before she would kiss me, but she became reconciled at last."

Thinking about the reasons for his being in that place at that time. Moyle wrote: "I am a prisoner here because I am honorable toward my wives and children, whom God has been pleased to give me and who are dearer to me than all else, and for whom I am willing, with the help of God, to suffer imprisonment as long as He shall consider it necessary. Men in all ages have had to suffer for principle, and I am no better than they."

When Thomas Schofield was sentenced, he was told that should he willingly give up his second and "unlawful" wife and family, he would not have to suffer imprisonment. Feeling that the price was too high to pay, Thomas refused. However, under the law, his offenses might be "segregated" which simply meant that each year in which a man lived in "unlawful cohabitation" might be applied as a separate offense. The *Deseret Evening News* worked this controversial law out in theory, adding just a bit of sarcasm: "According to this proposition the obnoxious Mormon could be sentenced to an aggregate term of five hundred and forty-seven years and six months, and be compelled to pay a fine of $328,400. If he happened to be impecunious, he could be compelled to remain in prison for ninety-one years, in order to satisfy the poor convict act."

Then, sarcastically, the editor suggested that the judge get to work on an interpretation of the law that would "extend the penalties into the other life."

Henry Dinwoodey, imprisoned about the same time that Thomas entered the penitentiary, also kept a detailed journal of his incarceration. "The penitentiary is an adobe construction. It consists of an enclosure surrounded by a wall some twenty feet high, on the top of which, at two corners, diagonally opposite each other, are sentry boxes, in which are stationed the guard on duty, who can march on top of the wall and view the whole interior of the yard. The double gates are of iron, to protect the entrance. Inside the yard are the prisoners' quarters, comprising three rooms built of framework, twenty by twenty feet, on the inside of which, in each room, is a row of bunks three tiers high. An admirable contrivance, they accommodate fifty men. . . .

"The rooms are slightly partitioned off. When all the men are in the room, it is crowded. The 'sweat box' has room enough for only one man at a time, and has no opening except the door. Here the unruly are confined. All prisoners are compelled to bathe once a week. . . ."

Under date of March 9, 1886, Moyle once again expressed feelings which must have been felt by Thomas Schofield only a little later: "Today I saw Stephen, Frank, and Arthur Moore on the wall [the first two were sons, the last his nephew]. Poor boys! I know they felt bad to see me here. It gives me a feeling of sadness when I see any of my family and realize that I cannot speak to them. Then I realize more keenly that I am a prisoner here for proving honorable to them."

Willard Schofield recalled a similar incident and related it some years afterward. "When I was a boy, I went with my half-brothers to see my dad in prison. They [the authorities] wouldn't let me in because I was from my mother's family [Mona] and they told me I would have to watch from the wall while my half-brothers went in."

HENRY DINWOODEY described the prison routine: "You get up at six o'clock. The guard gives you a signal by rapping on the iron gates. At half-past six he unlocks the doors of the various bunk rooms, and all the prisoners wash. At eight o'clock the bell rings, at which time they fall into line and are marched to breakfast, each man in his place. He then sits down to the sumptous fare of a piece of bread, sometimes embellished with a small piece of boiled meat, and a cup of coffee. A great many have to eat with their fingers, having no knives or forks. At twelve o'clock noon dinner is served in the same form, and at six supper. This last consists of a tin cup of tea and a piece of dry bread. After supper the bell rings for all to fall into line, on which the guard comes and counts them, after which he marches them back to their bunk rooms, to the sweet music of the clanking of iron doors, bolts and bars. Thus we are secured for the night."

On a hot day in July, Moyle recorded in his journal: "My dinner today consisted of a rusty tin plate full of thin soup, with a piece of turnip in it half as big as a hen's egg. I ate half of the turnip myself and gave the other half to Brother George W. Taylor, as he had none in his soup."

The bunkhouses in which the prisoners were quartered were infested with bedbugs. They were a constant source of discomfort and agony. Moyle wrote: "I believe that I have killed a pint of them. We have a great time with bugs. We cleaned out our cells good, and whitewashed them. I think it will do now until I get out."

Treatment by the prison officials, especially by Warden Dow whom Dinwoodey calls a "very pleasant and humane man, but one who maintains strict discipline," was usually very fair. But Dinwoodey was to learn, all too painfully, that fairness went only so far and no farther.

While imprisoned, Dinwoodey's first wife became seriously ill. He received no word of her condition and requested to telephone his home to inquire, but permission was denied. A guard finally consented to place the call for him and reported that she was growing steadily worse. Dinwoodey appealed to the warden and finally was extended permission to see his wife, accompanied by two guards. When he returned to the prison that night, he wrote in his journal: "I talked with her, which I supposed would be for the last time." His premonition was correct, for she died shortly afterward. He was granted permission to attend the funeral, again under guard, but was hustled away without going to the cemetery to see his wife interred. That night he wrote: "I felt very much hurt at being deprived of being by her bedside, both during her illness and at her last moments. . . . Almost from my youth up, [she] had been my companion and guide. My feelings under the circumstances can better be imagined than described."

Henry Moyle witnessed a similar situation. "I saw this evening something that made me feel not well. Brother T. C. Jones, a few days since, heard that his wife was sick, and today he saw his daughter on the wall and, as she was crying, he was afraid that his wife was worse. He went to the guard who was on the wall and asked him if he could speak to the girl. The guard refused to allow him to do so. Then he asked the guard to ask her how her mother was and the guard refused to do even that. Poor Jones was forced to go back unsatisfied. We often see things similar to this."

While Thomas Schofield was imprisoned in the penitentiary, he was joined by a close friend, Wilford Woodruff, an Apostle of the Mormon Church and later President and Prophet. Apostle Woodruff and Thomas Schofield had enjoyed a long acquaintance, and Thomas had named one of his sons for the religious leader some twenty-seven years before. During their incarceration their friendship was a great source of comfort to both and they spent many long hours in conversation.

"Brother Schofield," Woodruff said one day, "we have witnessed many things together over the years and now we are together again, in this place. Tell me, do you regret being here, knowing what it will do to your good name?"

"Certainly not," replied Thomas. "I would not desire to be anyplace but here at this time. And to what end would my good name be if I would renounce the wife I cherish and children whom I love, to be someplace else in freedom? How could I ever face them again, knowing that for my own selfish interests, I had abandoned and rejected them? I would face life imprisonment or even death itself before I would allow it to happen."

But for Thomas Schofield it would be neither life imprisonment nor death. On May 30, 1887, the *Deseret News* published the following notice: "Free again—Today Brother Geo. Hales, James Farrer, Wm. Robinson and Thomas Schofield, of Beaver, and Richard H. Sudweeks [Sudwick], of Junction, Piute County, were brought down from the penitentiary on application for discharge from imprisonment. They were released. All of them were sentenced on September 25, 1886, for unlawful cohabitation. R. H. Sudweeks receiving judgement on two counts, one of which is void, while the others were sentenced to six months each. There was a fine in each case, for which 30 days additional was served."

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THOMAS' homecoming was a joyful one for everyone but Mona, his second wife. According to law, if Thomas spent more than fifteen minutes alone with her he was liable for another indictment for unlawful cohabitation. In the presence of several witnesses, Thomas, now sixty years of age and visibly tired from his recent trial, said a tearful goodbye to his beloved Mona. Holding her close, he said: "Mona, they will not allow me to come here anymore, except to visit for a few minutes. You know that I love you and the children, and that I will continue to provide for all of you. I shall always be nearby if you need me. Goodbye."

Mona, still a young woman at thirty-nine, clung to her husband in desperation, tears stinging her cheeks, all thoughts of pride forgotten in her grief. Betty gently removed Mona's grip from Thomas' arm and he walked from the house and away, while Betty gave as much comfort as she could to her "sister."

Proud, saintly Thomas Schofield! His hair, dark brown when he entered the penitentiary, began to whiten within less than a year after his release. Each day he would pass the house where Mona lived and inquire as to her health and needs. He seldom went inside unless accompanied by friends. He remained very close to his children by the second marriage, especially young Willard who helped his aging father freight cotton and wool from St. George to the Beaver Woolen Mills.

Thomas' health steadily declined until, by the spring of 1898, while in his seventy-second year, he took to his bed and called his family around him. When Mona approached his bedside, he clasped her tiny hand in his and with his last words, said to her: 'Mona, you know that I am dying. I do still love you, Mona, and to me you will always be my wife. The law of this world cannot supercede the law where I am now going. We shall surely meet on the morning of the First Resurrection and we shall not be parted ever again. Take care, Mona; this shall be my last goodbye."

With those final words Thomas Schofield quietly died on March 27, 1898. Mona soon left Beaver to join her son Willard who had gone to pioneer the northeastern section of the state. She died on July 29, 1932 at the age of eighty-four. She is remembered by her family as a lonely little old lady who carefully guarded a large photo of her late husband Thomas. In her old age, the petite and proud little lady wore a wig and, as she tucked a loose tassel of gray hair back out of sight beneath it where it wouldn't be seen, she would say in her deep Manx brogue: "My beloved Thomas? Ay, it is true, he went to prison rather than give me up, God love his soul, and all of you children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren wouldn't be here at all if he hadn't o' done." And he did it, too, For Conscience' Sake.

Disastrous Dietz Expedition

(Continued from page 15)

plies. There was also that cumbersome generator that the two engineers had insisted on bringing.

It took a week of back-breaking work to transport everything to the foot of the glacier, and another five days to reach the surface.

NOW BEGAN the long climb to the summit. Sometimes the men could use their sled dogs, but when the incline was too steep or some particular area too rough, they had to back-pack. They labored for fifteen or eighteen hours a day, moving slowly across the ice.

Day after day they toiled, talking little except to give command or ask their two native guides about the best route. At night, after a hasty meal of beans and hard-tack, tea or coffee, the exhausted men fell into their sleeping bags to rest a few hours, then the previous day's routine was repeated.

The dynamo was an albatross around their necks. The machine was so bulky they could not transport it by sled. They attempted to lash it between two poles and carry it sedan-chair fashion but it proved too awkward. The men literally manhandled it across the glacier. Still the engineers did not suggest they abandon it.

The sleds could carry about 500 pounds of supplies but, since the snow was soft at this time of the year, two men were required to go ahead on snowshoes to break trail. One thought made it all bearable—in a few months they would be returning to New York wealthy men.

There was danger on every hand. Deep crevasses cut across the ice. The only way to cross these awesome cracks was by natural bridges of snow. At any time these bridges could give way to plunge men, sleds and dogs into the abyss below.

There was the threat of snow blindness. Even though the men had brought dark blue glasses to protect their eyes from the awful ice glare they still felt the effects. Even the dogs suffered.

"We tried to reinforce our glasses," wrote Dietz, "by covering our faces with red handkerchiefs in which two small holes were cut for the eyes. This plan gave little relief and we were unable to refrain from rubbing our eyelids, which caused them to become much inflamed and sore. At times the pain became almost unbearable. My eyes felt just like someone was rubbing sand into them, and my head became giddy."

Once a day the men stopped. Cooking lamps were lit, and some beans were heated and flapjacks made. After their meal they usually retired to their sleeping bags spread out on their loaded sleds.

When they were two weeks on the open glacier a terrible blizzard caught them. They were compelled to stop as they could no longer see the dangerous crevasses. It was impossible to pitch tents in the howling gale so they stacked their sleds as a sort of windbreak and lay down behind them in sleeping bags. The next morning a two-foot covering of snow was on top of them. The men had difficulty digging out and getting started on their journey across the glacier.

THE FIRST accident happened on April 25. The party was proceeding across the glacier with the most heavily loaded sleds in front. Fresh snow from the blizzard obscured the crevasses.

In the long single file of sleds and dogs, Dietz's brother-in-law, the doctor from the Bronx, was traveling just ahead of him. (Dietz, in his book written years later, never once divulged the name of his brother-in-law.)

About noon Dietz was startled to hear the yelp of frightened dogs and then the cry of a man. He looked up just in time to see his brother-in-law disappear from sight. Dietz and the other men rushed to the spot where the doctor, with his sled dogs, had vanished. All they could find was a round hole in the snow, revealing a seemingly bottomless chasm. They saw no sign of the doctor.

"Hawkeye, tell me again about this here short-cut."

Along with him had gone the expedition's supply of medicine, but this they could take; it was the loss of a member of their party that shook them up. They realized for the first time that they were far from home in a dangerous country. For the first time the gold fever seemed to burn less feverishly in their souls. Still none suggested that they return. They would push on regardless of the peril.

Just as they were running out of cooking oil, suffering from snow blindness, afflicted with terrible sore throats, and exhausted to the point of collapse, they reached the summit of the glacier. It was May 4. There were now seventeen men in the Dietz party.

It was at the summit that Dietz noticed Fred Weiden was no longer with them. No one had paid much attention as he had been lagging behind for several hours. When he didn't show up in a reasonable length of time, however, several men, including Dietz, volunteered to look for him. Several miles back on the glacier the search party discovered a deep cravasse with tracks of a sled leading to it. The story was all too obvious—Weiden had become the second victim of the glacier. Now there were sixteen men.

Travel became easier when they could coast down the opposite side of the glacier. The dogs were released and allowed to run free, but were so used to the harness that they tried to run in front of the sleds, and several were injured.

However, the generator became a greater burden then ever. The engineers attempted to lighten the cumbersome piece of machinery by removing a wheel and other objects from it but it still held up their progress. Even so, there was no question of abandoning it.

At times the glacier became so rough and crevasse-covered that the men had to transport their supplies by backpack, grueling work in their exhausted condition. Sometimes a crevasse was so wide they had to go miles out of their way to avoid it.

When it seemed to the men that they could continue no farther, that they would die of exhaustion, a tree-clad ravine appeared in the distance. It gave them hope that they would soon be off the glacier. The Dietz party, however, hadn't paid its final toll. Another member, a Mr. Boyden, fell into a deep crevasse. The men had to leave him even though they heard a faint call from the abyss. They had no means of effecting a rescue. Now there were fifteen.

ON June 2, the gold seekers managed to get their last supplies, including the generator, off the glacier. One of the first things they did was build a wood fire and prepare their first warm meal in weeks.

It was shortly after leaving the glacier, on June 12, that the men from the *Blakely* split up. The Denison, Texas, group headed northeast, hoping to reach Dawson City. The Dietz party headed due north with the idea of hitting the Tanana River and proceeding to Circle City where they had heard was "a wonderful supply of gold."

The going became even rougher than before. All of their supplies, even the sleds, had to be back-packed over terrain choked with alder and brush—the Alaskan jungle. The men did not complain. At last they were really on the road to riches! Besides, their diet was now enlivened with fresh fish and ptarmigan. They felt in much better health. All talked continually of striking a rich gold field. They prospected every creek and stream they encountered.

Now and then the routine of their life was broken by some unusual experience. One day Dietz fell and broke his wrist. The inexperienced men, now without a doctor or medicine, set his

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arm the best they could, and Dietz became camp cook while his arm was in a sling.

Professor Merrill, the mineralogist, was forever sampling specimens brought in to camp. Each time he had to tell the finders they had been misled by a mineral commonly called "fool's gold."

On July 29, Harry Davis, one of the civil engineers, admitted that it was no longer feasible to continue packing their generator. It was causing too much delay. Davis took bearings of the spot where it was left; sometime in the future they could retrieve it.

Now they made better time, although encountering new aggravations. Swarms of mosquitoes filled the muskeg bush. They were everywhere—in the food, in the men's eyes, ears, noses and mouths. At night the pests swarmed into the tents, nearly driving Dietz and the others out of their minds with the constant biting. Their faces became swollen, their nerves stretched taut. Just when the constant itching seemed to be more than they could bear, the loathsome little insects disappeared.

Perhaps it was something caused by the mosquitoes, perhaps it was scurvy, but whatever it was one of the party became seriously ill. Andrew Maddis, the Bridgeport man, died on August 28. Now there were fourteen.

WITH the death of Maddis, one of the more robust of the group, those remaining began to realize the awful predicament they were in. They were lost in a vast wilderness with winter fast approaching. They would have to hurry and try to make their way to a settlement before the snows caught them.

Anxiety gave them renewed vigor. They didn't stop to prospect the streams. Camps were established some ten miles apart. Each member carried from 50 to 100 pounds of supplies, relaying them from camp to camp. All track of time was lost; days melted into weeks.

The stream they were following became wider and wider until it was a full-blown river. The engineers consulted their maps and decided this had to be the Tanana.

It was in December that the men realized they weren't going to reach civilization before winter set in. It would be necessary to make a winter camp and start out again in the spring.

A site was chosen and work started on their winter quarters. A rude cabin, constructed of poplar logs, measured about ten by twenty feet. A door three feet high and two feet wide was cut at one end. Two small openings were left for windows. A makeshift fireplace was built at one end of the cabin. Logs were whipsawed into planks for the door. The windows were covered with paper taken from their bacon slabs. Cracks between the logs were chinked with clay and moss.

Even while work on the cabin went on, several men were kept busy prospecting in nearby streams. One day the prospectors returned to camp jubilant. Each handed Dietz a handful of nuggets, as well as some garnets they had found embedded in sandstone. But Merrill pointed out to the excited men that the nuggets were copper, not gold.

The party decided that a claim should be made on the discovery site anyway, so Davis, the engineer, laid out a homestead claim where the copper was found. Large stakes, with the company's name carved into the wood, were placed at the boundaries.

When the cabin was completed the men began the task of cutting enough wood to last through the winter. They cut enough, Dietz estimated, to last through two winters, for men, no matter how good friends they are, when cooped together in a small cabin for long periods, suffer from what the old-time Alaskans called "cabin fever."

Dietz wrote, "Each one of us thought that all the rest were crazy, and he alone was in a rational frame of mind. As a result no one put any confidence in what another said, and we could gain no comfort from each other's advice or opinions."

The men talked constantly of their situation. Each had his own idea of what should be done about it. Halderman, one of the New York policemen, believed their only chance was to push down the river until they reached an Indian settlement or a mining camp. The others thought such a plan was sure suicide. They would have nothing to do with it—except argue against it.

Gradually Halderman won over Tom Eagan and Henry Bohn to his way of thinking. Long arguments ensued over the merits of the plan. Gradually there was a split in the group and the three men made preparations to leave. The food was divided proportionately and the Dietz faction gave Halderman and his two companions a shovel, an ax, a Winchester rifle, and two dogs.

Two days later they started out, confident they would reach civilization. No word was ever received from them again, and Dietz believed they perished soon after leaving the cabin. Now there were eleven.

AS WINTER advanced, the men became more and more inactive. Much of their time was spent in their sleeping bags. They worked very little. A fire was kept continually burning in the fire place.

Dietz recalled that the hardest part of their confinement was the lack of amusement. The days seemed endless; the weeks seemed like months and the months years.

The men confided personal things that no other living soul had ever heard, not even their priests or wives. "Everyone of us made confessions of his past life, simply for something to say," Dietz wrote, "that could not have been wrung from him by the most severe third degree methods under ordinary conditions. Every man in the party knew every man better than it is possible for human beings to know each other under any other conditions. Every thought that any of us had was expressed, not as a confidence but simply as a subject for speech."

The men became so lazy through inactivity that it was almost impossible for them to go for more wood when their supply ran dangerously low. Probably, also, they were suffering from scurvy. Although they still had plenty of provisions, these could not supply the vitamins their bodies demanded. Only the hope of striking it rich kept them going through the long winter months. They felt that somehow Providence had guided them to this spot and that gold lay out there at the base of the towering mountains that hemmed them in. Come spring they would sink a shaft and make a fortune.

As soon as the sun began to warm the earth and melt the snows, this project was begun. Day after day they worked. Then they reached bedrock. A cradle was built and gravel from the shaft was worked as excitement ran high. The results—a few specks of gold.

Failure to find gold in paying quantities did not dampen their spirits. Gold undoubtedly was somewhere near and they would eventually discover it. They would prospect farther toward the mountains.

Then Merrill became very ill. He ran a high fever; his hair began falling out; his teeth loosened—all symptoms of scurvy. Yet ill as he was, the mineralogist insisted the men continue with their prospecting.

Davis, the engineer, John Horman and Edward Norris took three weeks' provisions and confidently left on a prospecting trip. Dietz was to have accompanied them but decided at the last minute to stay at the cabin.

When two weeks passed and no word was received, those in camp became alarmed. When another week passed and there was still no word, Dietz organized a search party.

Their last camp was found some twenty-five miles from the cabin. It had not been occupied for days. The rescue party traced the men to a point where a huge avalanche had cascaded down the mountainside, sweeping everything before it. It was all too apparent what had happened to the three prospectors. The terrible slide had swept them away.

NOW there were eight. For the first time since the group left New York there was no thought of gold. Once their only desire was for riches; now they wondered if they would ever escape the wilderness or, like their unlucky companions, fall victim to the dangers lying on every hand.

They became obsessed with one thought—getting out. Their best chance seemed to lie in going down the river reaching an Indian settlement, and somehow getting to the coast where a ship could pick them up.

Merrill died. And now there were seven—seven men more despondent than ever but still determined not to give up. "We decided to follow the river," Dietz wrote, "as did the other three of our party last winter when it froze not knowing where it would take us. In the meantime there was nothing for us to do but wait, and we employed our time catching plenty of fish and replenishing our food supply. Every man's rations were cut down to almost nothing, and we did not allow ourselves all the fish we wanted in order thereby to get together a good supply for our journey."

When the river was finally frozen solid, they started. Everything but their food, sleeping bags, one tent, a shovel and their sleds was left behind. Dietz even forgot to take his money belt containing $700 in gold that he had cached in the cabin.

They made about ten miles a day. Sometimes they had to leave the river to detour around some rock chasm to avoid open water. On one such detour, about ten days out, they discovered a snowshoe trail. They were nearly overcome with joy. The trail led them to an Indian settlement. The natives greeted them with coolness; after all, they were a wild looking group of men. Their beards were a foot long; hair was unkempt; their clothes hung from their bodies in tatters.

One of the "natives" was actually a Swede by the name of Jensen who had once lived in New London, Connecticut. For the previous ten years he had lived among these Indians and was now more native than white man. However, he promised to help the Dietz party reach Orcas, a native settlement on the coast. (This help provided by Jensen amounted to no more than directions on how to reach Orcas, and selling some fish and clothing to them.)

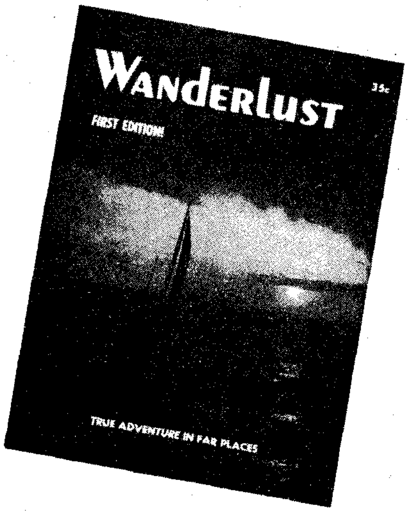
The irony of their predicament was that they had to cross another glacier to reach the coast. Jensen warned that they would perish if they did not wait until spring, but all had had enough of the wilderness. They would go even if it meant their death.

THE TRIP should have taken three weeks but somehow they took a wrong turn on the glacier, and instead of reaching Copper River that would have led them to Orcas they continued on the ice cap.

Evans, who earlier had had his feet frostbitten, became progressively worse. His feet swelled to twice their normal size and he could no longer walk. Dietz placed him on his sled and helped the dogs pull him. Despite this Evans weakened and died. Now only six men were left. Those who survived could feel no grief for Evans. He had escaped the awful suffering of the glacier; they were still trapped.

With a tenacity born of desperation, Dietz's party continued the struggle. Half frozen, more dead than alive, they ran out of food. Two of their dogs were killed and eaten. Then another and another of their faithful huskies fell to the stew pot. When only two dogs were left, the men saw a long sliver of blue in the distance. The Pacific Ocean?

It was the Pacific but far from Orcas. They were no better off when they'd reached it than when on the glacier. Starved, half out of their minds, they built huge fires from the driftwood on the beach. Perhaps some ship would see the smoke and come to their rescue. They killed and ate their last two dogs. When these were gone they ate putrid fish



It's exactly what the subtitle denotes—"True Adventure in Far Places."

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they found on the beach.

At last they gave up. There was no hope. They would crawl into their sleeping bags near the burning logs and go to sleep forever.

Sleep, the deep sleep of exhaustion and starvation from which few men awaken, overcame Dietz and his fellow sufferers. Blissfully they sank into sweet oblivion, not caring anymore if they lived or died.

But Dietz didn't die. Some miracle brought the Coast Guard cutter *Wollcutt* near the area and a member of the crew spotted the smoke from the burning driftwood. The captain sent a boat ashore to investigate. The rescuers found the six men in their sleeping bags.

Two of them were beyond help, having died in their sleep. Dietz, Pitman, Wilson and Murtha were more dead than alive. They were taken aboard the *Wollcutt* and given medical attention. The cutter then proceeded to Sitka, then the capital of Alaska, where the four men were hospitalized.

One week later Dietz came back to the world of the living. In another week he was out of the hospital and returning to Seattle on the steamer *Discovery*. When Dietz arrived at Seattle he immediately wired his wife that he was all right and returning home. In New York his family was overjoyed for it was as though he had returned from the dead. A dispatch from the north had reported that the whole party had been lost at sea.

Of the four men who returned from the ill-fated expedition only Dietz recovered fully. Murtha and Pitman became blind from the awful glare of the ice and snow. Wilson suffered from ill-health for the rest of his life.

So ended the Dietz expedition—a group of men who should have stayed at home in New York. They were no more suited to the rigors of prospecting than a housewife is suited for the life of a lumberjack. This was true of many thousands who trekked north in search of quick wealth. There were a few who found gold; all found hardship galore; and some found death waiting for them on the trail.

Bloody Night on the Gila

(Continued from page 35)

at the agency until we can get the soldiers from Fort Thomas. We're going to warn everybody on the road."

"The hell, you say," exploded the old scrapper. "Now, you look-a-here, Pardner Captain. I've fit Injuns all over Arizony and not one of 'em has made me turn back yit, and none ain't goin' to now. Why in thunder don't you fellers do like we done back thar in '66? We made good Injuns out'n them pesky Wallapais. We killed 'em—squaws and —," amid roars of laughter, Bill plunged on into the store.

He bought a slab of bacon, then ordered Charlie and me back into the wagon. As he was turning his team, Dan Ming, second in command to Sterling, stopped him and said, "Keep your eyes open, Bill. Sterling is in earnest about what he told you."

"All right, Dan. But this is the first time I've had a chance to talk to a captain in the army since I got out of it; and golldurn it, I'm glad he knows who I am now."

A short time later, with old Bill cracking his whip and yelling at the mules, we were reeling across the Gila River. From there the road led in and out of the hills and the going was rough. Three miles was as far as we got before it was time to stop for the night. We found a spot near the stream in a grove of cottonwoods.

AFTER SUPPER, while we were "resting"—Bill and Charlie on their bedroll, I against a wagon wheel—Bill regaled us with his past deeds. The light from the fire gave crazy shapes to rocks and bushes and cast weird shadows. To us boys the cottonwoods seemed to be shielding every ferocious beast in Arizona. Suddenly, as Bill was about to slaughter two grizzly bears with only a bowie knife and a tomahawk, an Indian stepped silently into the light. Prepared for anything I was not startled.

"How, how," he said.

I expected an outburst of profanity from Bill, but he merely shoved his hat back and asked, "Well, Injun, what do you want?"

The Indian drew his blanket closer —wore a blanket and leggin's. His hair was brushed back from his forehead; his eyes were black and keen. "Tobac," he replied.

Bill had plenty of tobacco. I waited anxiously to see what he would do.

"No, Injun, I ain't got no tobaccer for ye," he said gruffly.

The Indian drew his blanket closer about him and stood staring into the fire. I was sorry for him. I had a plug of tobacco of my own, and I cut off a piece and handed it to him. His eyes lighted with pleasure. Then, as he bit off a chew of the tobacco and stored it in his jaw, he asked: "You go choo-choo?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

The Indian motioned me to follow him, then turned and walked out of the light. As I stepped to his side, he put his hand on my shoulder and said in a low tone, "You no go up river! You ketch 'em John Daze (meaning the mules). You go back San Carlos."

Then, as if satisfied he had given fair exchange for the favor I had done him, he walked quickly into the darkness. I was stiff with fear. Common sense told me that this Indian was either a Chiricahua or a Mescalero, and that he had stolen away from his party to ask for tobacco; that if *he* knew where we camped, so did they. We probably were but a couple of miles from them.

But how was I to handle Bill? As it turned out, I didn't handle him. When I told him what the Apache had said to me, he replied, "To hell with him," then removed his boots and piled into bed.

Shivering with apprehension, I crawled under my blanket. The Indian had as good as told me that we were in danger. His warning verified the words of Sterling that there was trouble ahead, and here we were right in the path of the renegades should they break out of the reservation. I slept fitfully, waking at every sound through the night and trying to see through the trees. At daybreak Bill shouted for me to get up. I shot to my feet.

"Are they coming?" I gasped.

"Nobody's comin'. You git goin' after them thar mules. Me'n Charlie will fix breakfast." But there was a note of uneasiness in Bill's voice.

I ran full-tilt to the open space where I had left the mules the night before, a short distance downstream. There were only three of them. That was strange—all six had been hobbled; they wouldn't have strayed, I felt sure. I looked in every direction; the other three were nowhere in sight.

NOT KNOWING what else to do, I unhobbled the remaining mules as fast as I could and led them to camp. Bill was waiting for me, bridles in hand.

"Whar're the others?" he asked.

"Don't know. These are all I could find."

"Well, we've got to have them mules." He thought a moment, squinting at me sideways. "You git on Betsy and go back after 'em." Betsy was our riding mule. "You won't have no trouble picking up the trail once you're out'n these here cottonwoods. And you hurry back with 'em. I want to get goin' as soon as I can."

I climbed on Betsy, and Bill handed me a long cactus stalk. "Here, take this. Now don't lose no time," he said.

Wondering why he did not go himself, I struck out in a long lope. Once past the grazing ground, I slowed to look for tracks. I was now heading into the mesquite thickets which grew along the riverbank. As I rode along, trying to protect my face from the thorny branches of the mesquites, I pondered Bill's strange behavior. I was sure that he thought something was wrong.

"Drat his hide," I muttered, "I believe he thinks the Indians have stolen those mules and he's afraid to go after them!"

It still was not good light, but presently I struck their trail. Still hobbled they had plowed along single file. I dismounted and examined the ground more closely. There, zig-zagging behind the tracks of the mules, were those of a pony—a pony ridden by an Indian, of course. Who else? I remounted and rode on, following the tracks. Then, from the top of a small hill, I saw the mules. They were some distance ahead of me and in with a bunch of horses that an Indian was herding toward the Chiricahua camp.

I drew rein, wondering what I should do. Go back and tell Bill what I had seen —and get cussed out for not going on— or keep on the trail until I knew for sure what the Indian was going to do with the mules? Since they were hobbled, they were bound to be holding up the herd. The brave might decide to leave them along the way. Very uneasy, I rode on.

Then, afraid to stay on the trail any longer, I turned down to a wagon road that led in the same direction. I decided that this would put me out of sight of the Indian but I would still be able to keep an eye on the mules from high points along the way. What I did was to ride right into view of another Indian! He was on horseback, watching from a bluff about 200 yards away. He raised his rifle but instead of firing at me, he turned his horse and dashed away. Unconsciously I had moved the cactus stalk into his line of vision and he had mistaken it for a gun.

The light was yet dim, with the sun just beginning to gild the top of Mount Turnbull, towering to the east of me. I rode down the road as fast as Betsy could make it over the rocks and ruts and presently the Chiricahua camp came into view. The herd of horses I had seen had crossed the river and was nearing the camp but I couldn't tell whether the mules were in it. I was straining my eyes for a sight of them when suddenly cries and yells rent the air. Then came the blood-curdling Apache war whoop, followed by the roar of guns. The dreaded breakout was getting underway.

As the smoke of the guns cleared away, I saw squaws dragging their screaming papooses from the wigwams, and braves wrestling with frantic horses. There was another blast of gunfire; then all was stone still. I saw the reason—a white man on a big bay horse was riding toward the camp.

I was too far away to discern the features of the man, but from his army uniform and his horse, which I had noticed at the store, I took him to be Captain Sterling. When about 100 yards from camp, the rider stopped; then, standing in his stirrups, he raised his arms in token of a parley. A volley of shots was his answer. Horse and rider crumpled to the ground. Indians, yelling and waving knives, ran to the scene.

Again there was heavy firing from the camp; this time toward the agency—to warn the whites and the Indians there to stay where they were. By this time the squaws and old men were herding the papooses and animals up the river. Mounted warriors soon joined them, some riding ahead of the surging caravan, some to the sides. All were shooting and yelling. Bullets whizzed past me; but Betsy and I were safe behind some boulders.

Our camp, which was a couple of miles up the river on the road leading eastward from the agency, would be right on their path. What of Bill and Charlie? Should I try to warn them, or should I head for the agency to report what I had seen? The latter course won out. I felt certain that Bill had heard the guns by this time and, having been forewarned by Sterling of an impending breakout by the Chiricahuas, would run to the hills for safety.

I WAITED a few minutes for the Indians to get out of sight, then made a dash for the river which I would have to cross. I was in the middle of it when a band of mounted Maricopas, armed with pistols and rifles, hit the water from the other side, splashing me from head to foot. They laughed and shouted as they passed me—they were scouts in hot pursuit of the renegades.

When I got to the agency with my news, I found the white men there still waiting anxiously—for they knew not what. The man I had seen murdered was indeed Captain Sterling. He had gone to the belligerent Indians in full knowledge of the danger involved to himself, but hoping that there was a chance he could pacify them. He felt he had to take it; lives were at stake.

By this time other Indians from all around the agency had gathered at the store and the fort. The confusion was great, with warriors chanting war songs and squaws wailing for the dead—three of their sons had just been killed by the the Chiricahuas. Fiery young braves on horseback rode wildly through the crowds, yelling and gesticulating with their rifles to demonstrate methods of charging an enemy. Murder had aroused the smoldering resentment of these unwilling hordes and now it was surging to the fore. There was no discounting the gravity of the situation.

Dan Ming, now next in command, summoned the white men to a council. "Ignore these Indians," he said. "Do not mingle with them, or have anything to say to them. Go about your business as though you regard their demonstrations as child's play. Show a brave front; let them think you are not afraid of them. If they see us cowering before them, they are apt to massacre every one of us!"

We separated and with Ming's words ringing in our ears went about the agency with all the unconcern we could muster. I, for one, was terrified. Many times that morning I caught scowls of hatred and heard dark mutterings all around us. But the hours passed without incident.

From time to time I had cast anxious glances up the road for a sight of Bill and Charlie—in spite of my self-assurances as to their safety, I certainly was not convinced of it. Finally they came roaring in, their team in a lather. As they stopped at the store Bill spied me the first thing.

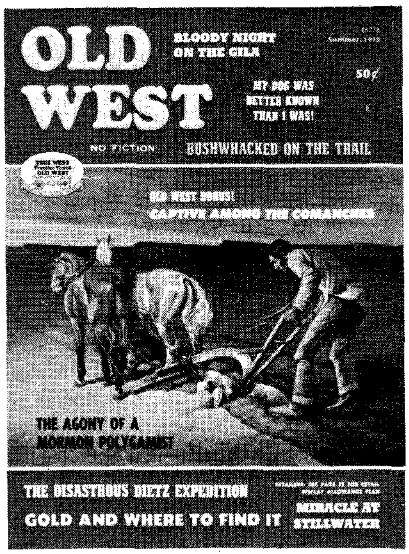
"Hello, kid," he exclaimed heartily, "so them pesky varmints didn't git you! Well, I brung down three of 'em; they fell into the river when I pulled down on 'em. Would have got more, if it hadn't been for Charlie. Wouldn't I, son?"

Charlie nodded weakly. He told me later that at the first sound of the guns, they had hitched up the remaining mules and had driven into the hills to where they could not be seen from the road. They had waited there until the Indians were long gone, before starting for the agency.

Because of the uproar during the morning, it was several hours before we dared to go after the body of Sterling. We found him lying beside his horse. He was stripped of his clothing and covered with blood. He had been shot through the head. His throat was cut from ear to ear. One ear had been severed.

Captain Sterling was buried at the agency that afternoon with military honors. Guns have never sounded their burial notes over a more obedient soldier or a braver man than he. Time: April 12, 1882.

Don't Take The Wrong Trail, Podner!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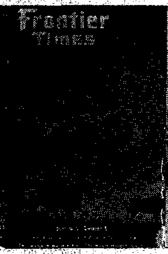
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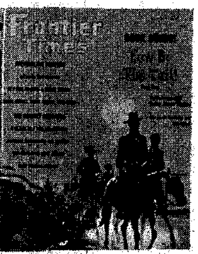
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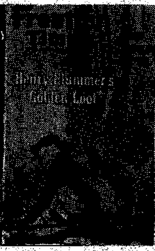
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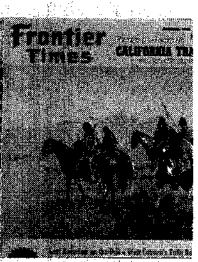
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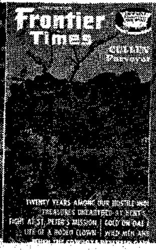
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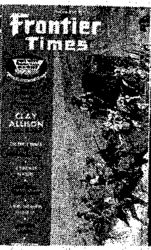
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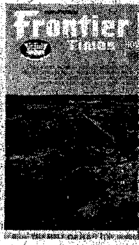
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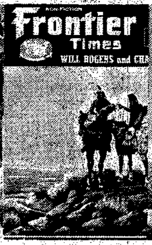
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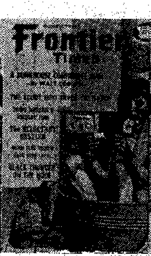
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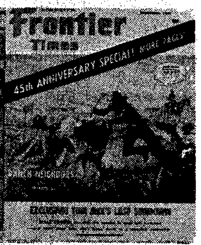
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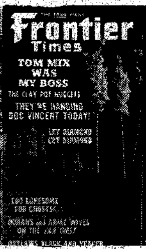
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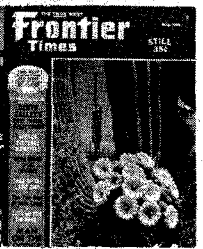
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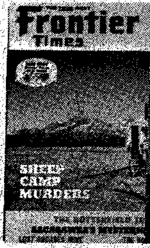
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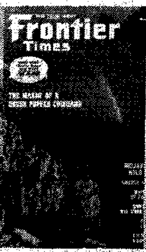
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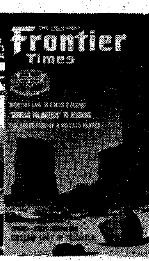
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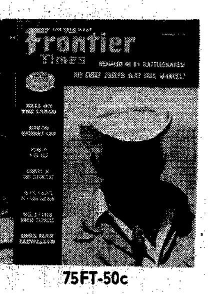
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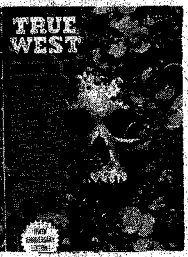

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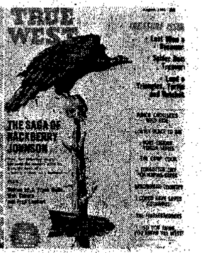
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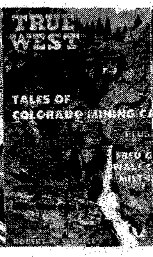
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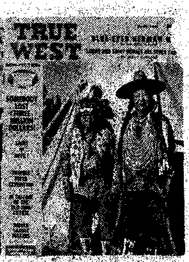

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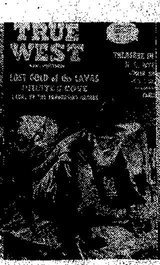
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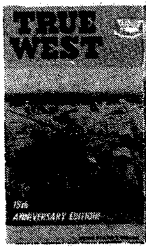
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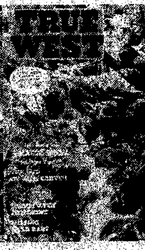

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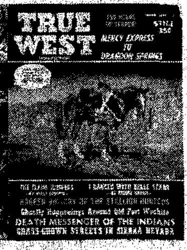
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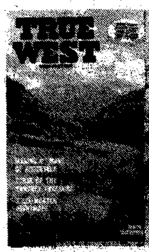

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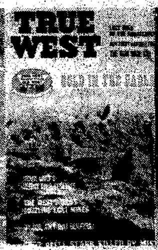

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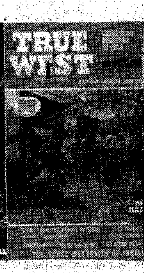

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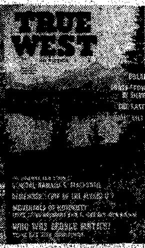

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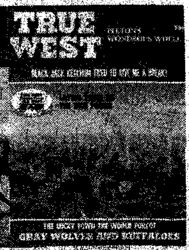
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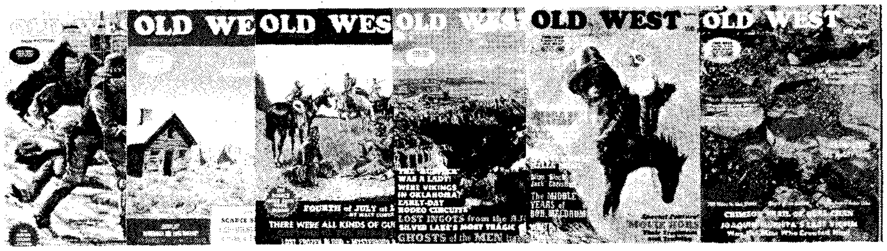

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Captive Among the Comanches

(Continued from page 37)

We took a northeast direction and traveled slowly till sunset, when we encamped. Here the plunder, consisting of blankets, bedding, clothing, bridles, and some money which I had in my pocket, was divided among the Indians. Some articles considered useless were thrown into the fire. My clothing was taken away, except barely enough to cover my person. In the distribution of the captives, the eldest boy, about 12 years of age, was claimed by the chief; I became the property of one of the others. I should have mentioned that one of our captors was a Mexican who had been stolen from the State of Chihuahua when an infant. He was now as savage as the Indians, and claimed the youngest boy for his prize. The scalp of the Mexican was stretched on a stick and dried by the fire.

After giving us some meat for our supper, the Indians began to secure us for the night. The boys, with their arms tied tightly behind them, were taken under guard by two of the savages. My feet were tied together, and I was obliged to lie between the other two. I did not sleep any during the night for I was afraid of being killed.

THE NEXT day we resumed our journey and traveled in the same direction. The boys were mounted on good animals, and had bows and arrows. Their faces were painted Indian fashion, and they looked like young savages. They appeared to enjoy this new mode of life, and were never treated with excessive cruelty. I was mounted on a good horse, but being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was exceedingly painful.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much, but the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified in seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was left entirely unprotected from the intensely hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity toward me, until the twelfth day after my capture. At this time we were joined by two Indian men and a squaw. These were all the Indians I saw till after my escape. Up to this time my suffering had been so severe as to take from me all desire to live, but now they were greatly increased. The squaw, from whom I might have expected some compassion, was evidently the cause of the new cruelties which I now began to experience.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently top me over its head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican's scalp before its eyes. The beast would then rear and plunge in the utmost fright, and I would be thrown upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half a dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned. My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians, whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

I never saw them exhibit the first sign of pity toward me. It made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not rise immediately and mount the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gunsticks, or the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view of putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you I expected to become a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman and subjected me to greater suffering.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I was compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back which, being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. I brought the animals to camp in the morning and had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back, and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to study every method of putting me to death by piecemeal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired, and often, when scarcely able to stand and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief, who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine and storm.

I HAVE gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on their hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food, I received little or nothing—when any game was killed, the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink except when in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain that I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the hot rays of the sun. Nothing could soften them into pity, and I ardently desired death that my torments might come to an end.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I am at a loss to know how I lived through the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my inhuman masters. My indignation burned particularly against the chief, and I thought that if only I could cut him to pieces I could die content.

We traveled every day—we usually started about 10 o'clock in the morning, and halted about four. The Indians were accustomed to go to the tops of the highest hills and stand there gazing in every direction. We always spent the night on a hill and were thus exposed to the cold autumn winds; we slept on the ground, generally without covering. When it rained the Indians made a tent of the blankets and wagon sheet they had stolen from us, but I was not allowed to take shelter in it—I preferred sleeping out in the storm.

After my mule had become so gentle that I could ride him without being thrown, it was taken away from me and I was obliged to travel on foot. The road over which we passed was often very rough and stony, and full of thorns. My feet were wounded and bruised till they were covered with blood and greatly swollen. But still I was obliged to keep up with the rest of the party, and if I fell behind I was beaten till I was nearly senseless. The Indians often urged me on by riding their horses over me; many a mile of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries.

I traveled thus on foot some five or six days. After the party were ready to start in the morning, the direction of the route was pointed out to me, and I was required to go before the others in order not to hinder them. They usually overtook me before I traveled far. I had always intended to make my escape as soon as I found an opportunity. I never expected to reach any friendly settlement, but I did not wish to give the Indians the pleasure of seeing me die.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth day after my capture, I was sent on in advance as usual. I had eaten no breakfast and was very weak, but the hope of escape now supported me. I hastened on as fast as I could, and finding a suitable hiding place I turned aside and concealed myself in the bushes. After this I saw no more of my captors. I

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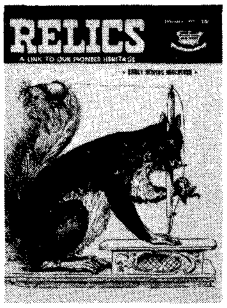

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found afterwards by the tracks of the animals that they had searched for me; they probably thought I would die, and therefore took less trouble to find me. I have no doubt the next time they pass that way they will look for my bones.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description. I was alone in Indian country, some hundreds of miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around, and savages more wild than the beasts roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most terrible forms stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation. But I could not weep; my heart was too full of woe. I remembered the events of the few preceding weeks. The husband of my choice had been murdered, and I was not allowed the melancholy privilege of closing his eyes and seeing his remains decently interred. My property had been stolen, and within a few days' march of sympathizing friends, I had been captured by savages, and after three weeks of indescribable suffering, found myself wandering solitary and destitute in the midst of the wild prairies—my cup was filled to overflowing, but I resolved to live in hope if I died in despair.

AFTER remaining three days in the place where I concealed myself from the Indians, I went to a grove about three miles distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. Here I lived nine days. My only food was the hackberries that grew around the area. I quenched my thirst at a spring nearby. My wounds pained me exceedingly, and I wasted to a mere skeleton for want of proper nourishment. It rained upon me seven nights in succession, and my little house was unable to protect me from the cold storms. More than once I spent a sleepless night, perfectly drenched in rain, while the wolves—sometimes coming within five steps of me—would make the woods ring with their frightful howlings. They would also follow close behind me when I went to the spring during the day; I expected sometime to be devoured by them.

When I slept I would dream of seeing tables spread with an abundance of every kind of food, but when I stretched forth my hand to satisfy my hunger, the effort would awaken me, and I would find myself weeping bitterly.

When absent from my house on the twelfth day after my escape, some New Mexican traders passed by on their way to the Comanche settlements. While standing on a small hill, looking after them in order to be sure they were not Indians, I was discovered by some three or four of the party who happened to be some distance behind. They immediately came toward me, and soon understood my situation. They kindly offered to take me with them, and I gladly bade farewell to my house in the woods. The Mexicans put me on a burro and gave me a blanket and men's clothing, in which I dressed myself very comfortably.

Two or three days after this we came in sight of a band of Comanches, and as it was not safe for me to be seen by them, I was left behind in a ravine with the promise that the Mexicans would return for me at night. As they did not fulfill their promise, I started toward their camp; about midnight, while wandering among the bushes, a Comanche Indian passed within twenty steps. I thought I was a captive once more, but fortunately the savage did not see me. I threw myself on the ground and waited for day. In the morning I started again for the camp of the Mexicans, but before I reached it I was discovered by one of the trading party who was herding the animals. This man is a Pueblo Indian of San Ildefonso, and is named Juan Jose. To him more than to any other man in the party, I owe my present freedom.

HE TOLD ME the camp was full of Comanches, and if they saw me it would be impossible for the party to save me. He made me lie down on the ground while he covered me with dried grass. I lay here all day, and at night crept forth to quench my almost intolerable thirst. Juan came and brought me some bread, and told me not by any means to leave my hiding place the next day. That day lagged slowly along, and I could hear the dreaded Comanches passing and repassing and shouting to each other.

At night Juan returned, bringing another blanket and several loaves of bread, and told me that I must remain here for seven or eight days longer, as the party were obliged to go farther on, and could not take me unless I was willing to become a captive once more. I saw the party disappear the next day, and it seemed as if my hopes of rescue disappeared with them. But I resolved to wait till the appointed time was up.

In a ravine nearby I found a large log which had been left burning; this fire I kept alive day and night till the Mexicans returned, and without it I would probably have frozen to death, as the weather had become very cold. I covered a hollow cottonwood stump with bark and leaves to keep out the cold wind. This stump was my house during my stay here. When I could endure the cold no longer I would leave my house and run to the fire, but was afraid to stay there long lest the Indians should see me. The wolves soon found out my place of retreat, and frequently, while I was in the stump, they would come and scratch around on its top. The hackberries were very scarce here, and had it not been for the bread Juan Jose gave me I do not see how I could have been kept from starving to death.

The eight days passed slowly by, and I knew not whether to give way to hope or despair. But on the 8th I heard several persons calling to each other. I feared they were Indians, but they belonged to the trading party and were on their return to New Mexico. They had lost the place where I was concealed, and were shouting to each other to attract my attention. I was so overjoyed that I rushed toward them unmindful of briars and sore feet. Juan gave me a fine horse to ride, and the whole party treated me with the utmost civility and kindness.

On the thirty-fourth day of our return toward New Mexico, we reached the town of Pecos. Here I met Major Carleton and Mrs. Adams of the U. S. Army, who took the deepest interest in my comfort. Here I laid aside men's apparel, and was furnished with a supply from Mrs. Adams' wardrobe. After remaining at Pecos a few days I was conducted to Santa Fe by the son of Gov. Merriwether.

To Gov. Merriwether, and also to the American ladies of this place, I cannot be too thankful for their friendly sympathies and uniform kindness. The past seems like a horrid dream. I have related nothing but facts, and no language that I can use can fully express the sufferings of mind and body which I have endured. My two brothers-in-law are still captives and unless reclaimed will become as savage as the Indians. The Mexicans saw them with the Comanches, but were unable to procure their freedom. One is twelve years old, the other ten, and unless the strong arm of Government is lifted for their redemption there is no hope for them.

I Don't Want None of Your Weevily Wheat . . .

(Continued from page 32)

side of the river no longer had to use Bob Sibley's ford for transporting their wheat. By the time I was born there was a good bridge across the river, a couple of hundred yards above the ford.

It is this mill, which Perry had remodeled in 1881 and in which was installed the latest roller milling process—increasing its capacity to 275 barrels—that I remember. I would ride with Dad when he hauled wheat there. (These trips kept me out of Mother's hair for hours at a time.) I remember Perry going from wagon to wagon, as they stood in line to dump their wheat. He carried his little brass tester—a combination measure and scale.

On at least one occasion Mother went along. While waiting for Dad to unload, we strolled into the mill and looked at the machinery. It was dusty inside. On the river side of the first floor there was an open doorway, and steps going down to a large room on a lower level. This room was filled with a different kind of machinery and the machinery was noisy. Mother told me this was where the mill manufactured electricity for the lights in town.

Then we went up a long flight of steps to the second floor. There were more interesting things to see. Men were working. At the river end of the mill a man was sacking first-grade flour—"Perry Hutchinson's Best." I kept expecting the man to be covered up, but he had time to do everything, even to looking over at me and grinning now and then. He would place a 48-pound flour sack over a down spout, just large enough so the sack would go around it. The sack quickly filled with flour. The equipment was so arranged that the flour quit flowing into the sack at 48 pounds. But the man didn't trust the sacking scale. He would take the near-filled sack and set it on a platform scale, then quickly put another sack on the downspout.

Next he checked the weight of the filled sack—taking from or adding to as needed. It fascinated me to see him hand-sew the top of the sack. He had several large needles threaded with twine, about the size a merchant uses to tie bundles, sticking in a large pad. I am sure he was much less than a minute sewing the sack, leaving an ear at either end of the seam.

Grabbing the ears, he swung the sack onto a two-wheeled truck. Laid flat, the truck would hold several sacks. When the piled sacks of flour came to the top of the truck's handles, he wheeled them over to where he was stacking the flour.

A bit farther along, and to his left, another man was just about as busy. He was sacking flour, also. Mother told me he was sacking the second-grade flour. I learned later that the ground wheat was passing over a "bolt" or cloth screen, and particles of the ground wheat, too coarse for the first grade bolt, sifted through to become second-grade flour.

Farther left, beyond this second man, workers were sacking shorts and bran, but my memory of them is not so clear. I'm inclined to think the rhythmic timing exercised by the man sacking "Perry Hutchinson's Best" fascinated me and held my attention.

OVER THE YEARS Marysville acquired two railroads. The Union Pacific was one of the land-grant roads. The government gave U.P. every other section for five miles on either side of the road, leaving every other section for the settlers to homestead. It was some of this granted land Dad bought from the railroad, when he moved to Marshall County in 1882.

Later the St. Jo and Grand Island built through Marysville, and on up into Nebraska, at least as far as Hastings. This gave the town and county access to two cattle markets, as the Union Pacific terminated in Kansas City. Much corn was raised around Marysville, and many cattle feeders produced corn-fed beef for the two markets. Perry Hutchinson was one of the larger feeders, preparing several hundred head for the market each year. He bought up land around the mill until he had 600 acres, and bought other land south of town. Cattle feeding pens were on both tracts of land.

He built the family residence on the original eighty acres. It was on the top of the bluff where it overlooked the mill, as well as the county seat town across the river. Some pronounced it the finest country home in North Kansas.

In locating his mill at the west end of the dam, Perry had an unlimited building supply of superior limestone, almost within wheelbarrow distance of his millsite. Directly west of the mill was a series of long corncribs for the storing of ear corn. The mouse- and rat-proof floors of the crib were set on stone piers eighteen inches off the ground. The sides and ends of the cribs were of 1 x 4 lumber, generally termed "fencing" boards. The boards were nailed horizontally to vertical studding, about one and a half inches apart. This allowed the air to pass freely through the corn, keeping it cool and dry. Corn in ear, in this type crib, could be stored safely much longer than if shelled and placed in a bin.

The mill was always in the market for cats. Seemingly it never had an oversupply. I remember someone saying that Wallace, Perry's youngest son, on his way to work carried two pails of fresh milk down the bluff to the mill each morning to feed the cats. This may have been told for my benefit. I had been accumulating mother cats until the farm buildings and the surrounding lots were overrun with cats and kittens. At last Dad decided there were entirely too many cats. He and one of my older brothers covered the lower box of a lumber wagon with chicken wire. They captured the bulk of my cats at feeding time, and the next day hauled them to the mill. I recall worrying how they would be treated.

Over the years I saw a great deal of the mill, aside from when we were hauling grain. One of our neighbors, an old soldier named McMillen who lived directly across from the section from us, sold his farm. He bought forty acres adjoining the mill property on the south, lying between the road and the river. Our two families continued to visit. On a number of occasions Dad, Mother, and I stayed

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all night with the McMillens. Sometimes it was because of bad weather, and sometimes because there was something special going on in town, such as a political speech or the installation of officers in the Masonic lodge. In the dark or during a storm five and one-half miles is a long way to travel over country roads in a lumberwagon. My two older brothers would look after the chores when we didn't get home.

I HAVE two mental images of Perry Hutchinson; they both seem clear cut, though one may be a composite. I have spoken of his going down the line of wheat wagons with his little brass tester. I saw that sight a number of times. I recognized him when I saw him on the street, and I remember one day in Marysville's first bowling alley. It was a Saturday afternoon, probably in '96 or '97.

It was a single-alley affair, and several old soldiers were trying their hand. Perry wasn't having any luck keeping the ball on the alley, so he started rolling it with both hands. There was a lot of laughing and kidding about that being against the rules, but the proprietor ruled in Perry's favor.

I have an image of only one of the Hutchinson children—Frank, the oldest son. I don't believe he was connected with the mill in my time. I found an item, written in '89, to the effect that he was a merchant and the postmaster at Beattie, a small town on the St. Jo and Grand Island in the east part of Marshall County.

I recall when Frank built a brick building on the corner, across the street west from Hohn's store. They were laying large blocks of sawed limestone for the walks. I asked Dad who the man was, bossing the job. He said he was Perry Hutchinson's oldest son. There is no recollection of Wallace, the other boy, and the youngest of the four children. He was connected with the mill and I suppose he was always busy in the office.

One day, in later years, I went into my father-in-law's general store in Edmond, Oklahoma. He introduced me to "Mr. X," of the "I Mill and Elevator Company" in Kansas. He was visiting his mill's flour customers.

I asked Mr. X if he knew Perry Hutchinson, and he said he had known Perry for many years. He told me Perry was living still, and managing his mill. He mentioned a number of things—about it being the first flour mill west of the Missouri River, the first mill in Kansas, and at that time (1913) having the largest capacity of any mill in the state.

Then he laughed and told me this story. "You know Perry will buy the very latest in improved milling equipment, but he has never allowed a typewriter or adding machine in the mill office. He told Wallace if more letters than he could write by hand were necessary, to let him know, and he, Perry, would write them. The same went for adding figures. Perry said he would add them."

This conversation had an amusing aftermath. Two or three years later Mr. X, along with his milling company and the owner-operator of an Oklahoma mill, were indicted by a federal grand jury impaneled in Oklahoma City. The charge was conspiracy in restraint of Interstate Commerce. The law firm with which I was connected was employed by Mr. X to defend him and his corporation.

This seems to have been what happened. The two millers, completely unaware they were breaking any law, made a gentleman's agreement through an exchange of letters to keep their flour salesmen out of one another's natural trade territory. By some means, their agreement came to the attention of the Department of Justice. An inspector called upon them and asked for any letters that might have been exchanged. Both millers turned their files over to the inspector, and the indictments followed.

One day in conference, I reminded Mr. X of his story about Perry Hutchinson's aversion to typewriters, and told the story to the other attorneys. One old lawyer remarked, "What a wonderful client he would have been." You see the letters, together with their copies, had the defense handcuffed. We could only plead lack of malicious intent and introduce character witnesses to mitigate the punishment.

PERRY had other interests besides milling and cattle feeding. He was one of the organizers of the First National Bank of Marysville. It took over the Marshall County Bank which had been operating under a state charter, in 1882. He became a director and vice-president of the new institution, and served as a director for many years.

In 1879 he was elected state senator from his district, and served a four-year term. He made one other sally into the political field. He allowed himself to be elected county commissioner, again serving only the initial term. He was a member of Marysville Masonic Lodge #91, A. F. & A. M., and of the Marysville Chapter #29, R. A. M. He was also a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A Marysville paper speaks of a disastrous fire striking the mill February 5, 1905. Though in his seventy-fifth year, Mr. Hutchinson set about rebuilding. He replaced the old with a larger and more up-to-date mill, and was to have nine years more of a busy, useful life before his death in December 1914.

I HAVE found numerous references to the effect that Perry Hutchinson always paid a farmer a cent or two above the going price. In that connection I remember Dad coming into the kitchen and smiling as he told Mother, "Our new wheat tests sixty-two pounds to the bushel. 'Hutch' paid me two-cents a bushel premium."

None of the printed sources I have found mentioned the horsepower developed by the mill's turbine. But at the time his mill was rated at 275 barrels of flour capacity, and of course he was grinding corn products as well, there was power enough also to manufacture the electricity used in Marysville, the largest town in the county. Of course, not nearly as many electrical appliances were used in the '90s, but the town did have street arc-lights. The first ceiling fans I ever saw were powered by a water motor run on Marysville's water pressure. Each pair of fan blades was run by a small round belt from a main shaft.

By and large, the photographs I have been able to find agree with my memory. I recall a substantial amount of water flowing over the top of the dam. This indicates Perry wasn't using the full capacity of the river's water through his mill race. However, none of the log dams that I have seen is level enough along the top to produce as even a flow as the pictures indicate. I'm sure they have been touched up a bit.

The mill was the foundation upon which Mr. Hutchinson built a comfortable fortune, but the benefit his mill conferred upon the whole community and the town of Marysville scarcely can be comprehended. Settlers brought him their wheat from more than a hundred miles —both from Kansas and Nebraska. They hauled their grain by ox cart, by team and wagon. There were no roads, no bridges or ferries, no wagon yards, and for some time there was the Indian menace.

Only people desperate for a home, hungry for land to till they could call their own, and loving the freedom that was theirs in America, would have done this. How fortunate to find square-shooting Perry Hutchinson, at the end of their trail.

My Dog Was Better Known Than I Was!

(Continued from page 25)

put him to soak in salt water while I skinned the other coon and hung it. Then I put him on to boil in a lot of water. In about ten minutes I poured that water off and put him back on to boil in a small amount of water and let it boil down low. After a while I took the meat out, seasoned it and put it back to bake with sweet potatoes.

Grover had tasted coon only once before and that was in New York. Someone had brought us a coon, and Mother hadn't known how to cook it so she just boiled it and it wasn't fit to eat. When Grover knew that we were going to have coon he was not very happy about it. "I would just as soon have boiled dog," he said.

"Wait until you try this one," I told him. Those Arkansas people knew how to cook coon and they had taught me.

We ate about two o'clock. I cut half of the baked coon into three pieces and put that, with the sweet potatoes on the table. By the time I took up the cornbread and sat down at the table Grover had eaten his piece of coon. That was the last I ever heard about boiled dog.

We went hunting often and Seymour's reputation as a hunter grew. He always took the lead on a hunt and dogs would be strung out for a mile behind him sometimes. They were running him instead of following the scent. Several men came over one night for a hunt. I took

Seymour and there were six or eight dogs. They treed a coon soon after we started but the tree was such a bad one we passed it up. We went on up the Little Red River. The railroad had a camp there and when we were about 200 yards from it the dogs treed again. Some of the men in the camp must have been hunters because they came out and yelled at the dogs.

The tree the coon was in was a tall one which had been broken off at the top and was hollow from top to bottom with just a few branches near the top. It was gum and a bad one to climb too, but we were not going to pass up two coons in one night. I went up the tree. I told the others to build a little smoky fire at the bottom but not to let it burn much. I didn't want to be up there with much of a fire going in that old rotted stump but a little smoke would bring the coon out. I must have climbed over twenty feet before I came to a limb. Then I went on up to where the treetop was out. There I got straddle of a limb and waited for the coon.

Pretty soon the smoke belched out and up popped the coon. He looked at me and I looked at him. He turned and I shot him behind the ear, so as not to damage the fur. And just then flame shot out through the hole in the top of that tree! Those damned boys had built a regular bonfire in that hollow tree and it was burning fast. I got down faster than I had gone up and the tree came down in another minute.

The coon had gone into the river and the dogs went in after it and they were making an uproar. When the tree came down, too, those railroad men nearly yelled their heads off.

WE HAD COMPANY part of the winter. Alec Kimbrough and his brother Morris had a fight at a dance and cut some other boys. The law got after them and they came over into Searcy County. They crossed the Little Red River about a mile from our cabin and batched there on the riverbank. They brought food and clothes along and planned to stay until the grand jury sat. If they were not indicted they would go back home. If they were, they planned to go over into Indian Territory down in Oklahoma.

We soon got acquainted and they visited with us. We had stag dances and big feeds. Alec and Morris liked to hunt and a gang of us were out one night. We went down a branch to Pdee Creek and it was down there that the dogs treed. All of us wanted to go up the tree. We decided to let Sam go. It was a tall, slim tree and he climbed away up before he came to some branches. He got a good hold on a limb about twenty feet up and started to draw himself up. Then he yelled. There was a catamount instead of a coon up there and it ran right over Sam on the way down. It ripped his hand to the bone in three places from fingers to wrist. Sam screamed but managed to hold onto the tree. That catamount came down partway and then leaped clear across that pack of dogs and went into the bluffs. We didn't get him.

The largest catamount I ever saw was one day when I was out hunting with Seymour. We were on our way home and Seymour was roaming in the bluffs. He started one up. The path I was on was rough and that damned cat ran across not three feet in front of me. He was the size of a good big dog.

I never knew Seymour to kill a wildcat but I have seen him fight them. He knew how. He always went in from the side. A wildcat lies on its back and fights with all four feet. A dog that goes at one from above gets his belly raked open. They are strong and fast as lightning. I have seen one cat fight off five or six dogs and get away.

It was soon after the wildcat scratched Sam that Alec and Morris heard the bad news. Their sisters and mother would ride over with food and clean clothes at times, and when the grand jury sat they kept posted on what was going on. Alec and Morris were both indicted, and the women rode over on horseback to fetch the news.

The boys slipped off to the Territory that night and stayed until the indictment ran out. That was the usual practice in Arkansas and other states bordering the Territory in those days. When a man got into trouble he could go there and start over or, if the crime was not serious, stay a few years and then return home. Once in a while a man gave himself up and paid his fine, but money was scarce then and that meant years of debt. I never did hear of a boy who went to the Territory and came back to cause further trouble. That kind stayed away for good.

BY THE TIME the Kimbrough boys left, winter was well along and what supplies we had were getting low. I bought some wheat from a farmer and one day took it over to Buchannon's mill to have it ground. He charged me a certain per cent of the grain to grind it. When I got there a group of men were sitting around waiting their turn to have grain ground and they had planned a hunt for that night. Vern, the man who owned Little Lou, was there and he had been hearing a lot about my dog Seymour. He challenged me to bring him and match him against Little Lou. That was customary when a new dog began to build up a reputation as a hunter.

Little Lou was the leader in every hunt in which she took part. Vern took her as far as Little Rock to hunt and she beat them all. I said Seymour and I would be there.

I went over about eight o'clock and took Seymour along. There were about twenty men and forty or fifty hounds. We went to an old throwed-out field that was grown up with clumps of hazel and blackberries.

Well, sir, there was a fox in that field the men had not been able to catch. They had flushed him half a dozen times but he was too smart and always got away.

We started out, Little Lou in the lead. For half an hour there was not a sound out of Seymour. That little bitch was greased lightning and she was outrunning him. Then there was a yell out of Seymour! I knew that he had taken the

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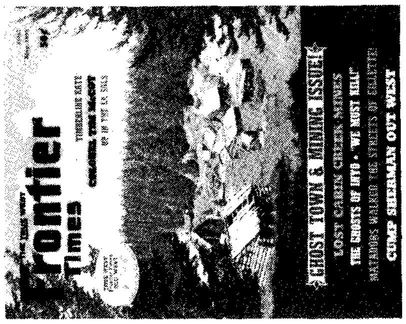

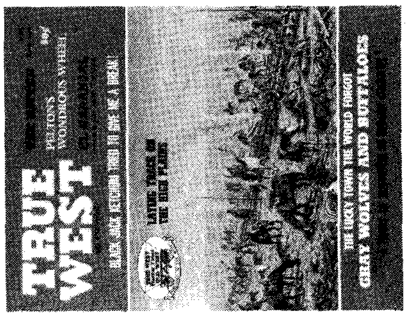

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lead because he didn't say a word when he was behind. The other men recognized his voice and you should have heard them yell.

For two and a half hours longer we trailed that fox, and then the trail got hot. Seymour's tone changed and I knew that he was getting close. He caught the fox between two clumps of hazel. From then on Seymour was champion. Men knew him all over those mountains. Matter of fact, he was better known than I was. Isola, the girl I had been courting, and I were married and went down into Oklahoma Territory to live. Isola went back to the Boston Mountain to visit a few years later and someone wanted to know who she had married. They couldn't place *me* but when she said that she married the man who owned *Seymour* they knew immediately!

That was the way it was along the frontier then, the good times, the humor, the way people lived and worked—and it was a fine time and place to live.

Ocosta Broke the Speculators' Hearts!

(Continued from page 19)

town but is at present making magic strides forward, and with such a power as the railroad to give it impetus, will soon distance everything in sight.

"What the Northern Pacific has done for Tacoma will be again witnessed at Ocosta. A glance at the map of Grays Harbor will show that Ocosta is the location of all points on the harbor where a city can be built completely land-locked, only three miles from the Pacific Ocean, with plenty of deep water, safe anchorage and wharfage."

MAY 7, 1892 was a day to be remembered. The last spike in the Northern Pacific tracks to Ocosta had been driven, and engine #217 came puffing into town with its fourteen passenger cars bulging with excited spectators and investors from Tacoma and many other northwest points.

The day of May 7 had been chosen for the festivities because of its historical significance. One hundred years before, Captain Gray had steered the *Columbia* through the sandbars into Grays Harbor, and a celebration seemed to be in order. The Washington State Historical Society, with the joint efforts of Ocosta, Hoquiam, Aberdeen, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, sponsored the affair, while the Northern Pacific officials cooperated to the fullest by speeding up construction to have the tracks laid the full distance to Ocosta proper.

Such contagious interest in the excursion had been generated, that when the train left Tacoma early that morning every seat was filled. Consequently Olympia was bypassed, much to the dismay of the one hundred ticket holders. These disgruntled Olympians stood their ground, however, and raised such a furor a special train was sent for them.

In all, more than 1,000 people arrived at Ocosta. Many were intrigued by the fact that this was the first centennial observance on the Pacific Coast, while others wanted to be on the first train to arrive in Ocosta, the presence of which signified the completion of the Northern Pacific rails to the ocean. It was a gala affair of two days duration which aroused even greater interest in the boom town than had been shown in the preceding months. The mayor of Tacoma, H. S. Huson, who was one of the speakers, enthusiastically stated that Ocosta could become a second Tacoma, another "City of Destiny."

Following the celebration, land prices skyrocketed. People came by the hundreds, expanding the population to some 4,000. The boom was unbelievable.

Irate at being passed up by the railroad officials, Aberdeen took drastic measures to establish a branch line. It had seemed logical that either Aberdeen or Hoquiam would be chosen as the terminal site in Grays Harbor inasmuch as both cities already had mayors, police and fire departments, and schools, not to mention the many shingle mills and sawmills that enabled them to enjoy a good trade in the lumber business in foreign countries. Also, their docks were adequate to serve seagoing vessels.

The need for a mile-long stretch of track to Grays Harbor Junction, thereby joining the Northern Pacific, spurred the citizens to act. The problem was getting rails. Fortunately for Aberdeen a ship had been wrecked six years before and had sunk within the harbor. Feverish salvage operations began, and to the relief of all concerned its cargo of steel rails was found to be in usable condition.

To further stimulate recruits to assist in clearing the right of way and in laying the rails, one of the citizens of Aberdeen donated a city lot to each worker. In record time the mile of track was ready for use.

The track was a boon to Aberdeen and Hoquiam but a death knell to the new city of Ocosta.

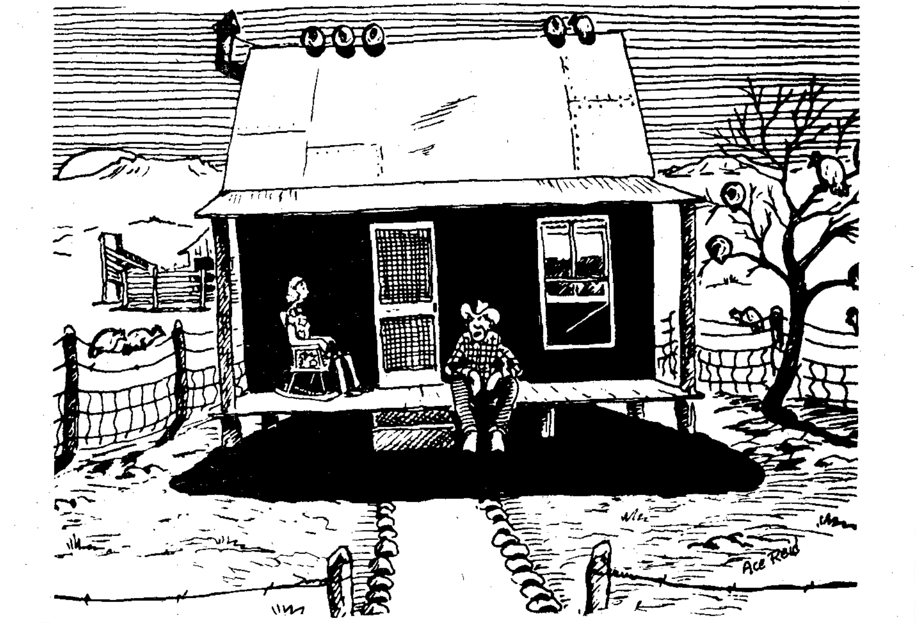
WHETHER in spite of this railway branch Ocosta would have become one of the largest towns in Grays Harbor is a matter of conjecture, for its fate was further sealed when the sudden panic of 1893 produced the same effect as black plague and people left even more rapidly than they had come. Some did not take time to lock up their doors or to dispose of the fixtures in their business houses. Empty bank vaults, with doors open and carelessly discarded ledgers lying on the floor, were mute evidence of the quick demise of a once prosperous enterprise.

The pioneers who stayed struggled valiantly but their efforts availed them little and only prolonged a death that was inevitable. The skeleton of a town existed for thirty-nine years. At present in the nearby environs there are buildings which were erected in later years, but they are not a part of the initial boom town.

To be charitable to the promoters of Ocosta, it is possible that their intent was not to fleece the investors, but to let them be a part of the movement to establish the Northern Pacific's ocean terminal. However, the facilities for shipping and port accommodations left much to be desired. The water was too shallow, and the long dock was inadequate to compensate for the lack of a deep channel. Dredging might have been a solution but it was not attempted.

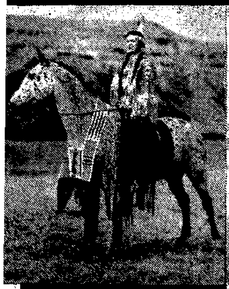
Deeds to worthless Ocosta town lots probably can still be found in attics or strong boxes belonging to persons or their relatives whose dreams of wealth were shattered at Ocosta-By-The-Sea.

Time takes its toll, and assisted by a few fires and salt air, the many fine buildings, the dock, the board sidewalks, and the railroad ties rotted long ago. In the words of the Psalmist, the wind blowing through the grass-covering "passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."



"Maw, you've been fussin' about a chicken house for three years. I tell you I'm gonna build it as soon as I decide on the plans.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS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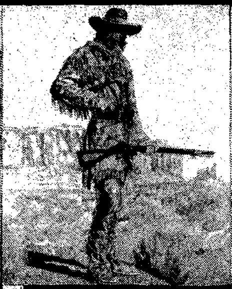
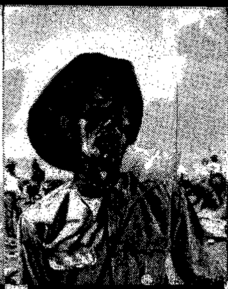
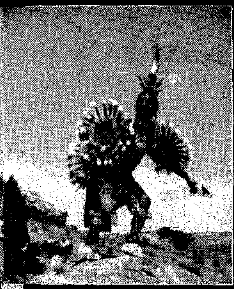
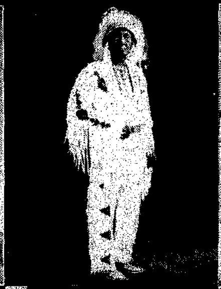
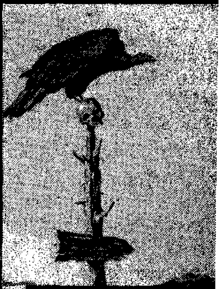
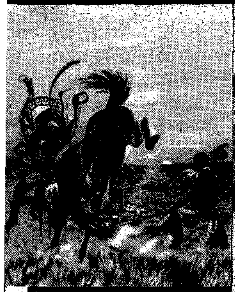

2 The Scout


3 Branding Time


4 Ceremonial Dance


5 Tribal Costume


6 Pointing Toward Trouble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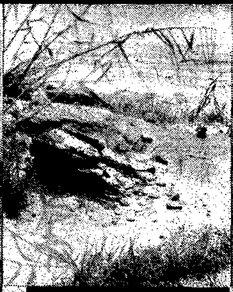
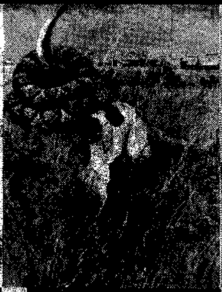
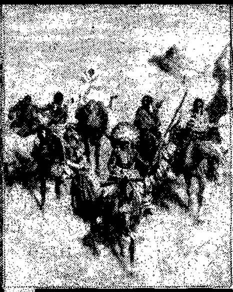
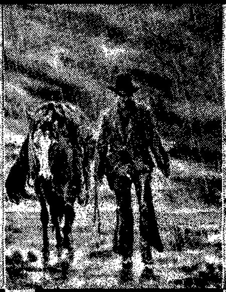
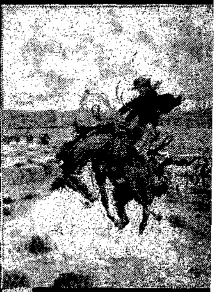
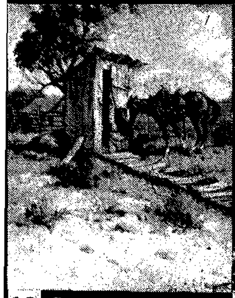

8 Gold On Padre Island

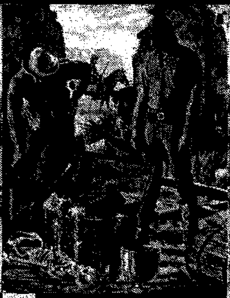

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

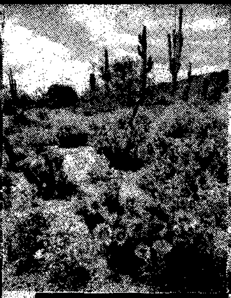

10 The Captive

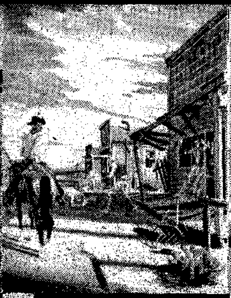

11 Lightning Got Him

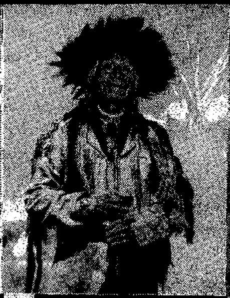

12 No Time To Lose

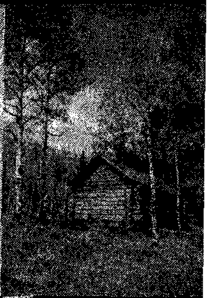

13 Cowboy Chores

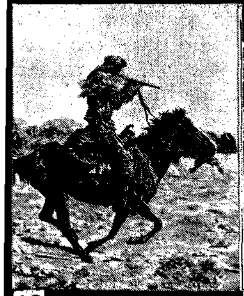

14 Spanish Treasure

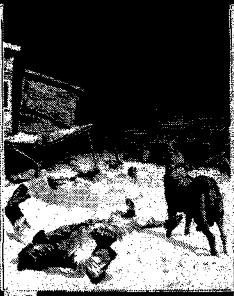

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

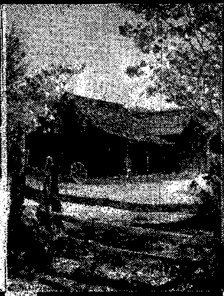

16 Old Memories

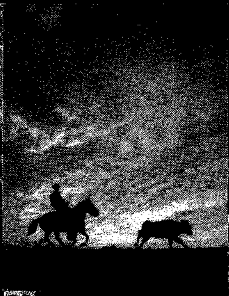

17 Flathead Indian

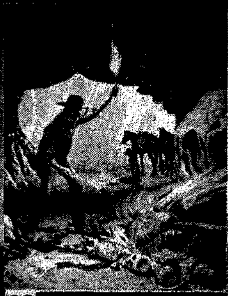

18 Autumn In Colora

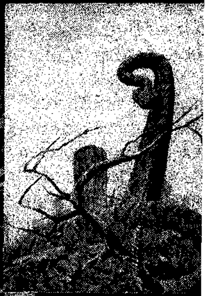

19 Buffalo Hunter


20 Lobos Hold A Wake


21 Old Homestead


22 Cowboy At Sunset


23 Lucky Shower


24 Welcome To Boot

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Livestock Commission Man

(Continued from page 18)

"It looks a little like rain," Hudson said, "so I just don't believe I want to sell them."

Alvin was disappointed and not in the best of humor, but thanked the man and returned to Sonora. He checked into the only hotel in town, the McDonald, which was operated by Mrs. McDonald and her daughter Estelle. After a refreshing bath and shave, Alvin ate supper and went to bed. Soon after he fell asleep Estelle knocked on his door, and gave him a message that Mr. Hudson wanted to speak to him on the telephone.

This irritated Alvin, so he told the girl to tell Hudson that he didn't want to talk to him. She delivered this message, but soon came back to report that Mr. Hudson had said to tell Alvin that if he wanted to buy the cattle, he had better come to the phone. This angered Alvin and he told the girl to tell Hudson that he didn't want his damned old cattle.

Estelle returned to the phone and, making sure that Alvin could hear her, said in her sweetest voice, "Mr. Hudson, Mr. Neal said to tell you that he doesn't want your damned old cattle."

Evidently Mr. Hudson got the message, because no more was said and Alvin spent the rest of the night in peace.

Alvin had bought a small herd of sheep near Rock Springs and was moving them to Eldorado, Texas. This was a drive of three or four days. He had five cowboys helping him, and a cook named Pedro Martinez. It was cold and rainy and they had to spend the night at the Boggs ranch.

Boggs insisted that they sleep in the bunkhouse which was equipped with a large fireplace and furnished a place for Pedro to prepare some food. After supper Alvin went out to his car and got his .30-30 rifle, which was always taken along during deer season. Alvin leaned the gun against the fireplace to keep the dampness out of it.

Some time before, he had bought a pair of blue denim pants for Pedro, but they had disappeared and Pedro was very unhappy. One of the cowboys named George was suspected of stealing things, and Pedro accused him of taking the pants. George denied it, of course. Nevertheless, Pedro was not satisfied, and everybody knew that he was angry.

Soon everyone made down pallets and went to bed. Alvin slept by the fireplace. Things got quiet, and apparently everyone was asleep—but Alvin was not a sound sleeper and soon was awakened by the sound of Pedro moving around in the room. He looked up and saw Pedro with a butcher knife in his hand moving quietly toward George's pallet. Alvin grabbed the .30-30 and got to his knees. Just as he was going to command Pedro to stop, George suddenly awoke, saw the situation and yelled, "Don't shoot him! I'll give him his britches!" Then he dug down in his blankets and produced the stolen pants. Alvin ordered everybody back to bed, and another crisis was averted.

OTTO MARSH was a prosperous rancher who owned a large ranch south of Sonora. The ranch was stocked with cows and sheep. When Mr. Marsh died his property automatically went to his nearest of kin. All of the relatives lived nearby except one brother, whereabouts unknown. It seemed he had disappeared as a young man, and it was up to the other heirs to find him. A search was made, and finally they located a man near Junction who furnished some information. He said that the last he had heard, the brother was living near the small town of Osage in Oklahoma. The family then hired a detective to go to Osage and investigate. The detective learned that the brother had died, but had been married to an Indian woman named Wynette and was the father of several children. Wynette and the children were entitled to the brother's part of the estate.

The Oklahoma family hired a lawyer named Jack Nelson and came to Sonora for the reading of the will. The Texas heirs received the ranch land, sheep, and a considerable amount of cash, but Wynette and the children were to get the cow herd, which consisted of 2,700 cows and calves.

Mr. Nelson soon let it be known that the cattle were to be sold as a herd to one buyer. Of course, all of the commission men around the country tried to deal for them, but Alvin had the inside track because he was the only one who had a buyer lined up who could handle that many cattle.

Naturally, Alvin's competitors wanted to play for time so they went to Nelson and tried to discourage the sale. They told Nelson that he was not getting enough money for the cattle and that if he would give them time, they would be able to pay him more. Mr. Nelson, who was not too familiar with cattle dealing, listened to them. All of this caused a delay in the transaction.

Alvin grew tired of waiting and decided on a plan. He went to the most influential among the commission men and told him that he didn't want Nelson to know it yet, but he knew of another place he could buy enough cattle to fill his order and he was not going to buy the Marsh cattle. This word soon got back to Mr. Nelson, as Alvin suspected it would, and Nelson located Alvin the next morning and the trade was made.

The next problem was the job of getting 2,700 cows and calves overland to Menard, a distance of sixty-four miles. Alvin hired the best cowboys he could find, rounded up the cattle, and started out. Everything went smoothly until they came to Sonora, a town they had to pass to get to the lane leading to Menard. Near the residential part of town on the south side the herd became excited and stampeded—scattering all over that part of Sonora. It was up to the cowboys to get them out of town.

With the help of all the women and children who lived there, the cowboys closed off the alleys and finally got the herd back together again and on the way to Menard; but their troubles were far from over. When night came, they tried to stop the herd, but succeeded only in stopping the leaders. The balance of the cattle kept moving up until they pushed the fences down on each side of the lane. This went on for three days and nights. The cowboys would alternate resting and taking short naps. The cook had to feed them one at a time along the road. Finally they came to a wide place in the lane and got the cattle stopped. Here, the herd rested overnight, but had to be moved on the next day because water was scarce. The cowboys headed for the nearest railroad trap, where grass and water were plentiful. These railroad traps were spaced along the road from Fort McKavett to Menard so ranchers could spend the night in them with their livestock. Everyone was relieved when the herd was finally delivered to the stockpens and loaded on the cattle cars.

After some forty years as a livestock commission man, Alvin Neal was forced to retire because of old age and bad health. He spent his last days in a nursing home at Christoval, which town had been right in the midst of his former activities. Here his many friends could come visit with him and talk over bygone days.

Alvin was never a wealthy man but he was prosperous, and he was generous. He was always ready to help others—whether it was an old friend in the commission business who had had a streak of bad luck, or a broken-down cowboy who had grown too old to follow the trail. By many he will long be remembered as one who loved his fellow man.

Bushwhacked on the Trail

(Continued from page 21)

prieve. He told the commander, Major E. H. Fitzgerald, of the desperate situation facing the town. Personally, the Major sympathized; officially, he would help only at the request of the sheriff.

Brent had been that route before. Hopeless as it was, he had no choice but to retrace his steps. Just as he had thought, the sheriff refused to help. Only when Brent warned that there would be bloodshed and lynchings "if you don't act—and quick!" did the sheriff reluctantly agree to ask Fitzgerald to intervene. But it must be in secret.

THE BRISK morning air was filled with the tension that pervaded Los Angeles. Groups formed about the courthouse. All talked in subdued voices. All anticipated some dramatic event. Court would not reconvene until two, and as the sun climbed the morning sky, the voices grew louder.

Californians mixed with the crowds to avoid being seen in groups. Well they knew that Irving's men were armed with six-shooters and knives. Just before 2 p.m., as planned, the well-drilled troopers rode into Los Angeles and toward the jail.

"They went and got the Army!" shouted some angry Americans as the soldiers turned up the slope. Irving's men who were guarding the jail sheepishly moved away, scowling at the approaching soldiers. Sheriff Burill released the prisoners from their irons, took them outside to the waiting soldiers, and escorted them to the courthouse under protection of the military.

The small courtroom opened to a packed, well-armed house. The acting District Attorney, Thomas W. Sutherland; the County Attorney, Benjamin Hayes; and the clerk—all wore pistols. Even Brent had a gun tucked in his belt.

The Lugo family and their friends sat quietly—almost too quietly—near the defendants. Many of the spectators were members of Irving's gang. Californians were stationed outside in strategic positions. All were ready for trouble.

Irving was furious at the turn of events. All afternoon he glanced menacingly at the defendants and their lawyer; then, hopelessly frustrated, at the soldiers just outside the window. Court proceedings were drawn out and uneventful. Bail bonds were passed on and approved.

The prisoners were met at the door by soldiers who escorted them to a side street where Californians were waiting with horses. The Lugo boys and Elisalde mounted and rode out of Los Angeles.

That evening a drunk Red Irving approached Brent in the dining room of the Bella Union Hotel. "Nothin' against you," the bandit said. "You were only doing yer job. But I swear I'll get even with them Lugos."

IN LATE MAY, Irving and his men broke camp and left Los Angeles headed toward the Colorado River, helping themselves to horses and cattle at ranches along the way. Complaints about the Irving gang poured in to the sheriff from their victims. A posse of fifty men was organized.

Meanwhile, upon reaching the road leading to the San Bernardino Valley, the gang split. Irving and eleven others turned in the direction of the Lugo ranch. They were met by Jesus Castro, a member of the household, who gave them each a glass of milk.

"Where are the boys?" Irving demanded, after gulping down the refreshing drink.

"They are in town," the servant replied. (Brent had told the young Lugo brothers to stay out of sight.)

Thwarted in their attempt to get even with the family in person, the gang ransacked the wealthy Californian's home. A crucifix was taken from the wall and crushed beneath the heel of George Evans' boot; Spanish swords were used to slash expensive European tapestry; jewels and money were gathered under Irving's watchful eye.

When Cahuilla Indians, who lived near the Lugos to protect them from horse thieves, arrived, the Irving gang had gone. Seeing the destruction, the Indians gave chase, armed with bows, arrows and lances.

Irving, unfamiliar with the terrain, soon found himself cornered in a one-way ravine. By this time, more than twice the original twenty Cahuillas were in the group. Irving and his gang fought desperately but they were outnumbered. The Indians' deadly arrows took their toll. Only George Evans, who hid in some bushes, escaped death. He reported later that "after the Indians shot the men down with arrows, they beat in their skulls with rocks."

A gruesome sight it was that greeted the sheriff and his posse when they came upon the battle scene the following day. Eleven mangled bodies were stripped of all clothing. Lances pinned two bodies to the ground. Five arrow wounds were on Irving's blood-stained chest. One Indian had been killed; two had been wounded.

BRENT still had the Americans to worry about with regard to the safety of his clients. On August 21, 1851, he went into district court and had the proceedings in the Courts of Sessions judged invalid, declaring there had been no indictment by the grand jury of the County of Los Angeles as required by law. The prosecution moved that the case be submitted to the next grand jury. The defense agreed.

On October 14, the grand jury met and issued indictments against Chico Lugo, Menito Lugo and Miriano Elisalde. Chico was charged with the murders, the other two with being accessories.

Finally in October 1852, almost two years after the murders in Cajon Pass, the case against Chico Lugo, Menito Lugo, and Mariano Elisalde was dismissed for lack of evidence.

Joseph Lancaster Brent received 20,000 well-earned dollars from the grateful Lugo family. But it was actually Time that had freed his clients. For the Americans in Los Angeles had lost interest in the trial. Many had moved away. New arrivals didn't know—or care—about McSwiggen, Sam or the Lugos.

Certainly it was an anticlimatic conclusion to a trial surrounded by violence, death and racial tension. And the questions asked by shocked citizens of Los Angeles back in early 1851: "Who could have killed McSwiggen and Sam?" . . . "Why were they killed?" were never really answered.

Miracle at Stillwater

(Continued from page 29)

We kids and most of the womenfolk stood silently, watching the spectacle which was, we sensed even then, an epoch in our history. But Mama was not among the silent watching women. She was mounted on a little saddle pony—gentle as a dog—that we kids rode and petted. Silently and proud she sat straight on her old side-saddle, a tiny quirt in her gloved hand. She would make the race, too, since Prince could not carry Papa. She planned to follow him awhile to see if the horse he rode would play out too quickly; in which case, she would go ahead and make the run herself and try to get us a claim.

The soldier pointed the gun straight up, held his watch in the other hand until it was exactly high noon. The gun barked and they were off—off to find homes.

PAPA could not ride old Charlie, as we called our little pony, for he was a big man and the pony could never have held out to carry his weight for any distance. Then after a few miles, Mama returned home and then all we could do

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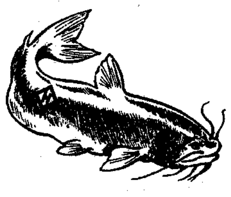

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was wait for the return of the riders. I want to say right now that we lived very close to several other families and we heard no drinking, fighting or any other kind of disturbance that one hears so much about in most accounts of the "run." Perhaps this might have been true at some starting points, but certainly not at Stillwater. If bad language had been used here, I certainly would have remembered it; for we had never been subjected to foul language. No—these men were family men seeking a better way of supporting their families, and the records show they were good citizens.

After Mama got back, we kids begged to walk a little way into the "run," as we wanted to look at the stakes the men had driven to mark their claims. You could see them sticking up all over the ground. Mama said we could go a little way, so off we went; but, like kids will do, we went too far. Pretty soon we were out of sight of the camp and Mama got a big boy, who was camped close to us, to get on old Charlie and come to bring us back. We had already started walking home when, over the rise, came old Charlie with this strange rider on his back. Brother thought someone had stolen our horse, and he began to run toward the rider hollering, "Stop!"

I was the smallest and was tired from our long walk, so I rode home in front of the man, while the other kids all had to walk. We got scolded good for going so far.

That night a group of us waited anxiously for the return of the menfolk. Some came in before nightfall, but most of them were out all night. Papa and Uncle Jim were among the latter.

The next day when Papa returned he was very happy. "Just wait and see what I've got us," he said. "Just wait and see if the good Lord don't know what is best."

HE THEN proceeded to tell us about his efforts to find a claim. The old horse was so slow that Papa was soon out-distanced, and Uncle Jim waved him goodbye as he sped across the prairies. I remember Papa's words and just how he looked as he recounted his hunt for a home.

"Jim was leaning down over that old mule, riding like a Comanche Indian, and the black mule was laying his long ears back, switching that stubby tail and going like a jackrabbit the last I saw of 'em. There I was, poking along like a turtle while everyone was passing me by. Men were driving stakes all over the prairies. I kept going the best I could and the horse did his best, but it wasn't good enough.

"By sundown, we were worn out; the horse from running, me from trying to get him to go faster and from worrying about all the good claims being taken and me with no land. At dark there was no use going any farther for I couldn't see the claim stakes, so I stopped and took the saddle off and let the horse start eating grass. I was sure disgusted! I threw myself down on the grass, too heartsick to even eat the food I carried in the saddle pockets. I was sure down.

"I kept thinking about what I was going to do; all this way from home, money about all gone, and all of you depending on me. I could see the 'home fires' of others all over the prairie. Finally I just told God He knew best and I would get by somehow. But I was dreading to come back and tell you all I had failed. You'll never know how much I was dreading that.

"I tied the bridle reins to my wrist so the horse would not stray away while I slept. I rested all night with him tied to my arm like that and, when I woke up in the morning, he was lying down right beside me. I saddled up and started home.

"Hadn't gone far maybe a mile, when I rode up on two cowboys making coffee by a pretty, clear spring. They told me to get down and have coffee with them. We got to talking and I told them how I'd failed to find a claim. I told them they had the most choice place I'd ever seen—a big, free-running spring with several nice cottonwood trees over it, a sort of low rock bluff running along the hillside behind it, and good level land stretching out everywhere.

"One of the cowboys looked at the other, who shook his head slightly, then he said, 'You want to buy this claim, Mister?' Turned out they never meant to prove up on the land; they just wanted to make a few dollars.

"Mama, they sold me their claim for a ten-dollar gold piece each! It's ours, Mama! The prettiest place this side of Kentucky. Let's load up and go home!"

And go home we did. We took down that tent the fastest you ever saw, and late that night we were sleeping under the cottonwoods at our spring.

Next day we set up the tent and we were at home. Papa was right; no lovlier place on earth could have been found than our claim. Just below the spring from which we would use water for many years, we found a larger spring which came to be called the Horse Spring, since the stock always watered there.

Papa said the good Lord watched over us—maybe to the extent of sending us two angels dressed up like cowboys!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 221,538; total copies printed last single issue: 216,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 112,148; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 103,259. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 8,947; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 10,023. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 121,095; total paid circulation last single issue: 113,282. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; free distribution last single issue: 500. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 220,538; total distribution last single issue: 215,000. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 29, 1971.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 33)

timer, but then I know I am not. An old-timer is one whose taxes are as much as he paid for his place to begin with—but the way it's going, I'll be an old-timer before long.

One thing though. I can remember the last few ox-drawn freight wagons going through Eola (Concho County) from San Angelo to San Antonio and bunches of antelope were real common around Eola. I think I am very lucky.—Leo F. Davis, 4032 Rufe Snow Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76118

Elk City

I just received the Winter 1971 issue of OLD WEST and in it you had a story about Elk City, Idaho. We were there in 1960 and knew Don Nitz as he owns the store in which the post office is located. We just lived a little ways from there in a log house that was built in 1861. It only had two rooms in it and since the front door opened up right on the road, we used the back door. I don't know how the people are now, but then they weren't very friendly. My husband worked in one of the mills at that time.—Mrs. W. D. Hickman, Box 366, Klickitat, Washington 98628

A Hello from Iran

It's a long way from Texas to the Middle East and we don't often get western magazines out here, so I was happy to be able to borrow the Summer 1971 edition of OLD WEST from a lady who arived in Tehran a couple of weeks ago. When thumbing through the magazine, my heart skipped a beat when I reached "Cowboys from Voca," for the Locklears mentioned and pictured are my relatives. Sud Locklear was my father, Ira my brother and Mose and Lon, my uncles. I've known the Spillers all my life and I remember most of the other men mentioned. It was a real thrill to read the story and see the pictures.

Incidentally, when Ira Locklear and Ed Spiller tied in goat roping at Belton in 1924, Iva was only twenty. I know his age because I was born only a few days after the picture was made. I've heard my parents say that Daddy almost didn't make the trip to Belton that year because of my impending arrival but Mother insisted that he accompany Ira. Ira went on to become a well known calf and goat roper in central Texas until a knee injury forced his retirement from rodeoing in the late 1930s. He went regularly to the Belton Rodeo on July 4 each year, and if memory serves me correctly, he never finished out of the money as long as he participated there.

As you might guess, I didn't return the borrowed magazine! I intend to keep it always.—Mrs. Needa Locklear Alford, Box 833, Tehran, Iran

The Millard Story

I was glad to see the reproduction of Fred Millard's memoirs in the Winter 1971 issue of OLD WEST. I missed the booklet when Mr. Hunter published it. I knew Fred Millard slightly. I saw him a few times around Eden, along about 1900 and 1901 when we were driving cattle back and forth. I also rode with him in a caboose on a cattle train one night in 1904.

We had loaded our last shipment of cattle for grazing in the Osage Nation at Coleman [Texas] on the Santa Fe. Fred had loaded a string of cattle at Brady. His unloading point was at Ponca City on the Santa Fe and his cattle were switched to the Santa Fe at Brownwood. The two shipments were joined at Brownwood. It was before the Santa Fe acquired ownership of the Frisco between Fort Worth and Brady and we had to go all the way around through Temple. We parted in Fort Worth next morning as our unloading point was on the M K & T at Nelogany near Pawhuska.

Millard told me about the injury he got in the railroad yard in Kansas. He also told me something that he did not tell in his memoirs. He sued the railroad company and was awarded a verdict of a thousand some-odd dollars. He said the jury consisted of poverty-stricken farmers mostly, who seemed to think that a thousand dollars was an adequate compensation for a person who had to go through life a cripple. He had a decided limp at that time and, of course, he never recovered. I think that was the last time I ever saw him.

I met Jim Rose at the Cattleman's Convention in El Paso in 1914. He told me a distressing story about himself. He said every dollar he had in the world was invested in two trainloads of cattle which were on their way to the border. Pancho Villa stopped the trains and took the rolling stock to help move his army. The cattle were unloaded on the Hearst Ranch—Phoebe Hearst's. Mrs. Hearst put her men to herding them, but one gang of bandits and another would come along and take what they wanted of them. Finally they all disappeared.

The "Tonk" Smith Fred spoke of was Tonkaway Smith—so named because he lived with the Tonkaway Indian tribe for a number of years. I sold Smith a bunch of about a hundred two-year-old steers in Coleman County in 1910. He shipped them to Ponca City which by that time was Oklahoma instead of the Osage Nation in Indian Territory. Mr. Smith had been a member of Mosby's Brigade in Jeb Stuart's Cavalry during the Civil War. It was after the war that he lived with the Tonkaways.

There is another incident which is trivial in a way, but still it might be worth telling. The Rich Coffey family lived across the Colorado from the mouth of the Concho about a half mile below it. Fogg Coffey told me that Fred Millard and another man whose name I have forgotten were at the Rich Coffey home the night floodwaters of the Concho washed away the town of Ben Ficklin in 1882, cresting at the junction of the Colorado.

A tenant farmer was living in the house where the Coffey family first lived while they constructed the larger stone building some two hundred yards above on considerably higher ground. During the middle of the night the tenant, whose wife was critically ill, woke the Coffey family saying that the water from the river was up to his front porch and he wanted help to get his wife to safety. The water was rising rapidly.

Fogg and his brother Bill and Fred Millard and the other man ran outside *in their night clothing—not even taking* time to pull on their boots. There was a hack sitting in front of the Coffey house. They threw the seats out of the hack and ran it down to the tenant house by hand and backed it up to the front porch. Water was running into the house by that time. Each of the four men picked up the mattress at each corner and carried it outside with the woman and bed clothing still on it. By the time they got her into the hack the water was up to the hack bed. The current was so swift they had trouble standing in it. They pulled the hack to high ground and carried the woman and her bed into the Coffey house. In another hour the house from which they had moved her was gone. While they saved her from drowning, they could not save her life—she died the next day from the illness.

Something else which might be of interest—in his paper Fred Millard mentioned Bill McCauley. I think the name was McAuley—which is of little difference. Bill McAuley married one of Rich Coffey's daughters. He handled quite a few cattle in and around Coleman and Concho Counties. If I ever knew what became of him, I have forgotten. I never knew him myself but I never heard my dad or anyone else say anything bad about him. I can't say as much for some of the men he worked and had around him. Either in the late eighties or early nineties, he drove a string of cattle to the Osage Nation. He took some of those Concho County boys with him, including Fogg Coffey, Bob Littlefield, Buck Currie and Charlie Pierce. Fogg is the only one that I knew personally, but when a fellow knew Fogg, he knew about everything—everything, that is, that Fogg cared to tell. What he didn't want to tell—he didn't.

Fogg got into a fight one night in a dive in Ponca City and they almost killed him. He could whip any two or three of them, but he said that enough of them got around and on top of him until "they smothered me down." One cracked him over the head with a Winchester barrel which cooled him off for quite a spell. When he finally came to and was getting up, one of them said, "Hit that s-o-b—he's comin' alive again!"—and someone hit him. Fogg said the next time he came to he just lay there until he got a chance to crawl out the door to his horse and get away. If Bob Littlefield ever got mixed up in anything, Fogg didn't tell me about it. Knowing his reputation like I do—I'll bet if there was ever anything going on and he knew about it, he got there too.

Charlie Pierce joined up with the Bill Doolin gang of train and bank robbers and was killed in a fight with the U. S. marshals. He belonged to a respectable family in Concho County and little was said about how he met his death. If his family knew, they were closemouthed about it and few, if any, questions were asked. It wasn't until the time that I sold the bunch of steers to Tonkaway Smith that any of the old-timers in Texas who had known Charlie Pierce learned the details.

Buck Currie was a decided hunchback. He walked and rode all humped over. He stole a bunch of Indian ponies and took off for Texas with them. Fogg learned that the marshals were ready to follow his trail. He beat the marshals to Currie and made him turn the ponies loose before the marshals caught him with them. The marshals recovered the ponies but that was all. Fogg said that Buck Currie was the easiest man to follow that he ever saw. He said every man, woman and child along the trail remembered seeing a humpback man driving a bunch of paint horses. Currie continued on to Texas. He didn't exactly steal another horse on the way—he just swapped the tired one he was riding for a fresh one without the owner's knowledge. He rode that horse all the way into Paint Rock.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

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Wachter-Gray

I was raised by my grandparents who originally came from Wisconsin and homesteaded near Redstone, Montana about 1906. Redstone is not on the map anymore, but it was near Glendive and Plentywood, I believe. Their names were Frank L. and Grace E. Wachter Gray. Their three children, born in Redstone, were my mother, Marjorie, 1911; Marian in 1913; and Howard in 1919.

My grandfather was born in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin in 1882 and lost his mother in 1884. His father remarried, and this wife was related in some way to "Baby Leroy" [Wallightner—sp?] of the movies in the thirties.

My grandparents moved to Everett, Washington in the early twenties after having lost their crop from drought. The Gray name will end when my uncle is gone as he has no children and there were no other boys from my grandfather's brothers.

My sisters and I would very much like a picture of the Montana place, or a letter from someone who knew them there. We will appreciate any help we can get in gathering facts and memories of my dear grandparents who are gone now but never forgotten.—Patricia Hanson, 13232 Anawood Way, Westminster, California 92683

Turner

My great-grandmother, Lillie Austrilie Turner, was born April 10, 1861 in Pickens County, Georgia. On December 23, 1883, she married William Franklin King in Canton, Georgia. William was born September 16, 1864 in Georgia.

Lillie's brother, Memory, lived in Norman, Oklahoma. She had a brother Thomas, and a sister Margaret, also in Oklahoma. A brother John lived in Texas, and a brother Fielden died May, 1932 in Atwater, California.

Lillie's parents died when she was quite young and she was raised by one of her older brothers. I'd like to hear from relatives or anybody who knew the family.—Helen B. Eliason, Rt. 1, Box 52, Republic, Washington 99166

Clark-Newhouse

My great-grandfather, Joseph Clark, was born in Lee County, Iowa, probably prior to 1860 or shortly afterward. His father's name was Henry Clark. Henry married Elizabeth Newhouse who had been born on a ship en route to the United States from Scotland. This is all we know about this branch of the family.

Joseph Clark married Dolla Izora (Dollie) Evans who was born in Poweshiek County, Iowa before 1863. They had nine children, I believe. Only the youngest, Marrie Pinkley of Renton, Washington, is alive today. Lucy Clark Barth, my grandmother, was second youngest. The oldest five were born in Des Moines Township, Iowa before the family moved to far northwest Arkansas before 1890, where Joseph Clark farmed and was a justice of the peace, in or around Winona. Any information would be appreciated.—Pamela Leal, Route 1, Box 127, Turner, Oregon 97392

Blansett

I would like any information at all on the Blansett family.—Mrs. Wm. Herbert, Ft. Dodge Road, Dodge City, Kansas 67801

South-Southy-Sowthy

South was my maiden name. My father was born in 1855. He told me he never knew but one set of Souths. I was through Tombstone and visited Boot Hill and I found that a Francis Southy was buried there in 1881. I have reason to believe this person was one of my ancestors. Most of the Souths I know live in Alabama. If anyone knows or knew anyone who spelled their name any of these ways, please write me. I will exchange information or even pay for information that can be verified.—Essie South House, 2540-A Alpaca Pass, Dallas, Texas 75211

Morris Family

I would like to hear from anybody who knows the Morris family. Their grandfather told me the story of Mrs. Morris, his grandmother who was scalped by Indians on this farm in Evendale at 2824 Glendale Milford Road, Cinti, Ohio 45241. I hope someone reads this and will write.—Capitola Farrell, 15157 Sylvan Street, Van Nuys, California 91401

Francisco and Clara Garcia

This couple was born in old Mexico but do not know where or what year. Clara's mother, Rita Rodriquez partly raised their children, Maria and Jose. Francisco remarried after the death of Clara (his first wife) to a lady named "Cuca" or "Kuka." Francisco died in 1955-56 or '57 and is buried in Mission Cemetery.

When Jose was small he was placed in a children's center on West Woodlawn Avenue in San Antonio, Texas. Then after some years, Jerry Molina took Jose to live with him—then back to the children's center. What connection is Jerry Molina to Francisco and Clara Garcia and to Jose Antonio Garcia?

What happened to the estate of Francisco and Clara Garcia? Any information leading to these people's past would be greatly appreciated.—Alice F. Marotz, 721 Spruce Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53715

Hall

We are trying to locate relatives of John Hall (February 19, 1857—January 28, 1937) born in Goliad, Texas of David Hall and Ada Wilson who died in 1872. John Hall trailed cattle north to Montana 1880-81. In 1894 he married Josephine Monet in Dupuyer where he ranched and raised nine children. We don't know whether he had brothers and sisters or where they may be. The records of Goliad, Texas were burned in a courthouse fire.—Mrs. Buck Hall, 509 12th Street South, Great Falls, Montana 59401

Urich

Need address of Williard Urich, brother of Levi Urich, sons of Ray and Lottie Urich. Williard last heard of in Oregon lumber camp. May be hospitalized. Trying to locate this man for his uncle's estate settlement.—Mrs. P. A. Yutesler, Route 1, Florence, Colorado 81226

Corbett

I am seeking information on Boston Corbett who lived in Concordia, Kansas in the 1870s and '80s. In 1887 he was placed in a mental institution and escaped the next year. I would be glad to hear from anyone who has real information on him after this. His real name was Thomas P. Corbett but he never seems to have used it in later life. —Jerry Eckrom, 2909 South Windom, Tacoma, Washington 98409

Pockrus

My father, Wiley Alfred Pockrus was born in 1869 in a southern state—either Arkansas, Louisiana or Alabama. Father had one brother, Lee, and one sister, Ida. He also had a step-brother, Willie McCarthy. Dad married Mary Sarah McDonald—her maiden name was Adams. My paternal grandmother was Eliza Cochran. Anyone knowing anything about the Pockrus name, please get in touch with me.—Mrs. J. L. Gore, Box 515, Springhill, Louisiana 71075

Hoerster

My grandfather landed somewhere in the Austin, Texas area in 1845. The old house is still supposed to be standing. My mother and dad were married October 31, 1884 at Austin. I have their marriage certificate—all in German, so I can't read all of it. There used to be a town, Hoersterville, but it may be gone now. My father's name was William Henry and my mother's maiden name was Anna Theresa Scholb. I think Dad had five brothers—Henry, Fritz, Dan, John and Anton—at least these names are in an old letter from Plehweville,

(Continued on page 72)

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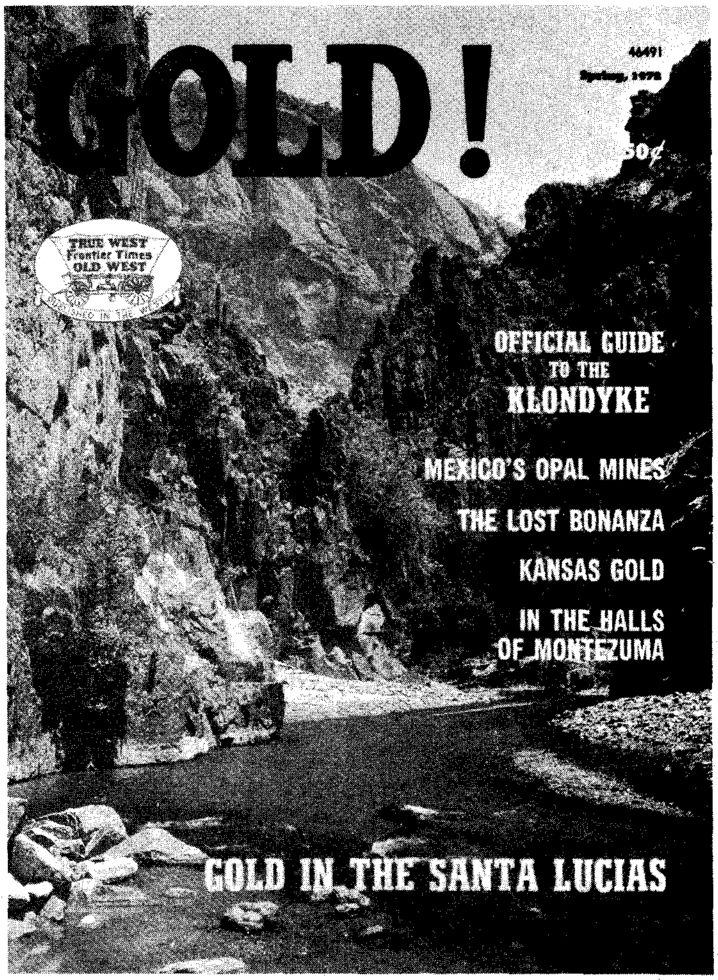
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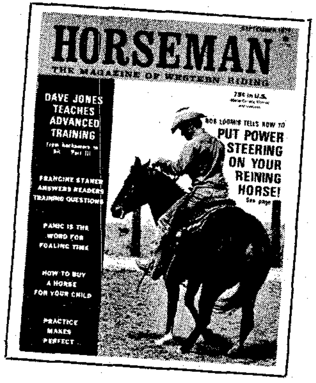
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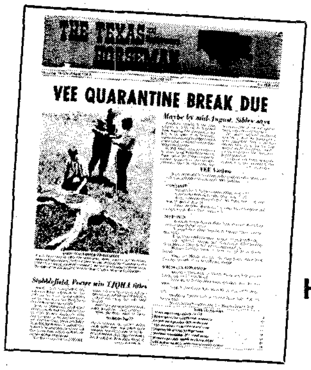

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By The Old Bookaroos

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CHARLIE RUSSELL IN PRINT

The Old Bookaroos have done it again! This time Fred Renner is the guilty party. With his biblio-partner, Karl Yost, he has compiled *A Bibliography of the Published Works of Charles M. Russell* (University of Nebraska Press, $25.00). It is a big handsome book that will guide the collecting urges of the Russell buffs for years to come. It is a must for librarians, dealers and serious students of western art and history. There are 3,500 entries and these have divided into seventeen sections to make the big volume a more useful research tool. There is an indispensable index and the entries are interrupted and enhanced with 42 illustrations including 18 in full color plus a great Russell painting reproduced in color on the dust jacket. One of the most interesting sections of this bib is titled "Index to Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture" alphabetically listing nearly 3,000 titled original pieces of Russell art used in illustrating the printed items listed in the previous seventeen sections. The continued use of Russell art by present-day publishers of Western Americana is a high tribute to the agelessness of the record he left of the cowboy, the Indians and his adopted homeland. Just because one of our own had the major role in preparing this great book for publication does not mean that The Old Bookaroos think it is perfect. To be sure, Yost and Renner missed a few items that the dedicated Russell collectors will call them on—but then what bibliographer doesn't miss a few? A bibliographer's work is like a woman's—never finished. The errors in text are few indeed—a switch in the captions for a couple of the illustrations certainly seems the most serious. Our biggest criticism is the time gap between the date of the last entries (1966) and the date of publication (November, 1971). In the five-plus years since the authors submitted the manuscript to the publisher many additional books, pamphlets and magazines have included Russell art worthy of note. Despite our quibbling, it is a tremendous book of great and lasting value. Highly recommended.

HOW COWBOYS TALK

The language of the cow camp, trail and ranch was colorful indeed in the era just past. Edgar (Frosty) Potter, long-time Dakota cowman, gathered the sayings of his cowboys and fellow ranchers over a period of forty years. This collection is the backbone of his book *Cowboy Slang* (Superior, $5.95). The slang expressions are classified by subject matter making comparisons of their effectiveness in presenting mind images much easier. Not all the book is devoted to *Cowboy Slang*, however—there is an informative section on reading brands and some famous Montana brands are identified. Perhaps the language of the range has become less colorful in recent years but the rodeo performers have a jargon of their own and the "Rodeo Dictionary" covers the terms most frequently used. There are some good photos of rodeo action; and Ron Scofield, California cowboy artist, has enhanced the book with a number of drawings—nine in color. A delightful little volume.

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MIXTEC CULTURE

The Mixtec Kings and Their People (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Ronald Spores is the story of the Indians of Oaxaca, Mexico during the years preceding the 1820s. Under the Spaniards the Mixtec practices of human sacrifice, cannibalism, and idolatry were not tolerated, but the traditional rule and social order by hereditary royalty continued. The Mixtecs were noted as pre-Columbian artists and recorded much of their history in picture manuscripts. The book is illustrated with sketches, maps, and photographs and will be of continuing reference value because of the appendix of supporting documents, an extensive bibliography, and index. It is Volume 85 in The Civilization of the American Indian Series.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 68)

now Art, Texas.

My brother, Walter, was born in Scurry County. Other brothers were Frank, Felix, (Walter) and Roy. All have passed away. One sister, Dena, has also passed away. I have two sisters left, Hilda and Alice. I would like to get in touch with some older members of the Hoerster clan.—John Henry Hoerster, Route 1, Box 164, Rogue River, Oregon 97537

Troyer

My great-grandfather, Charles Troyer, was born in South Bend, Indiana sometime in the late 1870s. I know that he lived there for a long while. Does anyone know anything about him? I will appreciate any information.—Donald Glossinger, Jr., 310 Karwick Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46360

Williams-Cochran-Oxley-Kelley

Jacob Williams was the father of Arthur E., Ada and Myrtle. Ada Williams married James Walden and may have lived in Minnesota. Myrtle Williams married Ira Merrick, had one son and lived in Illinois. Lee Cochran, son of Mary Ellen Kelly Cochran and Charles Martin Cochran, was from Sullivan, Illinois and was last known to have been in the area of Florence, Montana. He had sisters, Ruth Guild and Mary Vivian Oxley. He had brothers, Ben and Charles Emery. Anyone with information on any of these people, please write.—Mrs. Linda Record, P.O. Box 253, Alpena, Michigan 49707

Germany

I would like some information concerning my uncle, Robert Germany. He is the son of Andrew Patrick Germany and Ida Germany. He was last seen about fifty-five years ago, working on a ranch somewhere in Texas. My mother said he ran away from home when he was fifteen before she was born, and she would like very much to find him. She doesn't know when or where he was born as there is no record of it in family records.—Mrs. Larry Baber, Route 10, Box 593-A, Texarkana, Texas 75501

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Lofton, Castenegri, Provins

Harper Lofton, Charles Lofton, Nellie Lofton Castenegri and Grave Lofton Provins all lived in Canton, Missouri. Nellie married and lived in Minnesota in the 1940s. Grace married and was in Burlington, Iowa about 1943. I'd like to hear from or about them.—Lelia La Vine Quihuis, 5656 Chipping Way, Citrus Heights, California 95610

Driver

I would like to hear from anyone who may have information about Marguerite Driver or her children. I was born to her October 14, 1901. I was adopted from the Northwest Childrens' Homefinding Association at Spokane, Washington in 1902. My name before adoption was Eadith Helen Driver. All my life I heard stories of other children and the possibility that I might have a twin. I am almost seventy years old and would appreciate hearing from anyone who might know of my mother and her kin.—Mrs. W. E. Williams, 916 Robert St., Boise, Idaho 83705

William R. (Bill) Polk

My father, William R. (Bill) Polk, was born in Indiana. He and my mother, Myrtle Cross, had three daughters and were then divorced. He moved to Illinois, married a lady named Bessie, moved to Minnesota and later to South Dakota. They moved several times and we have been able to trace them to Rapid City, Irene, and Quinn, South Dakota.

But my two sisters and I never saw him again after he left. He was born about ninety-five years ago, died in 1935, and was buried in Quinn, South Dakota. My husband and I hauled a tombstone from our home in Indianapolis to put on his grave last year.

He had a blacksmith and welding shop and sharpened blades and farm implements. I'm hoping some of those who knew him will contact me.—Olive Chambers, 6915 West Walton St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46241

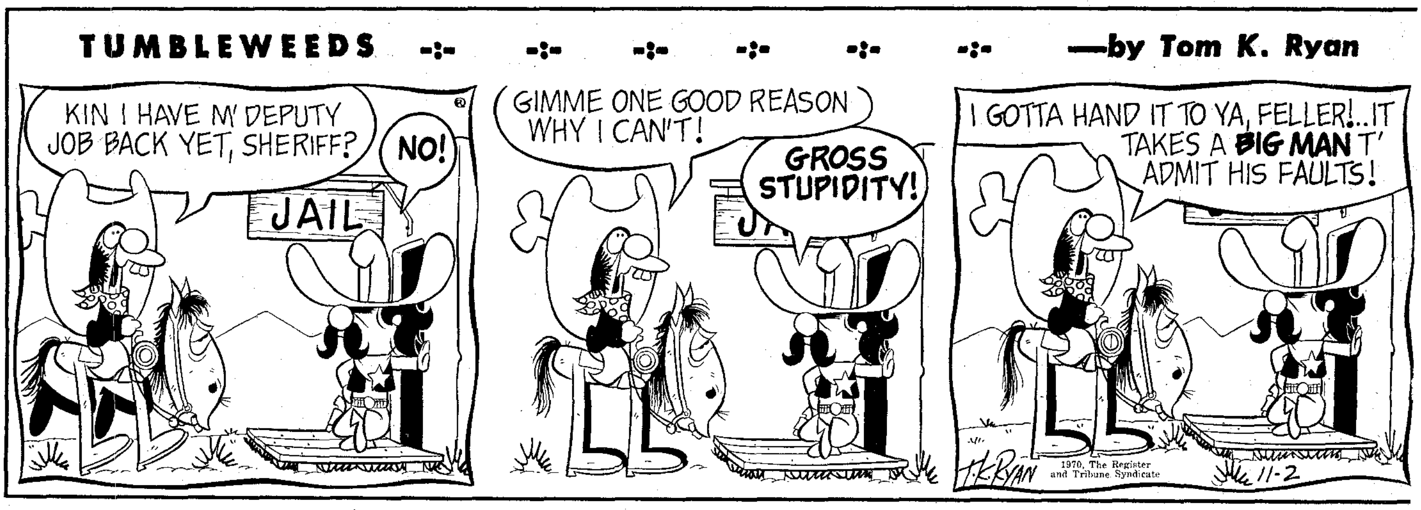
Taylor-Magraw-Shultz

Around 1865 or later three Taylor brothers, Jerry, Green and Jack, came from Tennessee. Anyone knowing if they had any sisters please write. Jerry married Sarah Mays from Jackson, Tennessee. They had five girls and five boys: George, Charlie, Jim, Tom, and Jack, boys; Clem Magraw, Mollie Shultz, Bedie McCain, Josie Seymour, and Mance, girls.

Anyone with information about George Taylor, Clem or Mollie, please write.—James H. Taylor, 1470 Davis Street, San Jose, California 95126

Thompson-Crosby

I wish information on Jerry Thompson, last known to be a Baptist minister in Dallas, Texas, and on his youngest sister, Viola Crosby, and descendants Almarion Crosby and his first wife. One of the Thompsons was with Sherman on his march to the sea, and there were numerous relatives.—Roy Crosby, Route 2, Harrisville, Michigan 48740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—by Tom K. Ryan
KIN I HAVE M' DEPUTY JOB BACK YET, SHERIFF?
NO!
JAIL
GIMME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I CAN'T!
GROSS STUPIDITY!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, FELLER!..IT TAKES A BIG MAN T' ADMIT HIS FAULTS!
T.K.RYAN
1970, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
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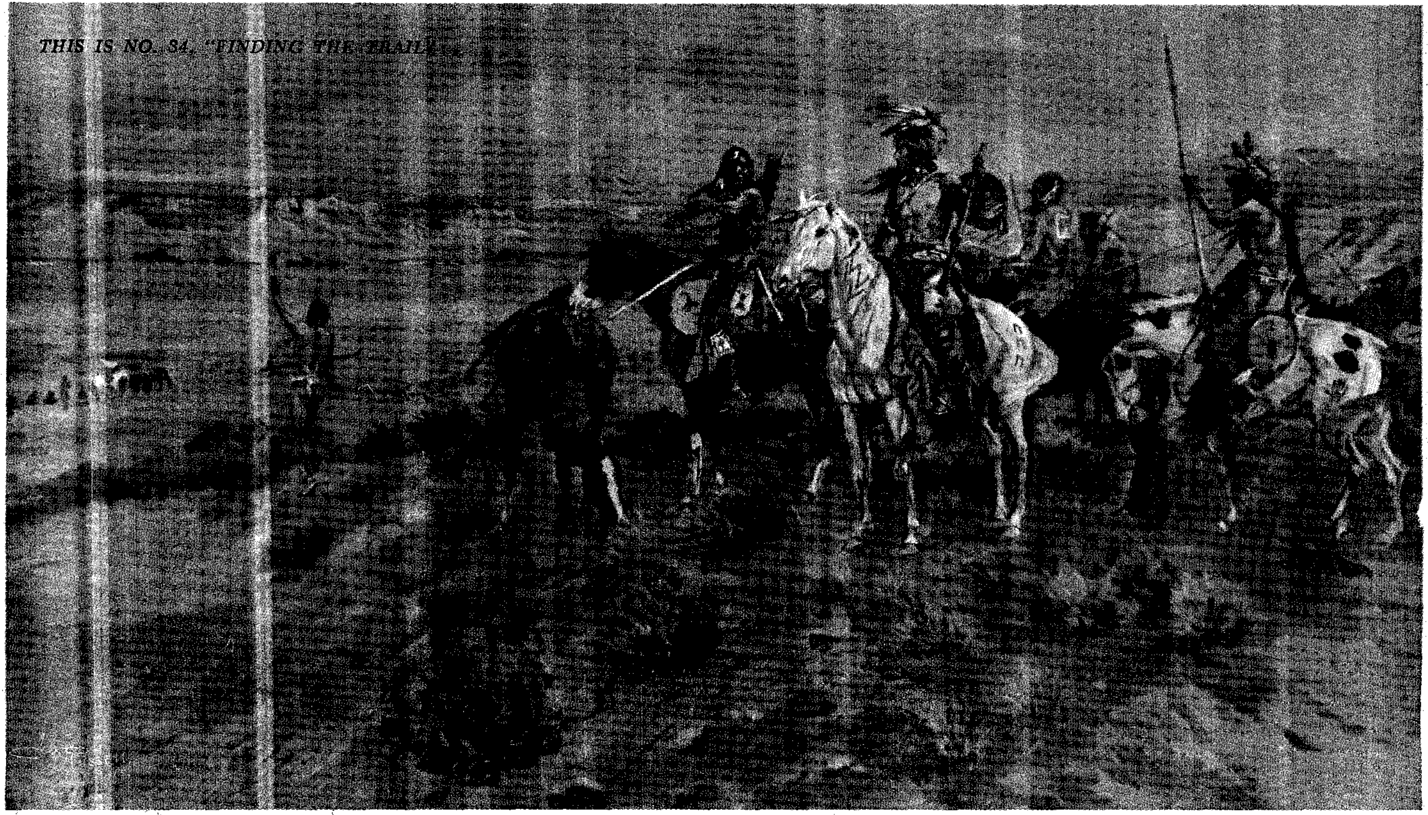

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